The Witnesses

by Thomas Hennell

University Books

"This madman's story is a book with far-reaching importance, for it guided research leading to a major breakthrough in the treatment of schizophrenia."

Dr. Humphry Osmond first read The Witnesses in 1943. In the 1950's, working with Mescaline and LSD, he noticed remarkable similarities between his experiences under the drugs and those reported by the author of The Witnesses. Dr. Osmond and his staff became their own guinea pigs. They knew what to look for because of Thomas Hennell's intelligent, sensitive and observant record. Whenever they were discouraged, Dr. Osmond and his fellow workers would return to Hennell's vivid, moving story to find new possibilities they might have overlooked, and reassurances that they were on the right track.

$7.95

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This madman's story is a book of far-reaching importance, for it guided research leading to a major breakthrough in the treatment of schizophrenia. Thomas Hennell, an English artist, was a schizophrenic. He wrote *The Witnesses* upon his recovery and it was first published in 1938. Hennell was killed in World War II.

Humphry Osmond, co-author of *How to Live With Schizophrenia,* who has pioneered in medical research leading to a new and successful treatment of this illness, first read *The Witnesses* in 1943. He was then searching for ways to get a clearer understanding of schizophrenia in order to help the patients under his care. He found it one of the finest accounts ever written of a schizophrenic illness from the inside. In 1950, when Dr. Osmond began to work with mescaline, he noticed the remarkable similarity between his own experiences under that drug and Thomas Hennell's account of his illness. There were too many distinct parallels to overlook: the same massive changes in perception, accompanied by changes in thinking and feeling. Dr. Osmond and his associates continued their experiments with mescaline and LSD and published medical reports linking their findings to the schizophrenic experience. Whenever they were discouraged and disbelieved by others in their field, they would return to Hennell's vivid and moving story of his illness to find new possibil-

(continued on back flap)

THE WITNESSES

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WE WERE DEBTORS TO THE SANE

THE WITNESSES

by

THOMAS HENNELL

With Drawings by the Author

Introduction by

HUMPHRY OSMOND,

M.R.C.S., D.P.M.

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New Hyde Park, New York

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Library of Congress Catalog Card Number. 66-22830

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TO
MY FATHER

INTRODUCTION

Over twenty years ago, when I was learning my trade as a psychiatrist at a Royal Naval Hospital, then at Barrow Gurney in Somerset, I sought for some way of getting a clearer understanding of schizophrenia. I listened to the explanations which my teachers offered and read those propounded in a variety of textbooks. Since they often differed, I wondered which was correct, and which would give me the best idea of what was happening to my patients. A number of them stressed the need for greater empathy, but I could never quite be sure what they meant by this. It was many years later that I realized how profoundly unclear most of us are about the meaning of that admired and widely used word. Empathy can mean little more than feeling sorry, compassionate or upset at the evident misery on a patient's face and the slouched despair shown in his body. One dictionary of psychiatry defines it as "intellectual understanding of what is inherently foreign to our own ego in other people." The lexicographer ascribes this definition to Freud and continues: "Empathy is thus a form of identification, it may be called intellectual identification in contrast to affective identification." This is, of course, exactly the reverse of the usual psychological definition, which has been put succinctly as "a feeling of one's self into the other object

of regard." This is the German *einfühlung,* in-feeling, which would imply an understanding of the patient's inner experience, being able to share his *umwelt* or experiential world. This is a more ambitious project than intellectual identification. Karl Jaspers has even suggested that in schizophrenia many aspects of the patient's experience may be inherently incomprehensible, and so beyond empathy.

It was during those prolonged and edgy weeks shortly before D-Day and afterwards, when I was awaiting posting to an invasion ship, that I became increasingly preoccupied with these matters. I began to feel that I would never understand what was happening. One evening I walked through the great cider orchards at Long Ashton to have dinner with an older colleague; on the way I looked into the churchyard at Wraxall, and I remember how well a yellow tea rose grew on one of the graves and how sweetly it smelt. It was consoling at times when one was preparing for the worst. My colleague was a skilled craftsman and I the merest apprentice but he let me voice my doubts and uncertainties over a dinner washed down with the vintage hard cider from those famous orchards. He did not reassure me but agreed that it was indeed one of the major difficulties that psychiatrists face. He suggested that I might get a better understanding of my patients if I read books written by those who had suffered from schizophrenia, and since the problem of diagnosis always exists, he commended one to me because he had known the sick man personally and could vouch for the nature of his illness. He added that it was also a very good book. Some months later, I got a second-hand copy, and since then it has traveled thousands of

miles with me. I reread it every few years and always find something new and valuable. I have often recommended it to others, but since it has long been out of print, and I am very unwilling to risk losing my own precious and annotated copy, people can rarely take advantage of my advice. I once tried to get the English publisher to bring out a new edition, hinting that he had not seemed to have fully appreciated the value of the book. I received a sharp rebuke from him. He told me he fully recognized the virtue of *The Witnesses*. He had known the author well and admired his talent, but the book had not sold. I replied, pointing out that in, 1938, psychiatry was in the doldrums and that twenty-five years later things might be different. I even suggested writing a foreword, I think, but he was not at all impressed. I continued to urge my publisher friends that they should reconsider Thomas Hennell and *The Witnesses,* but had no success. And then, a few weeks ago, one of them agreed to bring out this edition, provided I would give him some indications as to just why I valued this book so much.

What, then, is the special virtue of Hennell's book, quite apart from its associations with Wraxall Court, churchyard roses, that genial Surgeon Commander, the cider like champagne, and memories of a long-past war?

Since that time I have read many books by mentally ill people. I have come to know this special kind of writing well and have played a very small part in helping to launch Professor Carney Landis' splendid work, which codifies more than two hundred books of this type. There have been many excellent accounts of psychotic experience, such as *Percival's Memoirs,* published in the early 19th century, High Judge Daniel

presents the psychiatrist with a grave temptation to ignore the participant, for he or she is often scarcely able to communicate. It is a strange and widespread illness from which no race, class, color, religion or political group is exempt. It usually starts between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year. While child rearing and social customs differ profoundly all over the world, our diets vary astonishingly, and while temperature, humidity and geographical factors vary remarkably, schizophrenia remains much the same everywhere. It seems to be extremely stable even in time. Accounts written a hundred years ago and more are quite recognizable today. Each schizophrenic patient seems to be alone, doomed, not simply to be an island, but to be isolated in his own alien universe. At least that is the way that those of us who have never suffered this strange condition perceive it. These very ill people communicate poorly with each other, and although their relationships with those who are not sick is much impaired, they usually find it easier to talk with well people than with their fellow sufferers.

How then can we become more aware of the schizophrenic patient's experience, and so be of more help to him in the depths of his illness and during the long struggle back to health? There have been many suggestions. Some ex-patients have hinted that a brief attack of schizophrenia would do their psychiatrists no harm and that if they experienced the patient's own problems at first hand, they might be less inclined to offer pat reassurance and be better able to understand. Indeed, with this in mind, such substances as LSD-25 and mescalin have been used deliberately as "madness-mimickers" (psychotomimetics). Professor Emilio Ser-

vadio, of Rome, was among those who suggested this last year at the Psychotherapy Congress in London, and advocated the introduction of the psychedelic experience into psychoanalytic training. There was some amazement and indignation from some analysts, but Dr. Servadio added that it should become a must sooner or later. A highly experienced psychiatrist, such as Dr. Max Rinkel, of Boston, fully agreed with this suggestion. Norma McDonald, herself a schizophrenic, wrote in the *Canadian Medical Journal,* "One of the most encouraging things which has happened in recent years was the discovery that I could talk to normal people who had had the experience of taking mescalin or lysergic acid and who would accept the things I told them about my adventures in mind without asking stupid questions or withdrawing into a safe, smug world of disbelief. Schizophrenia is a lonely illness and friends have great importance. I have needed true friends to help me to believe in myself when I doubted my own mind, to encourage me with their praise, jolt me out of unrealistic ideas with their honesty, and teach me by their example how to work and play. The discovery of LSD-25 by those who work in the field of psychiatry has widened my circle of friends."

This measure, which seems to me to be a useful and sensible one, and in my own personal experience has been extremely valuable, has had little appeal among academic psychiatrists. With a few notable exceptions they have been incurious about psychotomimetics and shown little inclination to take them themselves, and so have hardly been in the position to urge upon their subordinates this kind of educational experience. Their reasons for not taking these chemicals, which are safe

enough when used competently under correct conditions by well trained people, sound a little stilted to those who do not occupy their important positions. One famous psychiatrist, having told me that he had had three psychoanalyses covering several decades under the tutelage of acknowledged masters, explained to me at length why he could not find the time to take mescalin. He was indeed, a busy man and I might have been more inclined to accept his excuses at their face value, had he not added, "and it would make my staff feel insecure." Since they were a collection of carefully selected, highly-trained, and well-paid professionals, all of whom had been psychoanalyzed at least once, and some by him, I found his concern for them touching but somewhat over-protective. It would have been simpler and more honest to have told me that he was afraid, for this was evident, and no amount of concern for his staff could hide it. He was not a cowardly man, but he sensed, quite correctly, I suspect, that many of his notions about schizophrenia which he had taught for years, and which had been published in his well-known and widely-read books, might have to be abandoned, or at least, greatly revised. He did not relish this, understandably perhaps.

There have been many rather pointless arguments as to whether substances like mescalin, LSD-25, or even adrenochrome, which the Czechs call schizogenic, produce the clinical illness schizophrenia or not. The answer is, of course, they do not. What they produce is an analogue or model psychosis from which, as with any other model, much or little can be learned depending upon the skill, intelligence, adroitness, daring and imagination of the model user.

There have, of course, been mentally ill psychiatrists, who have had schizophrenia, and I have been lucky enough to know at least one. However, such are the rigors of both medical and psychiatric training that not many survive to use their gifts for their patients' benefit. Those few who do manage to do this are seldom likely to confide in their fellow psychiatrists about their days of madness. I suspect that few psychiatric training programs would be enthusiastic if one were to muster a batch of candidates who had recently suffered even brief schizophrenic episodes. There are good enough reasons for this, too. Medicine is a demanding, practical art or craft, with many responsibilities to the public. It calls, on the whole, for robust health, rather than psychological or physical over-sensitivity. Those who have never endured a medical career are usually quite ignorant about those gruelling and harassing years of necessary apprenticeship.

It is hardly surprising, then, that with very few exceptions textbooks tend to discuss schizophrenia from the outside and to explain rather than to explore the sick person's experience. These explanations depend upon the viewpoint of the particular writer. They serve their purpose admirably and, combined with a convincing teacher, can be extremely misleading because they inevitably leave the novice with the comfortable impression that he will soon learn what goes on inside the mute, bent heads of patients with whom he tries to talk. Unluckily, while there are numerous well-produced textbooks, the accounts of inner experience which they publish are often fragmentary and the explanations are usually contradictory. The novice psychiatrist, who wants to be convinced that he really knows about his

patients' experience and so can explain their behavior, would be well advised to buy only one textbook and to stick to it, preferably that which his teacher has written. In this way he will be saved much disquieting doubt. Nevertheless, there are still some who remain curious, however much one tries to persuade them not to be so imprudent. Under the influence of the ethologists and existentialists they long to know more about the inner world of the schizophrenic person and they usually find very little about it in textbooks.

Karl Jasper's great *Psychopathology* and Carney Landis' *Varieties of Psychopathological Experience* provide treasuries for the knowledgeable and empathic reader, but they do not have the emotional force of a single sustained and compact narrative. A dictionary or a textbook, however magnificent, is not the same as even a very bad novel or autobiography which, however flimsy, badly written and even implausible, can move one to tears or laughter. Some psychiatrists have the good luck early in their career to meet a patient who, while recovering, is both willing and able to recount what madness is like. Possibly more patients could do this if encouraged to do so, but unless such recollections of frenzy are handled with tact and aplomb, they are as liable to prevent as to hasten healing. Psychiatrists who are considering this would do well to read Paul Federn's admirable advice on the psychoanalysis of the psychoses before attempting it and to desist very carefully from interpretations. There is plenty of evidence that schizophrenics are already far too inclined to see every possible answer to the innumerable questions which stream upon them during their illness.

III

What, then, should the reader notice particularly in this narrative about another face of things within the cloud? It is a pity that Hennell, who was a gifted artist, was not encouraged to illustrate much of his extraordinary experience, but perhaps he wisely did not wish to do so, and kept himself to rather concrete drawings lest even the act of drawing should loosen his grasp upon reality. The second of the eight illustrations, "The men were silent, the trees talked," has a peculiar perspective; the tree is swirling and sinuous, while the humans seem to be rooted in the ground. I hope that one day a publisher will produce a book on the worlds of madness, using some of the many astonishing pictures which exist; including the famous series by Louis Wain, the cat artist, whose coy, sugary painting made when comparatively well became, as he was swept away into his psychosis, astonishing abstracts of jewelled ferocity — a truly archetypal feline.

Hennell draws one into the enlarging world of possibility where anything could happen, and before very long almost everything does happen. The careful reader will find much evidence that his experience of time and space was changing; yet, in the early chapters, one cannot be sure that this is not just a young man with a vivid imagination. It seems clear enough that the long hot summer is making life difficult for him, but can it be anything more than this? And then on page 36 he shows that something more than a lively imagination is at work. Because of our ignorance, which breeds indifference, such appeals nearly always go unrecognized. He writes, "The margins of time and space being

loosened, I was conscious of an intense but static agony. I was in the sea, and under an icy rock of unimagined hardness. My life was a single maddened spark, hammering the rock in a body whose other feelings were as nothing, though birds and fish plucked and gnawed it to the bones. Huge gulls came close down, as they swooped, they cried, 'Ja-ack – Ja-ack'." The world of dream and the reality are already mixing and emulsifying as it were. That deep undertow of madness draws him further and further away from everyday life. Yet he tries desperately to maintain himself, using Biblical texts to account for the feelings and perceptions for which he has no explanation. "And Mrs. Swingli's little girl, who was playing on the steps, held up her toy to me, but I would not touch it for fear of the text about offending little children. The sea and the millstones were too near at hand. . . . Plagues of locusts might come as easily as plagues of darkness. An evanescent splendour transformed chance meetings, as though there were to be world changes, so that words then exchanged grew to living dreams of either speaker. . . . An older person looked at me as I passed, and said, 'That was a man.' Presently in my way was one whom I knew, and he would come with me for some way, and presently spoke of religious ideas, and of cannibals who eat men's flesh so they may possess their strength and courage. This was a new idea, and the effect it produced was nightmarish."

This is a very good example of how completely at the mercy of his surroundings, and those he meets, the schizophrenic person becomes. Since nothing in his experience prepares him for such changes in perception of people and things, he can only explain them by sup-

posing that everything has become much more important, and so paying more and more attention to the very happenings which are making his life impossible. Hennell became convinced that he ought to start off on a pilgrimage, a journey towards the grave, he calls it, and gradually the world began to change. "All street names were queer and goblinish. They seemed to have meanings which would start me off on false trails and in wrong directions. So I lost time, and when I asked my way, it seemed that the streets and houses had been rearranged, or were shrunk to tiny imitation affairs. The brickwork was excessively, dangerously red, and they vanished to almost nothing, in exaggerated perspectives. Some giant cynic had leered on the town, and its aspect was shockingly struck awry."

Here he is entering the storm centre of the psychosis. "The daylight had now departed. A new factory, built of ferroconcrete, glowed as though it were red hot. The huge letters upon boardings and the dazzling red lights on this building suddenly seemed to be imitated by the sprawling constellations overhead. There was not translatable meaning, nor understanding of this thing, yet the illusion of a primitive revelation in the alphabet was as vivid as an enlargement of perception." And so the nightmare begins to envelop him. Sinister people accompany the sinister happenings. "The dwellings nearby seem to be plunged in anesthetized darkness; but a colossal cast-iron lamp standard stuck out of the road, which indicated (as though the text were legible): I will break them in pieces as a potter's vessel." As he continues his wild pilgrimage, "The stars moved inexplicably: the larger lights wheeled into new positions, as though they marked the points of great compasses;

and they began to make new constellations, so that this had been the meaning of the former effects of lights and alphabets. There was a great L, signifying the Lion of the tribe of Judah . . . for presently straight ahead of me leaped up Clarissa's star and hung bravely, but as though by a painful effort, so that I rushed forward with my candle, calling out her name. Another star leaped up, almost as high, and then my star; but this last one only scaled half the height of a constellation, then fell wretchedly. So all these stars dropped and went out, after a moment or two." Splendor and terror ruled this world of his. "Objects beside the road took on more malignant aspects; the furrowed fields seemed to boil as pitch – here was an end of agriculture. In keen horror, I cried out, 'Bishop Raven' at a scarecrow that was in the last piece of earth, against a glow as of embers; it seemed terribly possessed by the dead man. There were worse things than moving lights in the upper air: there was at a distance, I thought, something like a gibbet or cartwheel on a pole, and therefrom, for as long a distance as the steam of a passing train, was a series of dreadful figures. The sky was full of calamities."

Not long after this, three men, pimps disguised as policemen, so he thought, wearing helmets and long cloaks, jumped out of a van, overpowered Hennell and rolled him into the back of their vehicle, where they secured him with handcuffs. There he lay among great lumps of raw meat wrapped in foul-smelling mutton cloth. This vivid account of his apprehension, presumably by the police, since he had been wandering about the countryside in the middle of the night with a candle, gives one an extraordinary but quite unselfpitying pic-

ture of the uncertainties which the psychotic endures and attempts as best he can to deal with.

Eventually he finds himself in prison. But here the inner world invades the ordinary world and he is subjected to quite extraordinary changes in his bodily state which require all his remarkable powers of writing and self observation to describe, let alone to explain them. He seems to have had a very unpleasant form of metamorphosis experience. "My intention was to define its form exactly and to do this I must enter it and be it. These sensations are scarcely accurately remembered, yet it was with a grating and numbing pain that my ribs became the inverted ribs of the other being. My left eye became his left eye. . . ."

Very soon after this the real world and the other kinds of experience, although clearly remembered, became strangely mixed together, and he was aware of a presumably visionary character, called The Adversary, who seems to be compounded of part devil and part savior. About this time, too, he described another very strange perceptual oddity. "I sang again, by request, and this time another unforeseen happening occurred. I was aware of a small movement in the ceiling, about two thirds across the room towards the door, and three quarters of the width towards my left; the movement became defined as a round depression, wide as a saucer, reverberating and increasing to a regular cylindrical hole three inches wide and about eight inches deep. Scarcely aware of what I did (and still madly excited), I pitched my voice higher, and then whistled, whereat the floor of the hole deepened and narrowed gradually to a long, slightly twisted cone; whether or not there was a pinhole opening to daylight, I could not tell."

This seems to have been an unusual form of synaesthesia in which sound alters visual perception. It is quite excellently and vividly described, and it is something which one would never have dreamt of asking a patient, unless one knew that such things can and do happen in this strange illness.

Not long after this, he was moved to a mental hospital and there, in a world where time had grown stagnant, a tornado of madness engulfs him. His nights are made strange with vivid hallucinations and his days ridden with illusions. Into all this is woven the rather humdrum routines and happenings of any mental hospital, transformed, however, by his interpretations of them. He takes us through despair, triumph, illumination and disillusion, insight and bewilderment, a premature removal from hospital, and several attempted escapes. Towards the end of the book, his world is knitting again. He has many observations to make about mental hospitals and his complaints are very little colored by rancor and spite; he is aware of their deficiencies and tends to blame a general lack of understanding rather than the shortcomings of individuals. He is a man I would have very much liked to have met, but he became well enough to serve in World War II as an official artist, and in the Far East towards the very end, he was, I was told, cut down by a stray bullet.

The Witnesses, then, is one of the finest accounts of a schizophrenic illness from the inside. But, in addition to this, it has borne a curious relationship to the researches which my colleagues and I have undertaken during the last fifteen years. These researches are playing some part with those of many other workers all over the world in enlarging and altering our under-

standing of schizophrenia. It is no accident that many of our papers have referred directly to *The Witnesses,* that we have used information from it in several studies, and that we encourage our staff to read it and similar works. This has been because it gives the feelings and texture of the experience which is so characteristic of this great illness, and which is so hard to convey.

When Dr. John Smythies and I first worked with mescalin, in 1950 and 1951, we noticed much that closely resembled parts of Hennell's stories. We were impressed by this, and although, of course, it was possible there was no connection between the mescalin experience and schizophrenia, yet we felt it would be almost perverse to ignore such remarkable similarities. In my own mescalin experience, for instance, at the very start, a bit of the past suddenly began to well up in the present. I wrote in my notes, "I was at first aware that I was simply recalling something that had once happened to me. But gradually I began to feel that I was not merely recalling but re-experiencing the past. The room had peeling white wallpaper, and behind this was a patch of green, a milky jade green. I was much interested in this patch of green until I realized that I was looking at the winter sea, and if I stayed there any longer, I would see a ship sinking in a storm, and once again our ship would plough through those unhappy survivors in pursuit of the submarine. I did not wish to see all that again. To live comfortably, the past should remain in its place." A little while later, I wrote, "Although the world was sharper and brighter, it was also infinitely more fluid and changeable. A bird in the street, a sparrow, small and far away, might suddenly become the focus of one's attention, the most important

thing one has ever seen, the most important thing in the world, the bird of the world, a key to the universe. Beauty, 'a terrible beauty,' was being born every moment. Phrases such as, 'I have seen with the eye of the world, the eye of the newborn, the eye of the new dead,' sprang to my tongue apparently without construction."

There were bodily changes too. "I also noticed that my hands tingled and I had a curious dirty feeling which seemed to be inside the skin. I scrutinized one hand and it became shrunken and claw-like. I realized that beneath the dried leathery skin was bone and dust alone — no flesh. My hand had withered away, yet I could remind myself that this unusual happening had been induced simply by taking mescalin." Indeed I did remind myself very vigorously that this was so, and in this way I managed to reduce the terror which would otherwise accompany such evident signs of dissolution. I kept reminding myself that this was an experiment. "My companions roused me from my absorption with these things and suggested a walk. I would not have gone out alone, for I felt that this inner reality might break out, as it were, from its place and invade the everyday world. Every so often the walls of the room would shiver and I knew that behind those perilously unsolid walls something was waiting to burst through. I believed that would be disastrous; those two worlds must remain discrete."

Later I was given a glass of water. "I asked for some water and drank from the glass which John brought, and found that it tasted strange. I wondered whether there might be something wrong with it: poison crossed my mind, and almost at the same time the story of Socrates and the hemlock cup, and with that

the calculation of a physicist who claimed that every glass of water contained an atom of Socrates, due to the diffusion in the twenty-five centuries or so since his death. I looked into the glass of water. Its swirling depths were a vortex which went down into the center of the world and the heart of time. My companions dragged me from the water for a walk. . . . Once on the street, the distortion of perspective became evident. The distances were immense. The colors vivid, the August sun burned on a patch of willow herb on a bombed site with such intensity that I had to shade my eyes. Everything was as sharp as a painting by Vermeer."

I have already quoted Hennell's feelings about sinister houses and inhabitants who were equally threatening. On page 75 he mentions how the patients in the hospital seemed transformed. "For presently a strange rout of sub-human beings came crowding across the room and moved out by the steps to the left, as they went they laughed and gibbered uncouthly with curious antics as though they were betting and laying odds: some were 'borogroves,' spotted newts or devil's dice." During my own walk under mescalin, I noted, "One house took my attention. It had a sinister quality, since from behind its drawn shades people seemed to be looking out and their gaze was unfriendly. We met no one for the first few hundred yards, then we came to a window in which a child was standing, and as we drew nearer, its face became pig-like. I noticed two passersby who, as they came nearer, seemed hunchbacked and twisted, and their faces were covered with wens. The wide spaces of the streets were dangerous, the houses threatening and the sun burned me. I was glad to be

back in the flat; there at least the world was partly under control, while outside, the hoot of a passing taxi, the brilliant color of a dress, or the sudden movement of a stranger, taking me off guard, would burst torrentially into my whole sensory experience."

Changes in self-perception included uncertainty about my size which, again, seemed to have afflicted Hennell, and certainly afflicts many other patients. I heard recently of a man who had recovered from a schizophrenic illness, who at times believed that he was gigantic and might be as tall as one of the skyscrapers. I wrote, "It was particularly difficult to get accustomed to changes in body image. At one moment I would be a giant in a tiny cupboard and the next a dwarf in a huge hall. It is difficult enough to explain what it feels like to be Gulliver or Alice in Wonderland, in the space of a few minutes; but it is nearly impossible to communicate an experience which amounts to being uncertain whether one was in Brobdingnag or Lilliput."

That schizophrenics often have great and puzzling difficulties in social relationships became less surprising to me after mescalin. "An unexpected happening was an extreme sensitivity to other people's feelings towards me and towards each other. I have not seen this recorded elsewhere, and since it exerts a considerable influence on one, it seems worth noting. I experienced my friends' criticism of me as physical discomfort. If they urged me to do something I did not want to do, it jarred, and this jarring was accompanied sometimes by a burning taste and smell. Most unexpected was my response to a slight difference of opinion between John and his wife. This was a minor affair due to her wanting me to eat and John wanting me to discuss

my experiences and satisfy his scientific curiosity. The room which had been brilliantly lit became dark, the colors lost some of their vitality, and I felt her criticism of him as a bitter taste, an acrid smell and an ill-localized pain somewhere between my shoulder blades and my spine. All the time my three companions were changing, sometimes with reference to what they were saying and doing, and sometimes with reference to my inner experience."

It is commonplace now, although it was not recognized so clearly in 1951, that schizophrenics respond poorly to conflict between those in their immediate surroundings. Although I do not believe, as others have suggested, that this causes their illness, it became clear to me from this and other experiences with psychotomimetic substances that trivial disagreements can be easily inflated and distorted by small quantities of simple chemicals. If this is so, anyone suffering continuously from a condition of this kind, however evoked, would require those in their immediate surroundings to exert a far greater skill relating both to the afflicted person and to each other than any of us is usually able to muster. We are ill advised to berate relatives for their supposed failures in this direction, which may equally well arise from the extreme sensitivity of the schizophrenic person to nuances of feeling which well people are fortunately quite able to ignore. Psychiatrists and their colleagues believe that patients would be benefited if their families were extremely sensitive and understanding, but it is a matter of debate just how sensitive and understanding one can be if one is to survive in any ordinary human society. Schizophrenic sensitivity is part of his catastrophe and it is doubtful whether the

family should be encouraged to follow him in that direction even if this is possible.

In our first joint paper, Dr. John Smythies and I noted the similarity between the mescalin and schizophrenic experience, and we also noted that mescalin itself has a distinct chemical resemblance to adrenalin, the hormone particularly related to emotion. We suggested that, in schizophrenia, the body's adrenalin might turn into a mescalin-like substance. In our discussion we made, in a more general way, a point which recurs throughout *The Witnesses*. "Many of the results of schizophrenia have little to do directly with disturbances of brain function, but depend on factors which are, in the anthropological sense, cultural. The isolation and dislike which the patient experiences in our society forces him to retreat into his private world. The schizophrenic regresses because, faced with an incomprehensible change in his external and internal surroundings, his painfully learned patterns of behavior suddenly become useless, and he is left isolated and enmeshed in his own fantasies and the phantasmagoria produced by M-substance. He is literally, and not figuratively, out of touch with his environment. In societies different from our own, the results of the universal metabolic abnormality (the production of M-substance) may be socially advantageous to the individual. For instance, the Shamans in Siberia and mystics in Tibet are in fact leaders of society, though undoubtedly having schizophrenic experiences." Although we might qualify this a little today, the work of the last fifteen years has confirmed our intuitions and notions developed from those early experiments and from reading Thomas Hennell.

IV

A map of Treasure Island still leaves one a long way from putting to sea in search of Captain Kidd's spoils. However, in the fall of 1951, I became Clinical Director of the Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn, in western Canada, and good fortune produced my friend and fellow worker, Professor Abram Hoffer. Between us we mustered many of those skills necessary for the task which lay ahead. I was by this time a competent clinical psychiatrist who had seen enough patients suffering with schizophrenia to know the smell of that disease. He was a medically qualified biochemist, with a wide experience in research, who was wondering whether psychiatry offered enough scope for his energy and resolution.

There is no more challenging illness than schizophrenia. It has resisted the efforts of at least three generations of medical men at a time when other illnesses crumbled under sustained attack of the sciences which have emerged in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century: modern physiology, bacteriology, biochemistry and endocrinology. Men have spent their professional lifetime searching for the brain poisons which Thudichum, the great chemist of the 1880's, had predicted would soon be found. He had written, "Many forms of insanity are unquestionably the external manifestations of the effects upon the brain substance of poisons fermented within the body." The next seventy years produced many dusty answers, and research workers of tireless determination had grown old in discouragement. I will not give their names here for it would be impossible to single out even a few where so many have

striven with the great psychosis. Psychiatrists had been shaken by the obduracy of the illness, and were veering away from biological and biochemical explanations — not because they particularly wanted to, or because the other ideas were very compelling, but because prudent men are discouraged when they view the wreckage of other men's hopes. It is easy enough to say that scientists should devote themselves wholeheartedly and single-mindedly to attacking great illnesses. It is quite another thing to do this. Scientists have wives, children, ambitions, aspirations, and they have their fellows who judge them much more by what they actually achieve than what they might have achieved. As if to underscore what one could learn from reading and discussion, Manfred Bleuler, son of Eugene Bleuler, who invented the name schizophrenia, made these remarks in 1951 at the time when we began our inquiries: "Looking over these and other works of the pathological physiology of schizophrenics, one is forced to make this negative statement. These works have failed to bring us even one step closer to the possibility of finding behind the psychological psychosis of schizophrenia a definable, specific pathological somatic schizophrenia. We have no evidence of any disturbance which would neatly differentiate it from other psychoses, somatic disorders or the norm. It is possible that as a consequence of these negative results, the search for a specific somatic basis for schizophrenia will be given up for a long time to come, if not permanently."

Perhaps, luckily for us, we did not read this until some years after it was written, for it was a most discouraging prediction. When I spoke with Carl Jung in his home on the Zürich See in 1955, he said, "Of course

it is a biochemical disease," and as I told him about our findings, he added, "Do you think I'd have wasted my time with this," and he waved his hands at the ranks of books and translations of his works which were around him, "if the chemists had had anything to offer?" Few men were more psychologically minded than Jung, yet he, like many psychiatrists, only turned away from biochemical measures because the chemists and chemistry could help us so little at that time. The question which faced us in 1951 was whether chemistry was beginning to advance quickly enough to enable us to pursue and hunt down the toxin X, that subtle brain poison, with which Jung had disrupted psychoanalysis in about 1906.

Anyone who has lived and worked in a mental hospital, and has seen its devastating effects upon not only mind but body too, could not fail to recognize that schizophrenia was the Everest of psychiatry. If we were going to undertake research, why not choose the highest and most unattainable, even if it was notoriously dangerous? We were both on the threshold of our professional careers, we had new ideas, some of which I had developed with my friend, John Smythies. We were far away from the great centres of knowledge where everyone knows what cannot possibly be done. We had benevolent superiors, who enjoyed our enthusiasm even if they were not very impressed with our theories, and some of them certainly realized that we were going to need every bit of that enthusiasm for the long haul which lay ahead.

We put in for money for a research grant and got it by the skin of our teeth. The psychiatrists on the committee did not want to back us; the chemists did; our

application was sent to a famous American psychiatrist with a background in biochemistry and he supported us. Within six months our discoveries so exceeded reasonable expectation that they caused confusion rather than gained support and understanding. We found that an immediate derivative of adrenalin, a dark crystalline substance which forms a brilliant red solution in water, named adrenochrome, could mimic psychosis in human beings. Adrenalin is made in the body and is secreted whenever we become active or anxious. It appears to prepare us for flight or fight. Until that time, no substance that could occur in the body had ever been shown to do what mescalin and LSD-25 do so easily, that is, to produce massive changes in perception, accompanied by changes in thinking and feeling. We were astonished by our luck and expected everyone else to be equally impressed. Most discoverers make this error, and we soon found that with very few exceptions (at least two of whom were eminent scientists) almost no one was in the least astonished, because they either did not believe what we said, or more frequently, could not understand what all the fuss was about.

In our second paper we wrote, "Adrenochrome is the first substance thought to occur in the body which has been shown to be a hallucinogen. Until it was discovered, these peculiar properties had only been found in compounds derived from plants, whether from the peyote (mescalin) or from an African bean (ibogaine) or from a jungle vine (harmine) or from rye rust (lysergic acid) or from the historic Indian hemp (hashish) or from that mysterious fungus, amanita pantherina, which has tempted so few investigators and whose active principle is completely unknown. The

exotic nature of the hallucinogens catalogued here has made it possible for the skeptic to deny that anything like them could occur in the body. A rash assumption when we know that the body is capable of prodigious feats of chemical synthesis. It is now more difficult to assert that adrenochrome or something like it could not accumulate under certain circumstances and produce devastating psychological disturbances long before any consistent physiological changes could be observed. It is still a far cry from this to proving that overproduction of adrenochrome, or something like it, occurs in schizophrenia. However, we have shown that it could be adrenochrome, an immediate derivative of adrenalin."

We did not reach our conclusions from watching the behavior of well-bred rats, but by means of experiments which we did on ourselves, our wives and our co-workers. We knew what to look for because of our work with mescalin and because of the writings of Thomas Hennell and others. Our first experiment in which adrenochrome was found to be active was reported by me immediately afterwards in this way:

> After the purple red liquid was injected into my right forearm I had a good deal of pain. I did not expect that we would get any results from a preliminary trial and so was not, as far as I can judge, in a state of heightened expectancy. The fact that my blood pressure did not rise suggests that I was not unduly tense. After about ten minutes, while I was lying on a couch looking up at the ceiling, I found that it had changed color. It seemed that the lighting had become brighter. I asked Abe and Neil if they had noticed anything, but they had not. I looked across the room and it seemed to have changed in some not easily definable way. I wondered if I could have suggested these things to myself. I closed my eyes and a brightly colored pattern of dots appeared. The colors

were not as brilliant as those which I had seen under mescal, but were of the same type. The patterns of dots gradually resolved themselves into fish-like shapes. I felt that I was at the bottom of the sea or in an aquarium among a shoal of brilliant fishes. At one moment I concluded that I was a sea anemone in this pool. Abe and Neil kept pestering me to tell them what was happening, which annoyed me. They brought me a Van Gogh self portrait to look at. I have never seen a picture so plastic and alive. Van Gogh gazed at me from the paper, crop headed, with hurt, mad eyes and seemed to be three dimensional. I felt that I could stroke the cloth of his coat and that he might turn around in his frame. Neil showed me the Rorschach cards. Their texture, their bas-relief appearance and the strange and amusing shapes which I had never before seen in the cards were extraordinary.

My experiences in the laboratory were, on the whole, pleasant but when I left I found the corridors outside sinister and unfriendly. I wondered what the cracks in the floor meant and why there were so many of them. Once we got out of doors, the hospital buildings, which I know well, seemed sharp and unfamiliar. As we drove through the streets, the houses appeared to have some special meaning, but I couldn't tell what it was. In one window I saw a lamp burning and I was astonished by its grace and brilliance. I drew my friends' attention to it, but they were unimpressed.

We reached Abe's home where I felt cut off from people but not unhappy. I knew that I should be discussing the experience with Abe and his wife but could not be bothered to do so. I felt no special interest in our experiment and had no satisfaction at our success, although I told myself that it was very important. Before I got to sleep I noticed that the colored visions returned when I shut my eyes. (Normally I have hypnagogic visions after several minutes in a darkened room when I am tired.) I slept well.

Hennell had a curious experience early in his illness, when he felt he was in the sea under a rock of unimagined hardness and "that my life was a spark hammering the rock in a body whose other feelings were as

nothing, though birds and fishes plucked and gnawed it to the bones." I felt that I was at the bottom of the sea or in an aquarium among a shoal of brilliant fishes, and at one moment I concluded that, "I was a sea anemone in this pool." Both he and I were clearly trying to describe things that are enormously difficult to put into words. Interesting as this first experiment was, things happened in the second experiment which remained inexplicable for a number of years, which only now, more than a decade later, began to make any real sense. The importance of this is that I could hardly have suggested to myself things which neither I nor anyone else realized would result from taking adrenochrome. So far much intricate scientific work has done little more than confirm what we might have inferred from our early and crude self experiments, undertaken in Abram Hoffer's tiny basement laboratory, with hardly any equipment and very little money.

Here is part of my report of that second experiment:

> I had five mgm of adrenochrome this time because we thought that it was probably deteriorating. I saw only a few visual patterns with my eyes closed. I had the feeling that there was something wonderful waiting to be seen but somehow I couldn't see it. However, in the outside world everything seemed sharper and the Van Gogh was three dimensional. I began to feel that I was losing touch with everything. My sister telephoned and, although I am usually glad to hear her voice, I couldn't feel any warmth or happiness. I watched a group of patients dancing and, although I enjoy watching dancing with the envious interest of one who is clumsy on his feet, I didn't have a flicker of feeling.
>
> As we drove back to Abe's house a pedestrian walked across the road in front of us. I thought we might run him down, and watched with detached curiosity. I had no concern for the victim. We did not knock him down.
>
> I began to wonder whether I was a person any more

and to think that I might be a plant or a stone. As my feeling for these inanimate objects increased, my feeling for and my interest in humans diminished. I felt indifferent towards humans and had to curb myself from making unpleasant personal remarks about them. I had no inclination to say more or less than I observed. If I was asked if I liked a picture, I said what I felt and disregarded the owner's feeling.

I did not wish to talk and found it more comfortable to gaze at the floor or a lamp. Time seemed to be of no importance. I slept well that night and awoke feeling lively, but although I had to attend a meeting that morning, I did not hurry myself. Eventually I had to be more or less dragged out of the house by Abe. I had to get my car from a garage where it was being repaired. There was some trouble about finding it in the garage; when at last I was seated in the driver's seat, I realized that I couldn't drive it through traffic, although quite able to do so usually. I did not, however, feel anxious or distressed by this but persuaded the garage proprietor to drive me to my destination. I would, I believe, have normally found this a humiliating situation. I did not feel humiliated.

I attended the scientific meeting, and during it I wrote this note: "Dear Abe, this damn stuff is still working. The odd thing is that stress brings it on after about 15 minutes. I have this 'glass wall, other side of the barrier' feeling. It is fluctuant, almost intangible, but I know it is there. It wasn't there three quarters of an hour ago; the stress was the minor one of getting the car. I have a feeling that I don't know anyone here; absurd but unpleasant. Also some slight ideas of reference arising from my sensation of oddness. I have just begun to wonder if my hands are writing this; crazy, of course."

I fluctuated for the rest of the day. While being driven home by my psychologist colleague, Mr. B. Stefaniuk, I discovered that I could not relate distance and time. I would see a vehicle far away on the long, straight prairie roads, but would be uncertain whether we might not be about to collide with it. We had coffee at a wayside halt and here I became disturbed by the covert glances of a sinister looking man. I could not be sure whether he was 'really' doing this or not. I went out to look at two wrecked cars which had been brought in to a nearby garage. I became deeply preoccupied with them and the fate of their

occupants. I could only tear myself away from them with an effort. I seemed in some way to be involved in them.

Later in the day when I reached home the telephone rang. I took no notice of it and allowed it to ring itself out. Normally, no matter how tired I am, I respond to it.

By the morning of 19/10/52 I felt that I was my usual self again.

In 1955 there was a sequel to the note which I wrote in the scientific meeting, when an asthmatic architect, who took discolored adrenalin of a pinkish, wine-colored hue for some weeks, wrote to us about his experiences during this time. Describing his difficulties with people, he stated, "People who were very familiar, whom I had seen all the time, and never felt a thing about. I'd seen them all my life, some of them. There were no distortions previous; all of a sudden they appeared strange to me, but it wasn't a strangeness such as two heads and four arms. It seemed to be some strangeness that was inherent in what I was seeing, and yet nothing that was recognizable as being that different to me in their appearance, and this is what bothered me. All of a sudden, if I saw two horns growing out of their heads, I don't think I would have been nearly as worried. I would have known that I had gone stark raving mad. But the fact was, there was something I could not quite fathom happening to my visual perception. . . . I mean I described to her what seemed to be a strange feeling, yet there wasn't any real change in my vision except that what I looked at seems to have disturbed me internally, and that is the best way I can describe how inanimate objects affect me."

During the second experiment with adrenochrome I found that its effects seemed to last for at least twenty-four hours. At the time we found it very surprising

but, in 1961, Grof and his colleagues in Prague confirmed this with some elegant human studies. Several years later we found adrenolutin continued to affect some people for a week or more. Because of this we did as few human experiments with these substances as was possible, particularly because insight, that is, awareness that anything unusual is happening, may be lost or gravely impaired. The episode about being unable to drive my car remained extremely puzzling for many years. I can remember quite clearly sitting in the car and looking helplessly at the gear lever, clutch, accelerator, brake and ignition. I was not the least bit panicky or agitated, but they seemed alien, incomprehensible, just as if I had never driven a car before. Some years later I read Dr. Harriet Babcock's monograph on *dementia praecox* and noted her pertinent remarks about the learning difficulties found in schizophrenia. Then came a Russian paper from Professor Braine's laboratory in Moscow, where he showed that well-mannered Russian monkeys, who had been taught to take and eat bananas to a rather elaborate psychological ritual, lost their good manners after being given either schizophrenic serum or adrenochrome. They snatched the bananas greedily and gobbled them up, thus reverting to earlier kinds of behavior. Our own colleague, Dr. Teddy Weckowitz, showed that in rats recent learning, particularly of a complex sort, is gravely impaired by adrenochrome. In October 1952 I had been driving for only about four months so that this skill had only been acquired very recently, and it seems likely that this is why it was so strangely and deeply affected by adrenochrome at that time. I could hardly have "suggested" such effects to myself in 1952

because they would have been of no significance whatever, either to me or to anyone else.

Thomas Hennell's book and those by others whom I read later on made it clear that there were aspects of schizophrenia which were not simply negative. Our own experiments with mescalin had shown this too, and it was from these considerations that a further set of deeply interesting and even more controversial studies developed. The idea that a great psychiatric illness might be produced by a relatively small chemical fault was unorthodox, but concerned few others than those who were immediately interested in the treatment and management of schizophrenia. It was something different again to suggest that this experience might sometimes and in some ways be beneficial, even perhaps necessary to the species in the course of its continuing evolution. Yet this is exactly what has happened and in an extremely improbable way.

V

At the beginning of *The Witnesses* Hennell touches on matters which like much else in his book have become clearer to me after frequent rereadings. Indeed, not until this most recent reading did I give the second page of his narrative the attention which it deserves. He wrote:

> The early chapters of this book deal with some meetings and influences whose scope seemed later to become expanded and significant. But it needs skill to set the stage for a phase of human experience, which, if new to the writer, may seem far-fetched to those who witness its performance.
>
> The great experience is disowned by religion, by science, by policy. Truth must slowly find her form, and by

> gradual testimony. We may not choose what we shall find, nor where it shall be found. There is a French proverb: Where the goat is tethered, there it must browse. There are places where goats may wander but where children must not venture, nor go to touch them. And I have thought that if it were not so, the simple, making their way to secret edges of the mountain, might there find no goat, but Pan himself, whose piping so changes and charms all spirits that hear it.
>
> Or if not so, at least some may bring home strange flowers – which are the very accusations of trespasses. That enchanting beauty which they had is soon fled from them, and it is idle to expect those who stayed at home to believe in their beauty, or that they were once a true revelation, and promised a new, sublime world.
>
> "No," say the elders, "they are delusive; those plants are poisonous."
>
> One who has enjoyed these, may not bring them back to life, he can only say where he found them, and what they seemed like when they were fresh.

Our early mescalin experiences made both John Smythies and me aware of the psychological, artistic, philosophical and religious implications of these matters. However, apart from writing a brief paper about them for the *Hibbert Journal,* we felt that our main energies must be devoted to schizophrenia. The article had unexpected consequences, for early in 1953, shortly after John Smythies joined me in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, we had an encouraging letter from Aldous Huxley, asking for a reprint and suggesting that we visit him, should we be in Los Angeles. This seemed most unlikely at that time, yet within a few weeks I found myself flying to southern California to attend the American Psychiatric Association's meeting there. Aldous and Maria Huxley invited me to stay with them, and because Aldous had mentioned his interest in mescalin, I took with me a few capsules of cactus alkaloid, for

I was then unaware of the various regulations which apparently prohibited this.

John and I had decided that we could hardly do better in exploring these matters than to obtain the help and cooperation of those most able to describe experience and whose perceptions were already well sharpened by decades of thought and enquiry. Few men could have been more suitable for this than Aldous Huxley, and for that very reason I approached the matter with uncertainty. It seemed almost too good to be true. Leafing through my copy of *The Doors of Perception,* inscribed by him with a characteristic, "To Humphry, the only begetter of this book in friendship, Aldous 1954," I am still astonished at the success of that venture. I look sadly and gratefully at my picture of him gazing down at Los Angeles through mescalinized eyes.

We were not, of course, solely concerned with madness, but because one of the main objects of our work was to benefit the sick, Aldous paid most careful attention to this, and later wrote, "The schizophrenic is like a man permanently under the influence of mescalin and, therefore, unable to shut off the experience of reality which he is not holy enough to live with, which he cannot explain away because it never permits him to look at the world with merely human eyes, scares him into interpreting its unremitting strangeness, its burning intensity of significance, as the manifestations of human or even cosmic malevolence, calling for the most desperate countermeasures, from murderous violence at one end of the scale to catatonia, or psychological suicide, at the other end. And once embarked upon the downward, the infernal road, one would never

be able to stop. That, now, was only too obvious.

" 'If you started that way,' I said in answer to the investigator's questions, 'everything that happened would be a proof of the conspiracy against you. It would all be self-validating. You couldn't draw a breath without knowing it was part of the plot.

" 'So you think you know where madness lies?'

" 'My answer was a convinced and heartfelt, 'Yes.' "

" 'And you couldn't control it?'

" 'No, I couldn't control it. If one began with fear and hate as the major premise, one would have to go on to the conclusion.' "

Wise man that he was, foresighted and circumspect, Aldous early recognized and warned against most of those difficulties which have beset explorations with what we later called psychedelics. The word itself arose from our correspondence, for while psychotomimetic, hallucinogen or phantastica all had their uses, they did not express exactly what we wanted. This was the concept of substances which expanded or altered awareness in a variety of ways, depending upon the particular circumstances and the skill and intentions of the users.

Aldous sent me this suggestion in a brief note:

"To make this mundane world sublime,
"Take half a gram of phanerothyme."

I replied with my version which we later adopted:

"To sink in hell or soar angelic,
"You'll need a pinch of psychedelic."

In a paper given at about that time at the New York Academy of Sciences, I stated:

> If mimicking mental illness were the main characteristic of these agents, "psychotomimetics" would indeed be

a suitable generic term. It is true that they do so, but they do much more. Why are we always preoccupied with the pathological, the negative? Is health only the lack of sickness? Is good merely the absence of evil? Is pathology the only yardstick? Must we ape Freud's gloomier moods that persuaded him that a happy man is a self-deceiver evading the heartache for which there is no anodyne? Is not a child infinitely potential rather than polymorphously perverse?

I have tried to find an appropriate name for the agents under discussion: a name that will include the concepts of enriching the mind and enlarging the vision. Some possibilities are: psychephoric, mind-moving; psychehormic, mind-rousing; and psycheplastic, mind-molding. Psychezymic, mind-fermenting, is indeed appropriate. Psychorhexic, mind bursting forth, though difficult, is memorable. Psychelytic, mind-releasing, is satisfactory. My choice, because it is clear, euphonious, and uncontaminated by other associations, is psychedelic, mind-manifesting. One of these terms should serve.

Oddly enough, while psychedelic is the term most used in North America, in Europe psychelytic, our second string, is favored. The terms have been combined recently in the new International Psychodelitic Association, formed this year. I ended this paper by stating, "I believe that the psychedelics provide a chance, perhaps only a slender one, for *homo faber,* the cunning, ruthless, foolhardy, pleasure-greedy toolmaker to merge into that other creature whose presence we have so rashly presumed, *homo sapiens,* the wise, the understanding, the compassionate, in whose fourfold vision art, politics, science and religion are one. Surely we must seize that chance."

Yet controversy has raged round the whole idea that a chemical could possibly be used as an instrument to enlarge understanding. Hennell is obviously aware of this same problem when he states, "And it is idle to

expect those who stayed at home to believe in their beauty, or that they were once a true revelation and promised a new sublime world. 'No,' say the elders, 'they are delusive, those plants are poisonous.' " Those who have never had experiences of this kind do not necessarily wish to believe that they exist. Some of those who have had illuminative or mystical experience without psychedelics were shocked at the thought that "a drug could do the same thing." While other people believed that simply by taking a suitable pill, they would enjoy a replica of *The Doors of Perception*. They were surprised and even angry that this was not always so. I had to explain to several of these aggrieved and disappointed people that Aldous Huxley was Aldous Huxley and they were they. Not everyone relished this explanation.

We do not always realize just how greatly man's capacities have been improved, moulded, or even wholly changed, by material instruments, from the first roughly shaped bone or stone up to the finest and most complex computer. An instrument, however simple or sophisticated, allows its user to express himself more effectively than he could with his own inherited organs alone. My ability to write this introduction depends upon my use of a black liquid called ink, and it has taken years of concentrated effort and many failures to use the technique of writing. My earlier efforts in making simple letters and sentences would not have been impressive to a critical observer. And it took many years before I could communicate simple ideas with even modest success. Those early blotted copybooks of my childhood gave no indication that I might later begin to write with some fluency.

At the very start of our work with psychedelics, we were frequently asked for evidence that these substances might be of some use, however remote, in furthering human affairs. Those who asked us did not always seem aware that even the most promising instruments may require a very long period of development before there are any practical results. In addition, enquirers did not always say what evidence they would accept. We could point to Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* and his novel *Island,* which was certainly greatly influenced by his mescalin experience, but then, he was a great writer before he ever took mescalin. The enquirer then presses for something more than this. As it happens, we do have concrete evidence in the shape of a 150-bed mental hospital. This is the Saskatchewan Hospital, Yorkton, Sasketchewan, Canada, whose brilliant architect, Mr. Kyoshi Izumi, took LSD-25 in order to help him understand the special problems involved in building a hospital for gravely mentally ill people.

There have, of course, been various objections to this, too. Some asked what evidence was there that the LSD experience and schizophrenia resembled each other. Others argued that Mr. Izumi was extremely able and would have built a fine hospital without any such help. He himself, however, ascribes great importance to the use of LSD in this special way. After taking it, he walked round the wards of an existing mental hospital and this gave him the opportunity to feel the effect of certain kinds of buildings upon those suffering from the perceptual anomalies which Thomas Hennell has described so well and, indeed, he mentions specifically some of the peculiarities of the buildings in which he was confined.

The Saskatchewan Hospital, Yorkton, has been widely acclaimed and seems likely to have an enduring influence on the design of many psychiatric buildings in the future. The Joint Information Service of the American Psychiatric Association has made these comments: "Kyoshi Izumi, a pioneer in psychiatric architecture, designed the physical structure and designed, or, in some cases, specified all the furnishings. The result must certainly rank among the most attractive and architecturally advanced buildings ever constructed for psychiatric services. . . . As for the physical plant, it was a pleasure to view a facility that was more than merely new. Creativity and imagination were evident in scores of details. We felt that the wards and day rooms combined efficiency with comfort and cheerfulness to a very exceptional degree."

These buildings have proved good not only for patients, but for the staff, too, who enjoy working in them because they are so well adapted to their needs, and further a satisfactory, continuing but unforced interaction between patients and staff. These studies of buildings suitable for the mentally ill have turned our attention to other kinds of buildings where people live together, especially homes, residences, dormitories or hostels, where essential human needs have to be met and space used to the best advantage.

It seems, then, that the well will benefit from our deeper understanding of how mentally ill people experience their surroundings and we are developing a series of new concepts, which architects seem to find useful in design.

Because our own experiences with LSD-25, mescalin, adrenochrome and similar compounds made it clear

just how difficult it was to communicate bizarre and uncommon experiences, we began to pay very close attention to the *ümwelts* or experiential worlds of our patients. In recent years a professional preoccupation with the "meaning" of patients' experiences has made us less interested in the actual nature of those experiences. Patients who said, for instance, that the world looked different were often held to mean that they themselves felt differently. In other words, the changes in perception which the patients so frequently report and have reported for centuries were often ascribed to changes in mood or affect. Consequently, for many years little attention has been paid to these changes of perception and the social consequences which inevitably follow from them. For our social behavior derives in the final analysis from our perceptions of what is happening around us and our interpretations of those perceptions. Since no adequate tests seem to have been made to explore the world of the schizophrenic patient, Abram Hoffer and I first developed a very crude card sort test, which we called the HOD (Hoffer-Osmond Diagnostic Test). In the last six years we have given this to thousands of people and it has yielded a great deal of useful information. One of our ex-patients remarked, "I wish you had had this test when I was ill. I would have known that you knew something about my illness." Hennell clearly had the same concern, for he frequently felt that his psychiatrists were largely unaware of what was happening to him, did not understand his experiences and, in consequence, he could not have full confidence in their advice. Our findings strongly support Hennell's opinion. Many psychiatrists and psychologists have been astonished to

discover how courageously patients conduct themselves in spite of all kinds of strange, and sometimes terrifying afflictions, which receive little or no attention from psychiatrists who like to expound upon their "deeper meaning," and so do not notice their actual and immediate consequences. During the last eighteen months, Dr. Moneim El-Meligi and I, working from the HOD, have developed the first of the Experiential World Inventories (EWI), aimed at mapping out the world of the mentally ill in much greater detail than was possible with the HOD. This test again suggests that Hennell was an excellent reporter, for many other people with schizophrenia agree that they, too, have experiences which closely resemble his. We are now planning instruments based on the EWI, but aimed at exploring the world of well people, for it seems that great differences exist here and these differences in experience result in failure in communication.

The HOD test led to a series of novel and exciting developments in hypnosis. Dr. Sidney Fogel in Saskatchewan and Dr. Bernard Aaronson here in Princeton have used hypnosis to study the effect of simple perceptual changes on mood, thinking and behavior. Because we had learned to listen to our patients' accounts of their strange perceptions it was natural to wonder what would happen if we produced single and simple changes under laboratory conditions. An advantage of hypnosis and post-hypnotic suggestion is that these can be used to study in detail the effects of clearcut and circumscribed perceptual anomalies, which can themselves be measured. This is very time-consuming and demanding work, but it is also extremely rewarding. At the beginning Dr. Aaronson noted with some sur-

prise that he was usually unable to predict the effects which a particular sort of perceptual change would produce, and this suggested to him that our current theories of personality may need substantial revision in the light of these findings. This supports our belief that, generally speaking, we have only a rudimentary grasp of the various kinds of experiential worlds or *umwelts* in which our fellow men and women live and, consequently, our communications with them, whether they are well or ill, are usually quite limited.

Artists with their special awareness and sensitivity have been saying this for centuries and trying with more or less success to explore and communicate the experience of others, and so to enlarge the general awareness of mankind. But as Hennell puts it, "The strange flowers – the very accusation of trespass are delusive. 'No,' say the elders, 'those plants are poisonous.' "

In recent years the elders have been plagued by very much more than an occasional book by an explorer of his own madness like Hennell. However, in grappling with his madness, Hennell put his finger on a crucial spot, which now has much greater relevance. We do not enjoy the idea that consciousness and awareness can change radically, and we find it even more disturbing that such changes, whether due to illness or drug, might be for the better. Nevertheless, we are faced with an urgent need to adapt quickly and intelligently to the enormous technological changes which our unbalanced creativity has produced. Psychedelics properly used and understood are the sort of instruments which we require yet, if used carelessly or stupidly, they might well increase the psychosis rate

without producing any particular benefit. We need such instruments desperately, for the war men tell us with chilling detachment that if we fail to understand our new technology and its social and political consequences, then we might well be eliminated or terribly maimed as a species in an afternoon of rocketry, or even more sophisticated horror. This is an age in which it is hard to be sure what is sober fact and what is nightmare. It is a time when one man's fantasy may be manufactured in a secret factory round the corner and we must have new techniques of thinking, feeling and perceiving to deal appropriately with these new situations. To put it another way, in an age of improbable happenings we have to pay far more attention to understanding what is *possible,* for we can no longer be content or be safe with traditional probabilities – that "conventional wisdom" which has so frequently led us to catastrophes, because it easily prevents us from perceiving what is actually happening.

It was with this in mind that with such friends as John Smythies, Abram Hoffer, Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Duncan Blewitt and A. M. Hubbard of Vancouver, we started exploring the psychedelic experience and have continued to do so. In various writings since 1954, and particularly in his novel *Island,* Aldous discussed and surveyed the problems likely to be encountered, with his usual depth and sagacity. He strongly advised against challenging society in a dramatic or defiant way, but suggested that we must first learn how to use these new tools well so that they could be shown to their best advantage. Unluckily, the excellent advice that he gave was not always heeded. Indeed some went so far as to suggest that the dangers which

undoubtedly exist would be suspended for those who wanted to take the kingdom by storm. But dangers are not suspended simply because people want them to be, nor does the psychedelic experience, of itself, ensure spiritual, artistic or creative growth. It may simply encourage self-centeredness and a belief that "I know best." It has sometimes been an occasion for a narrowing bigotry and pride rather than a general enlarging and increasing humility. Awareness can be expanded in myriad ways. The familiarity of the microscope and the telescope almost prevents us from noticing how very strange it is that these similar instruments make us aware of the most distant galaxies and the minutest objects, one dealing with the unimaginably large, and the other, the equally unimaginably small. Unless one knows the principles involved it seems completely improbable that a single instrument could, with some relatively minor modifications, perform both these very different functions. Psychedelics are chemical instruments for changing our perceptions and most of them are still very crude. We don't know the best sort of instruments for any particular purpose, nor do we know how best to use them and how to teach people to do so. The telescope and microscope took many years before their full possibilities were realized and, even today, most people use them inefficiently. Imprudent use of the telescope can result in severe retinal damage, and prolonged microscopy has damaged the eyesight of at least some of its devotees. Psychedelics which release the very stuff of our imagination require proportionately greater skill and understanding than these simpler instruments.

It was unfortunate, then, that instead of being the

focus of careful and skilled enquiry psychedelics became a battleground in which immoderate, and often badly informed, voices were heard most often, and as time went on, this conflict became shriller and shriller. It is not, for instance, by any means certain that the psychedelic experience is most suitable for the very young adults and adolescents whose task is to learn the rules of the society in which they happen to find themselves. Those who fail to become moral human beings, by which I mean people able to recognize a system of right and wrong, however imperfect it may be, are unlikely to become ethical humans, that is, capable of doing better than that which is right. For they have no way of measuring their betterness and, indeed, there can be no way, except in terms of the rightness of those who are around them. Aldous Huxley considered that in a Pala-like society these two could be combined, but this is not Pala. While it is probably true that the use of chemically pure psychedelics as an expression of annoyance with or defiance of one's elders is less objectionable than employing alcohol for the same purpose, there are very real dangers. Many of the substances available on black and grey markets are by no means chemically pure, and the fact that these have been produced by enthusiastic amateurs in their spare time does not increase their safety. Some of these substances have a very prolonged effect upon normal people and so can be very dangerous. In addition, schizophrenics and those prone to schizophrenia may be gravely harmed even by chemically pure substances given under good circumstances.

Psychedelics do not produce instant religion, instant insight, instant empathy, instant creativity, or instant

anything. They depend, as does every other instrument, on the skill of those who use them, and our skills are still fairly rudimentary. Hennell's difficulties still exist. The elders disapprove for, as we grow older, most of us feel, with Mr. T. S. Eliot's cat, that "It will last out my time." However, today there is some room for honest doubt about this consoling aphorism. Psychedelics then allow one to focus a widened awareness upon a variety of religious, aesthetic, scientific and personal problems. Not everyone is able to focus the experience, just as not everyone can focus a microscope or telescope adroitly. Indeed it may take months of effort to learn how to see anything with either a microscope or telescope. Some people never seem to succeed in learning. In our present predicament we need above all to enlarge our understanding of human relations, interactions, experiential worlds, or *unwelts,* for it is these which are peculiarly threatened by the technological changes whose implications we do not fully understand.

Many human catastrophes and misfortunes arise from faulty, absurd, or even obscene relationships between people, and it is from these distorted perceptions of ourselves and our fellows that our strangest political, religious and racial aberrations develop. Unless one can experience, enjoy and accept the lineaments of humanity in one's fellow men and women, and in one's own self, it seems improper to aspire to understand anything greater. The most complex, strange, interesting and astonishing manifestations of cosmic energy are housed within us and around us, our neighbors and ourselves. We must give these immediate matters our determined attention, and this means, above all else, studying the

relationships which bind us as a species. There is no point in concerning ourselves with gods and galaxies, and with infinities of either space or love, for such exertions are futile without a deep and enduring knowledge of the observers, and the observers are ourselves. Our knowledge and understanding of the universe derives only secondarily from machines, instruments, books, language, symbols, acute observations, and great abstract theoretical structures. These are only the expressions of relationships between people, and it is these relationships, enduring across time and space, which have been spanned with a web of ideas, yet we pay little attention to these relationships and do not approach them with the resolve and determination, and above all, the concentrated passion which such mighty matters demand.

Relationships depend upon our recognizing and accepting the similarities and differences between ourselves and others, and discovering how to bridge the gaps. There are, of course, similarities between many of our experiences from birth to death. We all have much in common, yet our day-to-day experiences of the world, our *umwelts,* can be surprisingly dissimilar. It is these dissimilarities, often unrecognized and, until we discover better means of acquainting ourselves with them, unrecognizable, which lead to the greatest and most tragic failures in communication. Life, like art, is, in William Blake's words, a matter of "minute particulars." We have to learn to accept the unacceptable and scarcely imaginable fact that the minute particulars experienced by one person may be wholly different from those of another, even though each may be very fond of the other. By patience, determination and skill we

can perhaps develop universal particulars in which many can share and know what they are sharing, thus enlarging our common experience of ourselves. To do this we must start with very simple matters and discover the ways in which each one of us builds a world, comfortable for him, but more or less incomprehensible and sometimes grotesquely strange to the rest of us.

The Witnesses, like any other work of art, shows that these gulfs and chasms of experience can be bridged. It is the task of science to discover the best way of doing this and so to formulate the rules for enlarging our understanding. As Aldous Huxley put it many years ago in an essay, called "Meditations in Arundel Street" in his book *Music at Night,* published in 1931, "The only reason for supposing that there is in fact any connection between the logically and scientifically unrelated fragments of our experience, is simply the fact that the experience is ours, that we have the fragments in our consciousness. These constellated worlds are all situated in the heaven of the human mind. Some day conceivably the scientific and logical engineers may build us convenient bridges from one world to another. Meanwhile we must be content to hop. Solvitur Santando."

* * *

I hope that others will find this book as useful as I have. It is a door in the wall leading into other worlds, often far removed from everyday happenings. Having peered through that door with such an intelligent, sensitive and observant guide as Thomas Hennell, some readers may wish to explore further. Perhaps if they do so, they may come to understand why the chance

reading of a madman's story over twenty-one years ago became the beginning of an addiction, of a growing urge and need to pursue this mysterious illness, which dissolves as one comes closer into an infinitude of mysteries.

Princeton, New Jersey
December 10, 1965 HUMPHRY OSMOND

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Although a full bibliography for this introduction is hardly appropriate, there may be some readers who would like to do further reading on this subject. There are hundreds of books and thousands of papers dealing with different aspects of schizophrenia in the English literature alone. There are well over a thousand books and papers about mescalin, LSD-25 and similar substances. At least a hundred mentally ill people have written and published books in English about their experiences. There have been two books and several hundred papers about the adrenochrome theory. Psychiatric architecture is now receiving a good deal of attention, and there is a rapidly growing literature on the psychedelic experience and its ramifications. I have therefore limited myself to works which might be found or obtained by a public or college library, with the exception of a few papers which are themselves especially rich in references or which seem to be particularly interesting. I hope that most readers will find something useful here.

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PART I

ENTHUSIASM

I

A RETROSPECT

A CLOUD seen from far off, lit by a fair light, becomes a thing of beauty, of wonder and aspiration. But when one enters the cloud another face of things is seen: and he who is within longs for clear air and sunshine. Life's events are more or less anticipated : being changingly shadowed-forth as we enter their precincts ; and our experience of them differs from prejudice or anticipation. Yet being past, when we can again passively survey them, romantic beauty veils their ugliness and inconvenience. Old people who recall their lives tell us that, with the years, plan and pattern have grown clearly intelligible—that there is a unity in life ; not a succession merely, of accidental, trivial events.

Their tales may be the more credible and instructive because time and habitual style of thought have composed their form : they have the dignity of what has survived the years. The hand of conscience has pruned and cleared away offensive, sinister growth.

Such shape does not emerge from the mind's vicissitudes, when they are reviewed from a point not far distant ; nor by that eye which, though trained to discern accurately, is forced by nearness to use a distorted perspective, which may seem false to those who

are used to conventional or mechanical records of such a subject. The early chapters of this book deal with some meetings and influences whose scope seemed later to become expanded and significant. But it needs skill to set the stage for a phase of human experience, which, if new to the writer, may seem far-fetched to those who witness its performance.

The great experience is disowned by religion, by science, by policy. Truth must slowly find her form, and by gradual testimony. We may not choose what we shall find, nor where it shall be found. There is a French proverb : Where the goat is tethered, there it must browse. There are places where goats may wander but where children must not venture, nor go to touch them. And I have thought that if it were not so, the simple, making their way to secret edges of the mountain, might there find no goat, but Pan himself, whose piping so changes and charms all spirits that hear it.

Or if not so, at least some may bring home strange flowers—which are the very accusations of trespasses. That enchanting beauty which they had is soon fled from them, and it is idle to expect those who stayed at home to believe in their beauty, or that they were once a true revelation, and promised a new, sublime world.

" No," say the elders, " they are delusive ; those plants are poisonous."

One who has enjoyed these, may not bring them back to life, he can only say where he found them, and what they seemed like when they were fresh.

II

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND THE IDLE APPRENTICES

He who is learning a trade is full of private ambitions: schemes that shall be possible as soon as he is his own master. But much courage is needed, and courage at the right moment, if one is not to be driven into the passive paths of convention. How irksome it seems that those who hold authority, who chide and criticize the sincere beginner, do so poorly with their own free time! Of what a limited sort is their skill, their confidence! And then all their teaching is to compare the learner's difficult strivings with their misproud facility, and so they destroy his faith in his growing genius. How else do they spend their time, but in scolding their apprentices, and in practising dexterous trifling? When they are not making dunces of young men and girls with whose education they are trusted, they play billiards, then after dinner they play cards or go to a cinema. Dull they are, and deadly dull are their works.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." Yet it may be one's good fortune, after long and barren study, to meet some bright and wholesome influence which does truly thrive, even flower beautifully, in the very midst of life's necessitous scrambling muddle, and life's unfathomed cross-purposes. To recognize a better

working truth than one has heretofore known, is to discover deep faults in the skill which has been one's labour to acquire. But yet at such a time, self-recognition is not so unwelcome ; for it wears the mask of self-sacrifice : in truth it postpones for a little while the bitter realization of the world's perfect indifference to individual hope and toil.

Not many acorns grow into oak-trees. Most are wasted—crushed or rotted—others with better economy are fed to the pigs : some that are planted have an inward enemy. What with worms and mice, only an exceptional acorn ever grows. Just so with scholars and students ; despite the carefullest time-tables, the most assiduous masters, how much hope and talent are wasted. So much, that optimistic headmasters maintain that the real advantages of their schools are indirectly gained as subtle by-products of the efficient educational machine, that machine which cramps and hinders, devaluing all that it can touch. Most of those who pass through it are sterilized in their best parts ; nature's confidence destroyed, which none can give back, nor would if he could : and so, if fortunate, they soon make shift in some place which they would have held better and less fretfully from early compulsion, free then from the expense and artificial tyranny of schooling.

Like those dull fellows my schoolmasters, I too was driven to teach, from the lack of those qualities of ripeness and pushfulness which bring independent personal success within the grasp of promise. I meant to

be as well qualified as possible, not intending to be content with a safe unambitious post—though, even now, such a post was within my hands ; it could have been held with no great struggle, and would have ripened into a competence. At this time, my last qualifying examinations as a painter and designer being passed, a small scholarship was offered, which might have sufficed to prolong these studies in art, amid different surroundings. But I took another course, which was to complete my qualifying experience in what is called pedagogy, while continuing to work three days a week as a student teacher. This is a usual and practical arrangement ; it corresponds (as far as I know) to the system used in a more exclusive profession, that of medicine, by which doctors complete their degree while working in general hospitals. The student teacher may visit secondary schools, or art schools, by their courtesy ; and in the former it is not unusual for some classes to be handed over to his sole charge, that he may find his way to teach by the necessity of practice. The degree of responsibility depends partly on his success, partly on his superiors' tolerance. It is seldom easy, and may prove very interesting work.

Should not good teaching be applicable, no matter what the subject, to other things : to life itself, its common drudgeries and its unforeseen contingencies ? I was never a good scholar, yet now I called to mind several masters whose efforts, I felt, had been worth while : and, thought I, this was not because I ever

memorized a lesson well, nor that they could make me retain facts and doctrines which I did not wish to know : it was that they were men of wide outlook on life, men who did not despise others ; in short, who made things better worth troubling after.

In a new job of promising interest, one quickly learns much, and so the work becomes more one's own, and better worth doing. A slower and less keen beginning might well have been the better preparation for a long steady pull of many years' duration.

My fellow-students at this time were a dozen men and women who were completing their degrees as teachers. They too visited schools and helped to teach, or sometimes were left with the class. One of these, though not able to do written work well, was so expert in moulding and casting, that the tasteful amateur who managed " sculpture " at the art school to which she was allotted soon left nearly everything in her charge. Others found more cramping and troublesome conditions ; but so we began to find our level. As for myself, I was well situated : to get the work I wanted, I engaged to do more than twice the qualifying number of hours.

Once a week we all met, and these meetings were really of the nature of religious services. We read our notes in turn, and produced, when we could, work that was done under our charge. There may still be some students at this stage who feel that they do not need instructions from a woman. We were a mixed class ; our instructor was Miss Clarissa Firestone : her energy

overcame our rebellious prejudices, till we learnt to love and revere her example. We were all above twenty-one years ; but as her time had from an early age been devoted to teaching, she was sufficiently our senior in experience. And Miss Firestone always brought for our opinion some drawing that had been done by her young pupils, some plan of work or piece of criticism that we were to criticize ; even a piece of poetry, which we should write down at dictation.

It might have been very childish work, had our teacher's mind been less entirely serious. Some of us learnt that her religion and her philosophy of teaching were actually distinct systems. Never was there a hint to injure our several creeds—yet we must guard them : there were aspects of the work before us, in which her faith and vision seemed to coincide. Things that are most simple are not easily imparted in a general way ; we were led to recognize the essence of things against which our acquired practice caused us some prejudice. It often happens that those who best appreciate the works of genius do so because some better instructed person has made the study of them seem very well worth while, at a period when their minds were receptive. Thus they share a mystery which no wealth can purchase, and they have a part in the integrity of genius. And by contact with a mind more sensitively tuned, they may have the key to strange excellences.

Our interest in the minds of young children might be thought (as indeed it was by some) to be affected or

sentimental: but with Miss Firestone's example for our inspiration, it became a very real interest, one that closely touched each of us. Some sort of recognition is accorded to most kinds of evident skill, no matter from what human faculty it be developed. Yet to those who have for years toiled after such skill, a more important idea may emerge—a clearer notion of that impulse or primitive essence, whose free expression may even be hindered by acquired skill, though brilliant. How few poems or pictures, how little music of all that is composed, are directly, vitally moving.

Children's minds may not be much simpler than minds of grown-up people: set the child a task, and he may write himself out not much more simply. We may not come much nearer to the primitive faculties of form, of music, of vision. These creative forces, which, in riper years, seem lost, or else unrecognizably overlaid by the burden of technical acquirements, are, in young minds, not yet developed to confidence; or they are changing, passing aspects of something other than that which they had seemed. Yet, as one learns to read the signs of a strange landscape or even the tongue of a wild race of men, so one may study to know, to weigh and measure the thoughts of children in their early work; to be impatient of plausible affectation that passes for promise, to foresee the dangers of precocity, to grow excited at the evidence of true vision.

So one by one we were converted by Clarissa Firestone, for hers was a better ideal than we had known. Our former teachers had made us imitate their way of

THE MEN WERE SILENT; THE TREES TALKED

working, so that we might practise to acquire a similar skill to theirs. And that is what we, in turn, would have done, by those whom we had to teach. But now Clarissa showed us we were not to instruct, but to see and to make possible work that should be the product of true individual vision : to value such work, not to hinder it by mechanical correction. Each of us, no doubt, modified Miss Firestone's principles in his own practice, yet none of us did so well as she, nor even half as well : and this because we did not love so well as she ; we were less abundant. And because of this we were the more proud of her work, as though our best efforts could contribute to honour her virginity.

Yet I, at this time, would grudge to acknowledge the power which she exercised. It might even prove that my own practice was built on shifting sand : I feared this idea, as, a few years earlier, I had feared to be converted in religion. How seldom can one recognize present blessings ! Now I was privileged to meet a woman whose person was as fair as her mind : in whom the powers of religion, love, imagination, were applied to her profession of teaching : that profession to which necessity and capability had directed me. My ways were slow, and I saw not far ahead.

During the past ten years educational methods have changed very much, and there has been something of a revolution, in many schools, touching the subject called " art ". But here was a pioneer ; and about the beginnings of a widespread movement there is apt to be a shapely vitality, which grows diffuse, losing

intensity as the achievement grows commoner and more facile. Clarissa's children were, at first, girls from very poor homes ; already acquainted with poverty and hard competition. Her power of teaching had grown with their awakened ability ; the work had come so simply that it seemed no individual's doing. Her personal influence was enough to keep a roomful of rowdy children quiet, and to ensure that none of them would tolerate wilful disturbance by any who was present. How else the spirit passed among these children, I cannot say, but they were habitually busy and intensely engrossed in their work : the results were very variable, and delightful to minds whose prejudices are removed, and which may perceive their quality.

One thing was that these children were not destined to become artists. Those were reckoned successful who found good jobs in domestic service : others toiled in factories, or as shop-girls, in dreary enough conditions, with little evident hope of bettering themselves. And their work here at school was something of a flowering patch in the dusty wilderness of their lives—and those who had proved this fertility might have the better courage to encounter less likely places.

Every true teacher must find his own technique : for teaching is not a single act of one person, but a reciprocal one, between master and pupil. No one may buy this precious secret of teaching, to exploit it for his own ends. But, the ends of life being unforeseen, variety of experience is a thing that one lives for. The

enrichment of my own imaginative life was my purpose, and I was convinced that one who thinks to " put much work into the making of another mind " is likely to mar more than he makes. I admitted that it was my own art that I wanted to do, greatly as I valued this new influence from whence I had caught a keen interest in the wayward, various beginnings of young minds, each starting upon his own road. I narrowly scanned the diversely gifted growing imaginations which it was now my charge to direct. There were many possible ways into which their progress might turn. Some gave promise of facility, but many more had worthier powers of which they were yet scarcely consciously aware. My own sympathy, understanding, invention, felt heavy and dull; the contact of teaching stimulated and enriched them.

I had now become mainly responsible for the teaching of drawing in a school of three hundred boys : yet so little time is given to this subject, that I had nearly two whole days a week in which I was free to do my own work. If I could but have acquired that gift of insight, or magic, productive of visions ! As it was, there was nearly as much which I could believe to be helpful to me, to compensate the hindrances of this work.

But yet how much waste time, waste paper, pencil and colours : what untidiness and troublesome distractions ! To deal with these was a hard discipline ; to keep the room clean ; to have things in order between successive periods of work ; to be ready in advance

with the lesson—that is to say, with the problem with which I intended each individual boy should grapple. There were as many points of view here as there were boys, so therefore there must be as many lessons prepared. And these classes of boys were not willing learners. They came compulsorily, and must be unawares surprised into work—for they were useless to me if I drilled them as a squad. So I often regretted the precious things which, in the course of the lesson, I would seek to impart, securely and delicately; things whose serious expression touched me closely, for it was a point beyond my scope. And my pearls of fancy and invention were handed back (how often!) smirched, spoilt, ridiculed. How rarely (and yet it was always on the point of happening) did some sweet, real, visioned thing take root in pupil's living intelligence. And then this idea would be marvellously filtered of my habitual obscurity: so little spurious skill was there to hindrance, so little fear of imperfection. Fulfilment seemed possible, as free and clear as a lark's song.

Not many such successes, truly, were allowed to come into being, or survive. Perhaps they were in our eye, not on the paper, after all. The pretty, loving works always got lost, tossed away and trampled on; or folded up, taken home and smudged. What shame is felt for the fruits of innocence, and how often the fates are angry with its fine flower! One day there was a lovely drawing, done with barest difficulty by a shy boy of ten, at a distant school which I temporarily visited. Bringing it home for my own pleasure, packed in my

parcel on the bicycle-carrier (the journey was twenty-seven miles), I had occasion to dismount and take out some of my things. A storm of wind arose, and the precious work was blown no one knows whither, for the loss was not noticed till after the end of the journey.

III

HE COURTS A SHADOW

During my two years of teaching in a distant city, I saw Miss Firestone only a few times, and though she was a main source of inspiration to me, and I felt cleansed and refreshed by these meetings, yet I hardly aspired to a more intimate friendship. Her work was so public; it had become greatly extended, and demanded more time than any ordinary profession. But I had made shift to retrench from teaching and spend my energy on what I called "my own work", still holding to the fallacy that one could, though slowly, develop the single talent and so in time justify an apparently selfish aim in life. Could one see further for his pupils' advantage than for his own? And could he not do his own work better, and much less wastefully, by sticking single-mindedly to it? But those things which I thought myself most efficiently able to do, and best worth following, were not the tasks by which I had learned to earn bread. So my resolve was to abandon teaching for as long as I could afford, and to try hard to improve my independent efforts to professional standard. And, so far, I would guard "that last infirmity of noble mind" jealously against all thoughts of love and marriage.

For some months after I came to practise my own choice of work in London, my dwelling was a large but gloomy studio near Fulham Road. There were thirty of these curious rooms in a row: they occupied nearly all one side of a street. A dark entrance, flanked with massive statues and reliefs of dun-coloured painted plaster, led into a tunnel-like, match-boarded passage, from end to end of the street, and with ramifications. All along this way were doors of studios, and here the milkman came of a morning, setting pints and half-pints of his merchandise by the door-mats of all who desired and could pay for it. There was an effect of Gothic pitch-pine work about these places, explained by the fact that they were built from materials designed for the Exhibition of 1862. Each studio had a curious gallery or half-room on the southern side above the ground floor, where it would not be in the way of the large north light. But, for me, this north light was partly darkened by the tall back of a public-house, from which quarter I was troubled with too frequent sounds of mechanical music. Most studios had an easel and a large box on castors, called a "throne"; the richer ones had carpets, and a divan that would turn into a bed. Mine was not one of these: I slept on a palliasse, and had beside, a wooden chair. I did not subscribe for milk, but paid my rent punctually, and for a great part of my time here lived on brown bread, Italian cheese and olives.

What did I do here? Very little indeed that could bring me money or repute, yet I was not idle, and by

no means unhappy. If one works hard, he can generally manage to live on a small part of his industry : and so it was with me. I had a few jobs for which there was payment, and I did more, by which I strove to improve ; at present, I had not assurance to attempt an ambitious work ; yet there were subjects that I strongly wished to illustrate, and these almost grew into my way of life, and coloured my habits of thought. One can scarcely exercise the imagination on any story, without associating places and persons that one knows with its scenes and characters ; and so I found that my ideas turned more upon Clarissa. Moreover, she was actually the means of finding me some paid employment, not the less welcome for being occasional and uncertain. Sometimes there was a strong necessity on me to visit Clarissa, and often she was from home when I called there, and so, in my perturbation, I walked to and fro and wore out shoe-leather that had better been saved. At this time also I sometimes went to visit classes which Clarissa taught, and so renewed and increased former experiences, for I was there as the least of her pupils. And she became identified, though at first partially, with the heroine of my stories, and for the first time in my life I began to draw from memory with a clearer purpose than when I engaged a model. Being alone, I could concentrate without interruption ; and yet sometimes I was inhibited from working. Then I went to the reading-room, and filled my head and note-books with old tracts and sermons : or to a collection of scientific magazines, which contained

survivors' accounts of immense tempests and tornadoes. From these and from many other unrelated sources emerged forms more real than living man. I lived in these things mentally, and they directed my dreams.

All men who fall in love, it is said, project an image or wraith from themselves of their beloved, and this they worship. Most often it coincides with a real woman, hence the illusion that the wraith is really she. My strong desire was for a clearer instinct, a faith that should make possible and real these aspirations which were urgent yet ill-defined. Though this wish was subject to contradiction, I knew that besides a greater personal motive, more formal discipline, a habit of work, were necessary. Clarissa, whom I admired, spent her time so much more wisely, economically than I: making a virtue of these worldly necessities to which she was subject. She could inspire clear visions in me, could make it possible for them to be shadowed in art. I believed of her that she was able to give more than she had: for her influence being wholly unselfish, clarified and set free the best creative powers of other minds which, without it, would have been sterile. The highest power of giving is to make another's gift possible. And I worshipped her for more than this: for her seriousness, and her beauty of mind and of body.

But reason argued that mine was a selfish love. I had been, as a convert, sent out by one of the Apostles to toil in the Master's vineyard. But my ambitions for personal enterprise were not cast out; then, finding

the soil fruitful and the grapes of good quality (though the labour had its difficulties), I returned with this modest, reasonable proposal. That I should marry the Apostle (who was this lady) and we should settle modestly in a secure corner of the vineyard.

" What ! Should we both sleep under the hedge ? " she exclaimed in her first surprise, when I broached this plan. As she said these words, I saw involuntarily and vividly the hedge which surrounds that modest country tenement which in a few years I was to occupy, though now there was no clear prospect that it would be my possession. So I knew that I was poorer and less promising than she had ever let me see. Her love appeared inaccessible, because it was so nearly sublimated in her work. Who, with so many spiritual children, in whom her ideal, her imagination, lived and worked, could desire the poor physical realities of a wayward independable imitator ? It was an irrational notion ! I felt it to be so, and, when my work did not excite me, was left almost hopeless.

Then one day into my Gothic cell came John Archer, whom I had not seen since we were students together. Meanwhile he had lived more dangerously and independently than I; he had travelled considerably and had always managed honourably to pay his way by his work. Now, though he had hardly saved anything, he had orders for designs from several large industrial corporations, and these seemed likely to ripen into considerable commissions. So he was in London to carry out this work. At last he said :

" Why don't you give up this old white elephant of a place and take the top floor of Mrs Zwingli's house, over my room ? She will let it by the fortnight at a week's rent of this place, and probably with breakfast and laundry into the bargain. And it will be quite a big enough place for your work."

So I saw Mrs Zwingli and her clean, well-kept house, and was very glad to make the move. As for Archer, his room walls were covered with projects far larger than any on which I dared to embark ; they seemed to shape boldly and to carry conviction. Great was the advantage of this stimulating, sanguine friendship.

There were other things beside art to unite us. He was a fine swimmer, and we used to go and visit the swimming-baths together in the sultriest part of the day, and work the better for it in the evening. We liked the same foods, went out and bought them together. Then such cooking as we needed was done by Archer in a frying-pan and a kettle over a gas-ring which was in his room. He encouraged me to work regularly : there was exchange of criticism, and some emulation between us. And I discovered that he too had a very tender feeling for a young woman of vigorous, self-reliant character ; and hence I began to take courage as to my own state.

The summer was a tropically hot one in London : the heat shimmered and reverberated upon the tram-rails which lay beneath the windows, as though these were bars of a cage within which fiery demons swarmed

and clamoured for escape. At four each morning a grateful hissing and sousing was heard in the streets: and yet the half-roused sleeper vaguely doubted whether the lack of this water, so liberally drawn off from the nether regions, might not cause greater heat and congested fury within Earth's crust than could be allayed by its waves, poured upon the impervious road-metal. This far-fetched fancy, a weed produced at random by the mind's fertility, was yet an apt symbol of the mind's own state. There seemed a cracking heat within, which found out fatal flaws: and to which her continually indulged dreams, refreshing as the early morning street-sluicing though they might promise to be, gave place but to more intensified, more infuriated fires within. The mind, not attaining a successful close in love, tried to sublimate its idea, and for a time became intensely religious—if that word can be used to indicate an idealism not disciplined by any single formal doctrine. It was perhaps a fire of furze, sprung upon shallow soil; still it was an exaltation which consumed past experience, present circumstances, things seen, heard and read, in an irrepressible flame, in which their nature and shape appeared quite changed. What I read seriously, and especially in the Book of Revelation, assumed reality; not only from its plan of Heaven, nor its sequence of visions, but most from the associations of phrases such as:

"I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich)" (ch. ii, v. 9), and what follows thereupon.

Also (ch. ii, vv. 2-4, 28, 29): "And he shall rule them as with a rod of iron: as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to pieces . . ."

"And I will give him the morning star".

"I know thy name . . ."

And (ch. vi, v. 12): "The sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood . . ."

"And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."

(Ch. xvii, v. 5): "And upon her forehead was a name written . . ."

(Ch. xviii, v. 23): "And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee . . ."

When the mind is ordinarily active, it is much engaged in rationalizing experiences from without, whether of work, of reading, conversation, or trivial accidental events: and this activity, which is habitual and partly unconscious, is much more persistent than the faculty of giving all things due and relative importance. And so many ideas are accepted and become familiar by use, though they may be actually contradictory. In a time of excitement and enthusiasm these ordinary activities become exaggerated, and some ideas grow intensely actual and mastering whose importance is not justified by reason. It is as though some great comet drew near, and the forms of nebulae became more distinct, their movements being polarized and directed into brilliant and definite courses so that they should form a new planetary system. What mani-

fold aspects, what unforeseen possibilities does the mind reveal, whose course is illuminated and attracted by a great spirit, the straightness and speed of whose course is evident, whose beginnings and end are in faith—far beyond knowledge!

IV

THE SHADOW CHANGES

While I stayed with John Archer at Mrs Zwingli's house, we met an old acquaintance named Baker, a master builder by trade. He was happily married, and his wife had great experience in the healing profession.

"We both work in our own offices all day," he said, "and simply meet in the evenings. And as we each enjoy our work and have plenty to do, it is an ideal arrangement."

"Well, you are a fortunate man!" I said. "When two professions are married, each is twice as strong."

As he showed me some of his plans for work I felt that it was really so. They were brave undertakings, and carried out with a fire and rare subtlety of finish. How many craftsmen do half or three-quarters of a work well, and are ignorant of what should complete it. And so they are superstitious about other professions, and they miss that assurance which should make their work successful. But when a man and wife work independently in different professions, yet have a mutual interest, they do not fail to supplement each other's confidence.

Baker told me something of his wife's practice of medicine, and I knew her to be a brilliant doctor: and

so at last I said, without coming more definitely to the point :

" I am in some personal difficulties, in regard to which I think a good psychiatrist could be helpful : he might define them exactly, explain them, and show me how to get the better of them."

So my friend said that he would ask his wife, and she very willingly mentioned a specialist in whom she had confidence : and presently I took her advice, and applied for an appointment. It was rather difficult, at first, to get this specialist on the telephone : and when at last successful, I walked to Harley Street with more apprehension than should be excused in a practical, self-possessed person who goes to confer with an expert to whom he attributes powers less than divine.

Dr. Dreamer, in his Cromwellian consulting-room, probed me with his glance, as one who deeply penetrates the mysteries of being. I was resolved to show him all my private soul, to set before him nakedly my present distress, and to desire, from his wisdom, a clear diagnosis and remedy. For Mrs Baker had promised me that he was the man to advise me—the best psychiatrist in London.

But it was he, not I, who was to steer the course of our conversation. First he set many questions, relating to my age, parentage, the number and sexes of those in my family, whether there were congenital predispositions ; my education, my work, and financial dependence. All these things were tabulated in a ledger, ruled in columns to contain such facts : in this way, many

lives had been analysed ; and there was certainly much comparative data.

In thus following what seemed to this scientist to be the larger issues of life, my acute problems—two of which were an almost constant headache and a morbid horror of policemen—seemed to me to be a little neglected. This interview and any further consultation with Dr. Dreamer were, however, to settle my course of life, not for the following few weeks, but for years to come : in short, this was to be a turning-point in my life.

At our first sitting-down I had wanted to know what fees there would be. The doctor replied, three guineas for the first consultation of an hour ; two for each succeeding visit of the same duration. So it was agreed, and he promised his time in good measure. So careful and minute were his questions that I was sure a practical plan pervaded his mind which these means contributed to develop. He wanted to get the feel of my mind, to excite my interest and guess at my capacity —at the quality of my reactions. Thus he might forecast the effect upon me of life's contingencies, though my conscience and experienced convictions must be guides. He spoke less as an examiner than as a headmaster who would encourage a sixth-form boy to gain a university scholarship. So my mind was drawn from private ambitions and from introspection, and seemed to open to a world of more practical ambition of cultivated yet daring people. He was surprised to find how little I seemed to have had to do with women, and

showed me, as civilly as possible, my sub-normality in respect of sexual experience. And I, in turn, was a little startled to hear of the sexual habits of the dwellers in Harley Street—for of these he spoke without reserve and with keen relish of the free, untrammelled manners of many young women whom he aided to break off the yoke of servility to parents.

Now I plied him with reference to the object of my love and worship, speaking of my own inferiority and hopes to compensate, saying how my work was, at best, concerned with individual improvement, not with society nor with systems of teaching. These, and more private confessions, he met with candour, and, weighing his words, at last said that there was hope for me, though my upbringing had involved me in serious disadvantages. How terribly these half-unknown things now loomed, almost as the phantasmal perturbations of one who begins to wake from a heavy anaesthetic, whose self-possession is too weak to defend him against them ! What the doctor called my " life-style " had been formed in my earliest years ; it had included inhibitions which had been confirmed by schooling, and now I clung to fallacious, impossible ideals, to protect those very faults which should be brought to light and cast out.

" Change your life-style ! " he cried.

By the time that I came to Dr. Dreamer for a second consultation, I had carefully thought of many of his words, particularly of those which seemed criticisms directed upon ideals which always remained sacred

sources of comfort to me, though I realized indeed how feebly I had worked to become adept in them. I could not but realize that he knew little or nothing of art; that in this my knowledge and opinion were comparatively profound. He probably read little except technical or political books, and novels which I should despise. He had spoken slightingly of one of my teachers whom I had mentioned with respect: one Bishop Raven, now dead. "That horrible old man!" he exclaimed scornfully, when I referred to his severe doctrine of chastity.

A certain stubbornness had risen in me against Dr. Dreamer and his promised land. Perhaps I should not much like it, even if he did make me "a success". I could now envisage with more clearness what had been my past difficulties with masters whose teaching I could not accept and whose position of authority had seemed a sham. The shade of Bishop Raven had more power over me than the presence of this man; for the Bishop had had authority of tradition: he had seemed to partake of the prophetic mystery of Michelangelo and El Greco. I would not throw him away for any brilliant modern reputation.

On my speaking thus, the psychiatrist responded as though he thought better of me than at the first visit. He would have me express my convictions, though they opposed his own; yet he tempered his approval with a reminder of my confessions of weakness—for I had sought to conceal no fact of which a true spiritual adviser ought to be possessed. Yet Dreamer urged me

to persevere with confidence in my courtship : it might well be that I should find the right virtues to complement my own, and so fulfil a whole life, contributing to the social good, not (as at first proposed) in a safe and salaried post, but by independent paths ; perhaps, at last, in the proof of genius itself.

So I handed over my two guineas as I had paid the first three, and went out of this old Balaam's presence not a little comforted.

Then I returned to Clarissa whom I loved passionately, and told her as fully as it needed how Dr. Dreamer had advised me. It might have been better to wait, and not to pass on words of his, before they had taken their effect and been well digested in my mind. She seemed reassured, yet I was as far off as before, or even further, from getting my own way. For now I was offering love, not, as I had thought, to a missionary, but to the goddess at whose shrine the virtue of many hearts had been presented. My love was at once too carnal and too sterile. What singer knows when he sings sharp or flat ? He cannot tell ; a musician must advise him.

I had formerly been one of those who burnt incense at Clarissa's shrine—to force a way in now would be sacrilege. She seemed aware of my difficulties ; but indeed I was not enough of a lover : for I was too circumspect. I would not offer to touch her, and I could not endure the frenzy which she aroused. Seeing my trouble, she advised me to go to another counsellor, this time to a religious practitioner ; not exactly a

father-confessor, but one who was ready to perform somewhat similar offices in a sect of other tenets. And so there I went, still doubting, yet hoping this might bring things to the point.

Mr Deacon's time and attention were quickly at my service. His office was small and mean, a modern makeshift room, inexpensively furnished. And yet it had an air of saintly security, though there were no outward symbols of religion : it rather resembled the sub-editor's office of a small newspaper. I had come for advice as though to a regular public consultant, but this was not the man I had expected to meet. I was as one who invades a private house, mistaking it for an inn, and is received as an honoured guest by the courtly owner. Mr Deacon gave me credit, with sincere humility, for being a much better person than I knew myself to be : I blunderingly represented my case as though the technique of love were my immediate practical difficulty. He answered as a happily married man, precisely to the purpose, making my case his own, and, with his sensitive understanding, realizing and seeming to solve the problem so far as it could be discerned and helped in such a one-sided way, without co-operation of the other sex.

I could not but compare the attitude of my two advisers. The psychiatrist had made me aware of his elaborate methods, his statistical files, his psychometrical standards—yet now I began to think him a light-weight. This Deacon made no pretence, but rather defended me from being impressed by his own

personality. The other had seemed an ambitious publicist whose eyes are on the world's opinion ; Mr Deacon was as one who prays secretly and sincerely—whose help is at hand when sought. He would have no fee and with difficulty accepted the money tendered for his time.

And so I was at once encouraged and refused : and I lacked the strength of the man who is, at such a moment, the master of his own fate. The crisis concerned another, one who was a great deal stronger and more practised than I in life's discipline ; and who, besides her personal resolution, was constantly and necessarily at work among widespread and closely related duties and interests. I would indeed have resolved to subdue my work to her duties, to have become, so far as I had capacity, a humble assistant and collaborator. But she felt clearly that such was not the best thing for me to do—I might easily become more of a hindrance than a help : and that the work to which I had put my hand was the work I ought to drive towards success. Until my own labour brought me more than sufficient for my private needs, it was a piece of impertinence to ask a self-supporting woman to be my partner. Whenever I spoke with Archer, or to those whose position was at all like my own, all seemed hopeful and possible : but when I came again to her whose strength I would marry, my genius was rebuked and again my hopes were put to confusion.

V

AN UNPREPARED PURPOSE

Now, as I went on with my introspective work, my seventeenth-century tracts and Bible-reading, John Archer was kindly concerned about me, for though he was partly convinced by the vividness of my phantasms, they could never accord with his idea of the practical world, whose higher ethics were broad Low Church principles, and which was governed by the superior powers of mechanical inventions and of intelligent advertisement. He admired the cinema, and once took me, strongly against my will, urging me that I was unfairly prejudiced. Indeed, I could only read in the show a cynical view of the mechanistic domination of life, the view of an enormous, mad and bestial mind. Presently there appeared a comic-descriptive film about lunatic asylums in America which so filled me with horror and loathing that we left the place.

Just at this time Archer was elaborating a robot figure which was to be the principal character in an advertising scheme. A vast industry was represented as a man, or rather a mechanized anatomical figure. This Daedalid had limbs of steel, veins of petrol, an electric heart, and a wonderful brain whose workings were resolved with mechanical expedience. What other

bowels it had I know not, but for certain they were of a stronger sort than those of that dreadful giant of Crete, golden-headed and rusty-footed, who, as he thrice a day circumambulated his native coasts, would catch live goats and, pressing them to his burning sides, roast them alive for his food. Archer's Colossus battened innocently on inanimate meats ; on shale, coke and ore. Nor (like that other great image discovered by Belteshazzar) had it precious or god-like parts : its features and works were diagrammatic, not physiological : it was designed to be the slave and not the tyrant of mankind.

This was too academic an invention to have my critical approval. Though admiring Archer's workmanlike thoroughness and neatness, I felt that he paid rather needless homage to the power of the industrial machine. Yet Archer was something of a mechanic : his control of a car was enviable. I began to take notice of some " mental effects " in myself which were new to my waking consciousness. These apparitions were over before I had well understood them to have begun, like the sudden conflagration of a half-made firework, so that they could be read only from the impression which they printed on the memory. A swift, rhythmical alternate exchange of many objects between two points, of tennis-balls or shuttlecocks ; so many and so fast that their paths made a pattern in the air as they flew beautifully to and fro. It was the plan or germ of a game : no, it was a flock of birds which would migrate ; no, it was a Chinese torture. So

our thoughts may form shapes as crystals, not by wilful invention, but more clearly than we can interpret them.

One hot noon as I was at my work, there came before my eyes an elaborate plan, very vividly for an instant: but I could not reconstruct its complexity. This was a figure arranged like a genealogical tree, full of names of my family and of those who were near to me; there seemed a reciprocating influence between them all, as though our indebtedness were all balanced, our exchanges all "mechanistically" adjusted. And thus the illusion seemed to be explained; Dr. Dreamer's tabulated data about me, which he wrote in his book, is now arranged and averaged with much similar data—his intellect has added the grain of salt, and now appears the infallible product for my guidance.

There seemed a warning in it, spoken in the loud, jarring and sarcastic tones of commerce; and, as though this were a piece of intricate machinery, I believed it would work, without understanding it from sight. Dr. Dreamer had foretold, at the second interview, that "the walls of Jericho would fall flat", and so I took courage to do better against worldly difficulties, which already began to melt, for since I had lived with Archer I earned more money than I needed. But now the least incident seemed vitally significant, and chance meetings with old friends were memorable moments. There was a shadow of impending trouble on Europe, and this, like the gloom before a storm, excited men's spirits and clarified their sight. One who

came from Rome had seen walking ghosts, visions strange and terrible, such as were known before Caesar's death. He was a sculptor, and went on his way to Portland Island, to carve a great sun-god in that stone ! It was a magnificent wind.

Things which were fragments of primeval evolving life possessed me for a timeless instant on waking from sleep : as they fluttered forth they were yet more real and necessary than the dim whitewashed room and the painted iron bedstead on which the bodily sight opened, which scarcely shut the mental eye. The margins of time and space being loosened, I was conscious of an intense but ecstatic agony : I was in the sea, and under an icy rock of unimagined hardness. My life was a single maddened spark, hammering the rock, in a body whose other feeling was as nothing, though birds and fish plucked and gnawed it to the bones. Huge gulls came down close, and as they swooped they cried "Ja-ack, Ja-ack !" Archer seemed to be somewhere at hand : he too was part of the ancient elemental life : we were to each other as two oscillating atoms which, when they meet, will have the unique, wonderful experience of exploding, not into void, but to a living molecule !

I came out of my little room and looked at Archer, who was sleeping uneasily. He had rearranged the bed, so that his feet were now in the direction where his head had been. When he woke, he said that it was because he had been thinking about Africa, and could not sleep except with his head in that direction. Some of

his ideas about individual magnetism and polarization mingled with my beliefs.

My meditations returned to the sea, and to Bishop Raven, with whom I had walked on several nights, for miles beside a desolate coast on which the sea was encroaching little by little. He had spoken on many things, always returning to large and difficult ideas about world-government, about the great men of the world, as well as of the more familiar subjects of education, of love and private sanctity. There was a magnetism in his words which caused me to turn back with him when we should have parted, and to walk right to his house again. For certain if one man could help another at a time of great need, he was the man. However frail his body might be, he had the power to take away another's grief. I had been to his funeral early in the year ; and yet it now seemed wrong to have consulted other men in his place. Had I, instead, prepared to tell my troubles to him, that should have been enough to clear them !

In spiritual, or perhaps one should say imaginative difficulties, the last people whom one can look to for help are those of one's own family. They know too well the snares of caprice, and they know moreover that humdrum respectable ways bring their compensations. They have had experience enough of the realism of bringing one up, to be relieved and satisfied by whatever appears to be a regular self-supporting course. And they are not the likeliest people to believe that one will do exceptionally well by persisting in the

paths of former failure. Family resemblance of character is partly recognized by either party ; but it is not a sure ground of confidence, for who that knows something of the uncertainties of his own traits will be likelier to trust those that resemble them ? No ; each party looks to an outside authority, for the power of popular or professional credit is great.

" Oh dear," cries the devoted father, on learning that his child has been to a psycho-analyst with a view to gaining better control of his own life. " Oh dear, I would have paid the fee five times over to have kept the wretch away ! "

So he shall pay then, five times over, to get some other deluders of mankind to prove the first was wrong. For to pay an authority which is superstitiously respected is a great satisfaction to conscience.

But who ever acted on advice when his passions and imagination could so suddenly fly away with him ? A very small degree of dependence is suddenly irksome, and one trusts of necessity in the inspiration of the moment. And then with sudden resolution he will bring the axe to that tree of his life which has been so safely planted and tenderly guarded, and lop off those stout limbs which should now produce fruit, quite persuaded that it is nothing but an improvement to be rid of these encumbrances. How sorry are those who took so much care !

After that, as one has seen stout trees do, when they are brutally lopped into standing posts, the stem sends out next year feverish, writhing, tortured

shoots, and leaves which have a scalded look—not knowing which way to turn for the sun and air they need.

Now I began to set my personal things in pairs, in which pairs it often happened that one thing could be sold or used, and the other given to someone who needed it. In this way I soon gave away as many belongings as I could spare (which were most of those I had with me). I even gave away some of my working materials, for I felt that a Divine revelation was coming to me, which would take away from me the exercise of my art. And yet I never worked better in my life than at this time. What was more acutely alarming to my people, when they learnt it,—I visited my banker, and with his warm approval, for I was very sure and confident, realized my entire accredited assets so that all might be used at whatever instant the need for this money should arise.

When friends came to see Archer and myself, as they sometimes did, I enlarged my ideas in prophesying to them—expounding spiritual things without the least reserve. They responded warmly, so that I knew powers of their character which in ordinary social speech were hidden. Archer sometimes argued with me, yet he was thoroughly persuaded and would not try to turn me.

As I longed, pondered and prayed, my aspirations became focused in a conception of strange composition. Hearing a sermon in the Abbey by a young and earnest preacher, who spoke of the " signs of the times " and

of the advent of the millennium, I mentally put Bishop Raven in his place, and then the shallowness of this young man was evident. He was lukewarm. He did not go half far enough ! The piers and vaults here, the pavements, yes, and the dust under the pavements, had heard stronger tones and of more authority, and now they still seemed to hear those tones.

There was an attraction in the thought of Bishop Raven which became more insistent, and I determined to visit his grave, which was in a country cemetery. This might renew in some measure the feeling of his presence, perhaps it might be a step closer to those incommunicable precious gifts of the spirit in which he was mysteriously exercised. More of my thought, perhaps, was of the ancient walls about this burying-place, its vast elms and black weeping yews, and of stones deeply sunk in moss and ground ivy, than of any more real remembrance of this venerable man himself. Some old writing, which I had probably misinterpreted, put a strange thought in my head. I would take a candle, visit the grave at midnight, when it must " be crossed by a just man ", and the candle lit : and so the spirit should be raised. Instantly there seemed a flaming magnificence about the place ; a premonition of agony, for my own spirit must perhaps be dissolved into this emanation and our unspiritual parts must be separated in the forms of beasts. An ass, coming by the road against the wall, was violently struck blind in one eye : I seemed to feel his pain. A raven flew up into the elm-boughs : there was, too, a white pigeon.

In this dangerous transformation I should perhaps attain unity with the spirit of my Lady, who should be there with the same accord : much as the Disciples at Pentecost, when the cloven flames descended. Was not her spirit cherry-red, as hot iron ? And so the spiritual likeness was evident to the Angel of the Church of Ephesus, to whom the Revelator's second chapter is first directed.

No long time was spent on the preparation for this journey. The aspect of things had ceased to be ordinary, and I was as one who is clothed in spiritual strength, who is supported to undertake a work of prophecy. As I left the house, a text glanced on me which caused momentary misgiving : " Let him that is in an upper chamber . . . not come down, in that great and terrible day of the Lord ". And Mrs Zwingli's little girl, who was playing on the steps, held up her toy to me, but I would not touch it, for fear of the text about offending little children. The sea and the millstone were too near at hand ! The equinoctial gales grew more portentous in London than ever they had been amidst hills and woods : because their force was directed upon the commercial buildings, and the trivially occupied multitudes, among whom, now and then, would light a spark of horror from the clouds' enormous, echoing violence. The ponds in the parks overflowed their basins ; sheep were seen to turn on dogs and pursue them ; the rain overtook idlers in the streets in sudden explosive deluges. Plagues of locusts might come, as easily as plagues of darkness. An evanescent splendour

transformed chance meetings, as though there were to be world-changes ; so that words then exchanged grew to living dreams of either speaker.

There were street-hawkers offering to sell rushes and other country things that one seldom sees, of symbolic meaning : they were as people who half-remember some old thing. An old person looked at me as I passed and said, " That was a man ! " Presently in my way was one whom I knew, and he would come with me for some way, and presently spoke of religious ideas, and of cannibals who eat men's flesh so that they may possess their strength and courage. This was a new idea, and the effect it produced was nightmarish. Soldiers, admirals, saints, writers, were seen to be part of England's ghost, a changeable and ghastly glory which now streamed forth in vapour, visible to the imagination, from England's chalky hills and western rocks.

VI

JOURNEY TOWARDS A GRAVE

I BORROWED a candle from my married friends, the Bakers : entering their quiet house as they rose from supper. They urged me to eat, and presently I took some water and a fig. Now, in the Bible much is said of water, figs and candles, and at this moment these things leaped at me with a sort of delirious significance, as materialized spiritual symbols. But nowadays our household necessities are associated—how inseparably —with the maker's or vendor's trade-mark : my friends' name, even, seemed exactly to fit this sacramental occasion. Nothing was accidental, not the least detail : and this paranoiac vision of commonplace things was unselective and unself-critical. So, when one is most nearly inspired, a second presence appears, leering over the shoulder of the cherished religious ideal ; this is the body of tolerated, habitual inanities, of social and commercial cynicism. But now I could not tell what it was that distorted the quality of things to my senses—only later, gradually, a facetious, mindless, " mechanistic " Mammon seemed to emerge and become incarnate in my enemies. At this secret, solemn meeting such perplexing effects were crudely projected on my mind-sight ; I learned to know them as an infant learns to recognize people.

To improvise prophecies is one thing—it may even lend eloquence to convince and inspire. But to act on a determined rational plan, to achieve a set object, needs another kind of moral strength. My excitement was carried from object to object, like flames in the wind. I must have blurted out whatever came first of my impressions and revelations. And yet I drew strength from this short visit, for the Bakers seemed not as though they were realistic personalities, but as remote, spiritual types. They spoke quietly and kindly, and Baker agreed to perform the task to which I now urged him.

"You are going to Cambridge to-morrow?"

"Yes, I have to look after the building of a church there."

"That is where my friend lives, and she will be at home. Now will you do this for me? Take this parcel and deliver it to her hands: don't let any other person touch it."

"Yes, I can promise to do that. It won't be out of my way."

Then, to pay him for his trouble—or rather to satisfy myself, for he did what I asked freely—I gave him a piece of my own work, which had occupied about half a day.

It was a great satisfaction to me that he would do this thing. It made it more solemn than if I had entrusted my parcel to the postman: in this way it became a symbol of troth. And also there seemed almost a possibility that it might secure her (if she partook of it) from becoming wholly spiritualized, and being

translated from this life. It was addressed, with neither Miss nor Madam, to :

CLARISSA FIRESTONE,
CAMBRIDGE

and it was no written message, but a small and shapely loaf of bread.

When I left this house it was to reach Bishop Raven's grave, where a just man should be ready to light this candle. My assurance about this thing was confirmed, and it seemed that I must meet certain men on the way ; perhaps because they were rivals after some sort, but also because of their names, which rhymed with the event. But my way proved very perplexing, though in this long evening it was by no means too late to distinguish a westerly direction for several miles. All the street-names were queer and goblinish ; they seemed to have meanings which would start me off on false trails, in wrong directions. So I lost time, and when I asked the way it seemed that the streets and houses had been rearranged, or were shrunk to tiny imitation affairs. Their brickwork was excessively, dangerously red, and they vanished away to almost nothing, in exaggerated perspectives. Some gigantic cynic had leered on the town ; and its aspect was shockingly struck awry. Yet at last I was on the Great West Road, and leaving behind me the distant thumpings of Paddington Station ; as though of the last red-hot rivets that were being beaten into London's iron coffin.

Now at the sides of my way the houses were discontinuous, but the vegetation which took their place was not less expressive and sardonic. Upon the left hand were black iron posts and rails; within them stood angles and fragments of ancient brick walls, very thick, though crumbling; groves of twisted, stunted apple-trees. It symbolized everything—Adam cast out from his orchard; the toil, ruin and bankruptcy of his descendants. A boy was furtively getting through the rails where they were broken, and I should have liked to be free to do as he did, without the shameful thought of those who " break through and steal ".

Nobody seemed to have done any work all day; though the light had not all faded, gardeners, smiths and hedgers were idle, and many other people stood restlessly in expectant groups, or walked hurriedly to and fro. In one small house there was a light, and women were sewing at a table in the downstairs room. The owner, a middle-aged man, stood at the gate.

" Good evening," I said, stopping and looking at him.

" How-d'you-do ? " said he, not expecting me to stay.

" Don't mind my speaking to you; but I must speak to someone. Your house is the only one in this place where the people are peaceful and at work."

" Oh ! " he said, laughing. " What are all other people doing, then ? "

" Why, hastening to and fro, as if it were the Last

Day of the world ! No one has done any work to-day, on the road by which I have come."

" Well, you seem to have been hastening too : how far may you have come on this road ? "

" From Vauxhall Bridge," said I, " but not a direct way." An impression loomed on me powerfully. "You are so much like one of the old musicians : are you not a musician ? "

He was, I think, actually a musician, but not by profession. He took no offence, and kindly asked me into his house, to rest on my journey.

But when I entered the small parlour (it was a very little house), his wife and daughters got up from their needlework and retired, perhaps to make tea. There was a crude fretwork in my mind of sublime and lewd fancies, and had they spoken to me, I must have answered very indiscreetly. But now their chaste presences had seemed like lamps which were taken away when I came in, or as if, upon one's entering a church, the worshippers got up and went out. So I lay on the floor for several minutes, drank the cup of tea which was put for me, and went on my journey much refreshed, for the time being.

The daylight had now departed. A new factory, built of ferro-concrete, glowed as though it were red-hot. The huge letters upon hoardings and the dazzling red lights on this building suddenly seemed to be imitated by the sprawling constellations overhead. There was no translatable meaning, no understanding of this thing, yet the illusion of a primitive revelation,

in the alphabet, was as vivid as an enlargement of perception.

So after I had continued for a few miles, the lights by the way seemed more meaningful: and then I came to a garage, or petrol station, whose crude signs seemed not to be unconsidered or carelessly vulgar, but quite intentionally insulting, as though they would wipe me across the face with their horrible red rags. Several very ugly-looking loafers were standing by a lorry, and to my astonishment they spoke to me in a jeering, obscene tone.

"You wretched, blatant idlers!" I cried, passionately angry. "When will you work honestly and cease scavenging after the waste of the roads?"

"I can still do women," said one, with a beastly leer, like candle-grease dropped in a puddle.

But none of them touched me, and I hurried on, full of loathing. They were not of a species to attack, nor yet could I shame them. Presently they seemed less to have been real people than horrible counterfeits set there by the Spirit Sarcastic, to mock me and turn me out of my way. Such signs of the powers of evil grew still more and more evident.

A great piece of the road was taken up: half newly cemented and half dark and rough; a heavy donkey-engine panted thickly. The dwellings near by seemed plunged in anaesthetized darkness: but a colossal cast-iron lamp standard stuck out from the fracture of the road, which indicated (as though the text were legible): "I will break them in pieces as a potter's

"UNOCCUPIED PEDLARS"

vessel ". If this lamp-post had really been a rod of the stem of Jesse, and the stars themselves conspiring with it, it would have seemed scarcely out of the order which governed things on this night. Not far from this, a strange notice could just be discerned : " Twelve Miles of Excavations ". Further on a signpost had been purposely whitened ; and then again was a row of red lanterns turning out of the main road and down a lane. So all these things seemed to be done to hinder me or turn me out of my way.

The traffic had become rarer, and an aspect grew upon it of panic flight, as if from a dull and distant glare, which perhaps was only the night-glow of Reading's lamps. But I could only think of hot ruins and bursting walls. A sort of dread seemed to encroach across the land from that quarter, as a flame burns its way across a paper ; and whatever could escape, fled guiltily from this horror. The fields and trees were dreary symbols of poverty, all the propitious spirits of earth had forsaken them, and the hovels or cottages were as lamp-glasses quite blackened with soot.

There began to be a grass path alongside the road ; many long gossamers were falling and weaving shrouds across it ; they seemed to hang from very high in the southern sky. And the stars moved inexplicably : the larger lights wheeled into new positions, as though they marked the points of great compasses ; and they began to make new constellations, so that this had been the meaning of the former effect of lights and alphabets. There was a great L, signifying the Lion of

the tribe of Judah. Then I knew that some of them stood for changes in the world, and some for changes, or hopes, in my life. For presently, straight ahead of me, up leaped Clarissa's star and hung bravely, but as though by a painful effort, so that I rushed forward with my candle, calling out her name. Another star leaped up, almost as high ; and then my star : but this last one only scaled half the height of the constellation, then fell wretchedly. So all these stars dropped and went out, after a moment or two.

These signs so convinced me that I was in despair ; and yet, as I still went forward, there seemed to be great influences and powers at a distance which were at once the spirits of those in whom I believed, and the Archangels and beings which, from reading of the Book of Revelations, had become present realities. But it was not a steady splendour to me. Objects beside the road took on more malignant aspects ; the furrowed fields seemed to boil as pitch—here was an end of agriculture. In keen horror I cried out " Bishop Raven ! " at a scarecrow that was in the last piece of earth, against a glow as of embers ; it seemed terribly possessed by the dead man. There were worse things than moving lights in the dark upper air : there was at a distance, I thought, something like a gibbet, or cartwheel on a pole, and therefrom, for as long a distance as the steam from a passing train, was a series of dreadful figures ; the sky was full of calamities.

A motor-van with white lights approached—I must stop it at all costs. It seemed a fugitive van, bearing

people whose purposes were secret and improper: deceivers and seducers of women-servants. It pulled up in time to avoid killing me: in a moment three men tumbled out of it; they were, as I thought, pimps disguised as policemen, with helmets and long coats.

"'E says there is blood everywhere!" said one.

"No, we don't want to hurt you; put that away and come along!"

An open clasp-knife was in my hand, but I was neither resolved on murder nor suicide. They had thrown me down and secured me with a pair of handcuffs in a moment; and now they rolled me into the back of their van, which contained—what a horrible thing!—great lumps of raw meat wrapped in faint-smelling mutton-cloth.

The van rattled on its way; I was in total darkness. During my journey on foot, the shape and significance of ideas, constantly interrupted by new incidents, had followed me as a pursuing bee-swarm—now vaguely dispersing, now coming together closely and intensely. There had scarcely been time to consider the last strange sights on the way—these three villains had ignored them. Yet there they had been stretched over the sky in colossal dimensions, brownish, half-translucent figures, whether human or devils was uncertain, but they changed as though they were stages of metamorphosis. It might have been the Whore of Babylon or some unknowable Egyptian plague. Becoming more calm, my thoughts settled into pleasanter, less realistic harmony. I hoped all would go well with Baker and his

errand ; and then I compared my present situation with Don Quixote's, when he was brought home fettered in a fowl-house ; which incident, like others in that noble romance, brought a measure of comfort with its recollection.

The van stopped and I was brought out and into a square, not large building. There was a lamp here in a match-boarded guard-room, where a real enough sergeant removed the handcuffs, and taking charge of my boots also, shut me up in a cell which was just opposite the inner door of the guard-room, on the other side of a narrow passage. Here there was no furniture but a sort of hammock of rough canvas, attached to rings upon either side of the cell, across its further end. Presently I lay there and went to sleep, not waking until morning light began to increase in the little chamber.

VII

THE TRANSFIGURATION

As I awoke, my mind was clear and seemed free from disquietude on account of last night's adventure. In fact it was filled with a natural happiness which may partly have been a reaction from the horror of that encounter. The idea that I was too late, which had greatly aggravated my mental anxiety, had lost its hold, and I had very little uneasiness on account of my present position and its possible consequences. Last night's appearances had not been the result of drink and drugs : I had no taste for either—what the prosecuting evidence might make of them did not trouble me. My religious faith (or what I took to be such) returned strongly, and I was greatly comforted.

Presently, and as I lay in a half-trance (the day was not yet fully light), I was aware of shapes shadowed upon the bricks of the wall near my head as I lay. The brickwork was painted a dull blood-red, and these shadows might have been accidental stains and irregularities, such as used to suggest figure compositions to Leonardo da Vinci. But they were soon seen to be so definite and exact as to point to a clear intention ; in fact, something like an evolution, through a series of bodily changes, similar indeed to what had

appeared in last night's sky so palpably and so demoralizingly. The changes were successive and terrible, there being on some bricks one body, and on others two : it seemed that the first body must starve and die, and its senses be transferred, in stages, to the second, which, at first an immaterial presence, assumed reality as the old body became incorporated in it and lastly disappeared. This is the best sense that I can give of the metamorphosis ; its significance was grasped instinctively, but not understood rationally : the bricks could only be read singly and successively, by intense concentration.

To realize the first one better, I slid to the floor and fixed my gaze on it. The thing began to happen almost immediately, so that I seemed only just to inhabit the brain of a hard earth-buried skeleton. Suddenly a second presence seemed to be in the room, and I could not tell whether the ceiling suddenly dropped down on me or whether I suddenly floated up to it, still in the same position. As I returned to the second brick it was as though partly incorporated with the second body, which seemed to have materialized from all the surfaces within the room ; it was plastic as a spider's web, yet not clammy or deathly : my intention was to define its form exactly, and to do this I must enter it and *be* it. These sensations are scarcely accurately remembered, yet it was with a grating and numbing pain that my ribs became the inverted ribs of the other being, my left eye became his eye, and at last I could just be aware with my right of the form of the next change as

it was adumbrated on the wall. It seemed to be a gigantic body, twice as large as a man's, and sexless. After each successive stage there was a period of inaction, and then the next thing began. The consummation was not clearly foreseen, any more than a grub can be supposed to foresee what it shall become after its chrysalis burial; and yet my faith seemed to be as complete and instinctive. There had been no clear shadow of an ultimate state.

I cannot say how it was that this present body was moved to its former position alongside the end wall, but (I think) still upon the floor, not on the canvas hammock. It seemed enormous, black and decomposed: I was aware of it and of other circumstances, with mental rather than physical eyes; it had neither power nor will for movement.

Now the door opened and two of my friends entered; they were Archer and Dobbenol—and they seemed to have diminished to half the size of men. They had a scared look, and murmured to each other, "We must paint it!" Presently they returned bringing each a pail; one contained pitch, the other a sulphur-coloured, cheap luminous paint. (Both friends have since denied all knowledge of these proceedings.) However, these who resembled them now set to work to paint the body as it lay, in tiger-stripes of black and yellow—actually covering the face, which did not matter as it had no particular sensations. When all was done they retired, shutting the door.

The mummy (for such it now seemed) began, after a

while, to move again ; not by conscious, premeditated will, but rather as if by necessity, and first to change position, and then to span all the interior dimensions of the room, even stretching a foot up to reach the furthermost corner. It then experienced a prodigious sexual orgasm, and ejaculated, as a sower might cast seed, in three successive curves upon the ceiling, which was at least eight feet from the floor.

Speech seemed to return with primitive rudimentary sounds. Then standing on my feet, I saw through the grate of the cell-door that a man was seated opposite me in the guard-room, across the passage. His elbows were upon the table, his head rested forward upon them, and for a moment it seemed that he was asleep, or rather that he was sightless. His hair was golden or corn-coloured—a long lock of it hung over his brow. He wore the Air Force uniform, with bright silver buttons, and two narrow silver stripes on his right breast, beside the badge of wings.

At almost the same instant a man appeared in the passage between my Adversary and myself : a negro who looked at me and waggled his head sideways, so that it left an instantaneous suggestion of lapping water, seen in a round mirror. I waved him violently away ; he withdrew leftwards, by the way he had come ; then, as though with several voices at once, I shouted the Name. His eyes opened, and his head moved slowly over from left to right, mine following it from right to left, as if it meant to twist off from my shoulders. " O my dear ******, I *wish* I could have done it."

Between the Principal and the door, a burly, bald-headed man in a dark blue uniform, with upright collar, was also sitting, at that side of the table. An ink-bottle and some papers were by him. He seemed intent on them. His knees were crossed under the table, and his boots were round-ended and intolerably brightly polished—they seemed symbols of the Bully.

" Take away that boot, take away that damned boot ! " I yelled at him. At first he seemed purposely to remain mostly out of sight, the door-jamb of the guard-room intervening.

" How long have you been here ? " inquired the Adversary in a light and beautiful voice.

" All the time."

" Can you swim ? "

" Yes ! "

" How far ? "

" Oh, twenty miles." Indeed, in his presence, the feat seemed possible.

He then stood before the cell-door (my eyes being fixed on him) and inclined his forehead towards me, first the right part, then the left. These became instantly changed in form and appearance, they brightened to pure pale gold and assumed classical form ; his other features changed, so that, for an atom of time, he was perfectly Apollo : the change went past this, he grinned, became more burning and terrible, and was Jupiter.

It seemed that the guards stampeded rather, for

there were three loutish heads at the grate: the Adversary standing back so that I could still see him, one of them spoke hastily:

"What's your belief? You've got some creed or other. Say it."

I began to say the Apostles' Creed in the loud and clear intonation in which Bishop Raven had formerly been used to say it, and it seemed with the same voice which then spoke it.

"That will do, that's enough," one of them said, when I had got no further than "suffered under Pontius Pilate". "Now sing some song or other."

The Transfigured Man seeming to assent, I thereupon sang (with more good-will than judgment) "So early in the morning, the sailor likes his bottle, O". (Archer being very fond of chanties, we had practised them together.)

Then all three bundled into the room together, one holding a tin cup, which he gave me to drink. It was boiling tea, and felt like boiling lead, but I gulped it down to the last. The guards began to struggle with me, but the inspiration was very strong; two of them were thrown down, and the third, who just then had assumed the likeness and actual presence of the Bully of Central Europe (he whose boot I had cursed), was grappling with me and trying to look me out of countenance. He neither did this nor threw me down. It was as though sparks went out from my eyes into his, so that he flinched at last and looked away. The beaming Being upon the other side of the door clapped

his hands and laughed. It was instantaneous and complete as an astronomical figure.

When the guards were outside again and had slammed the door on me, he spoke again to them : " Does he drink any water ? "

" No ! "

He laughed again. One of them asked me : " What would you like to eat ? "

" A poached eye."

This was about the limit of our understanding.

I sang again, by request, and this time another unforeseen thing happened. I was aware of a small movement in the ceiling, about two-thirds across the room towards the door, and three-quarters of the width towards my left ; the movement became defined as a round depression, wide as a saucer, reverberating and increasing to a regular cylindrical hole three inches deep, and about eight in diameter. Scarcely aware of what I did (still madly excited), I pitched my voice higher, and then whistled, whereat the floor of this hole deepened and narrowed gradually to a long, slightly twisted cone : whether or not there was a pin-hole opening to the daylight I could not tell.

During this time my Adversary was seated again, close before the door. He looked up at what was happening, and though no longer regarding him directly, I was partly aware of his appearance now.

It was supernatural, no longer like Apollo, Moses or Jove : he looked up and I was aware of the extraordinary quality of his eyes, of the rich colour of his

mouth, now no longer smiling. His hair seems to have become flame-like and standing up. There was something more ancient in this aspect than Israel, Greece, Egypt, perhaps Assyria, yet divine in all these ages, and of them : to which the word " magical " does not seem irreverent.

Presently the guard-room filled with other men. They seemed police, army sergeants and officers in plain clothes ; there were many of them, and with them went out the man who had been transfigured. And after that I saw him no more in the flesh, but many times had the encouragement of his speech and magnificent laughter.

It was an early autumn morning. For what seemed a short time I was left alone, scanning with intense curiosity the pictures which yet appeared adumbrated on the walls of the lock-up. They were so convincing that they needed not to be interpreted into reason : though as had happened with the queer names and the appearances of last night's journey, they arranged themselves into an improved pattern of ideas.

The cell was of the standard form in police stations : about ten feet square, built of brick and painted within, from the floor to the height of six feet, with a dark lurid red, then a bar of black an inch and a half wide ; above this, walls and ceiling appeared of a pale sea-green tint. This simple structure now appeared as the type of very ancient things, of the fabric of human generations, necessities, ritual ; for the force of mechanistic connection of all life strongly possessed my

mind. The black bar was as a boiler-plate clamped down on the life which was shadowed on the red surfaces, intolerably compressing and intensifying it. It was an unbreakable sentence of death. The last bricks, near the corner, were packed with appearances like those bean-like, glossy capsules which one finds in hot kitchen-cupboards, from which cockroaches are hatched.

The window was a metal-framed one, and extremely stiff, but I wrenched it open : of course it was too small to allow the possibility of escape. Outside was a brick wall seven feet high, at a distance of perhaps five feet from the window, and set parallel to it. Beyond this again, bright in the sunshine, one might see the upper parts of masts, which brought to mind the thought of sea and wooden ships. Nothing more could be seen.

Within the cell, the window-bars cast an oblique grid of shadow on the golden patch of sunlight which fell upon the wall to my right : and now this seemed a time-dial moving to zero-hour. Not the least accidental were its angles and millimetres, nor any of the shades of forms which were on the walls of the cell. They could be seen but not comprehended, as a child might watch with fascination the working of some large infernal machine towards catastrophe. The mercilessness of life and of time intensified as steadily as if they were leading on a moment when one was doomed to be shot.

Upon the opposite wall, near the door, three successive deaths were faintly shadowed-forth : an old

skull resting on the ground, near the middle of that wall, a head and ribs next ; and last, by the door, a nearly complete skeleton or emaciated figure. The last was not quite as tall as the black bar ; above it was a figure of ants, dividing into two paths like a letter Y.

My friend Archer returned, came to the door and asked if I would let him enter. The police who were with him warned him that I was dangerous ; however, he entered, sat down beside me on the canvas hammock, and we spoke together for a short time.

" Will you go with me and see a doctor whom the Bakers know and recommend ? "

" Why should I see this doctor ? Who is he ? "

" A mental specialist : Dr. Craugasides."

" Dr. Craugasides ! Such a name ! I don't believe the person exists."

" But I promise you that he is a real person, and that I will go there with you. We did not expect you to be obstinate about it."

" Well, let them get my boots and my braces, first of all."

The policemen were slow in bringing my things, and what seemed to me their obstructive attitude, coupled with the fact that three of them had entered the cell as if to attack me, and then left me alone when I resisted, quickly moved me to impatience.

" Give me those boots ! "

" Steady now, not so fast. Mind that door, one of you."

Indeed without much warning another scuffle had

commenced. I remember almost nothing about it, but Archer since assures me that seven men were presently holding me by arms and legs, and that the whole mass lurched violently, first to one end of the room, then back to the other. So I was presently returned to the cell.

" You see, sir," said the sergeant to Archer, " he is hardly fit to go away with you yet."

Archer consulted with a Justice of the Peace whom, so far as I know, I did not ever see. At last he returned, saying :

" Well, you must satisfy the Law. Will you go quietly with these people outside, and it will be all right ? I shall come too."

I had remembered one or two more words spoken by the Adversary, which have always seemed curious to me : and I doubted whether they might be reasons for me to remain here, till removed by force. One sentence was : " No ; a broken life is no good to me ". Another : " —And the worm runs away ".

But now it seemed that further obstinacy would be senseless, and so I promised Archer that I would go quietly and in his company. I had some idea that it would be required of me to give some evidence, probably in a court of law. The door was opened, and as I went out, still much excited, a young man passed me in the passage and was shut into the cell in my place. He looked as though he were starving ; and giving me a sharp glance, said, " Well, I am glad ****** got away ! " (mentioning the Adversary's name). Much would I like

to know that this man is still alive, and whether he too remembers the things which had happened. But I started to babble to him about the sundial on the wall : for my brain was still possessed with that.

We had to wait a while longer in the guard-room ; and it seemed like waiting before a steeplechase—to give the " hares " time to get ahead with their trail of paper. The porch of the guard-room was thronged with men, who seemed as if they might have been detectives. They wore dust-coats and tweed caps or bowlers : a coarse, guilty look was on their faces.

When we at last emerged, the country was exquisitely beautiful : the late summer sunlight cast enchantment over the landscape. We heard girls' voices saying to the guards, all at once : " Bullies, cowards, traitors ! " For this Law which Archer mentioned seemed to rule that all nymphs and spiritual beings must instantly be shut up again underground, to be guarded by these dreadful, sensual Yahoos. An old blue-uniform, with black leather belt, was in command of the taxi-party which bore me off. His pug-like features were as if composed of red clay, incapable of changing expression : this was, as I thought, from the effects of blood-poisoning. Yet he lent something of an air of authority to the kidnapping, so that I reasoned against the sensation of being " taken for a ride " by gunmen.

And presently my fancies grew more pleasurable. Nothing on our way suggested that last night's appearance should ever have been possible. The road then

had been perplexed by devilries, to seem a straight way; it had led to confusion. Now we threaded by-ways as though our destination were uncertain, and royal-sounding names upon the signposts, such as Richmond, Kingston, Maidenhead, suggested that our journey was on some high, stately occasion. We met and overtook parties of young men and women who walked as though they were pilgrims.

At last we came to a large, formal, not beautiful building with an official or rather institutional air, as though it had been built for nobody's pleasure, but as an official task, upon which a large but specified sum of money had to be spent. It came into my mind that this was a Masonic Temple. Bells marked " Day " and " Night " were upon either side of its door. And here stood two men who were examining a small instrument like a chronometer : a thread of mercury was seen to flicker in a rectangular path. One of them then said of me, " Yes, this is the man of the hour ". Inside was a large hall filled with beds whereon lay many sick people; that is to say, men and boys, but no women nor girls. An old grey-bearded, bald-headed man, yellow and corpse-like: a boy of less than twelve years of age, and near a score of others. They appeared as if waiting for some religious service to begin : and presently I thought how like they were to the palsied people who waited by the pool of Bethesda for the troubling of the waters. A natural feeling of reverence filled me, for I had entered consecrated ground. Being motioned to undress by those who officiated here, I did so in the

presence of these people ; and I was given a bed, or rather a mattress in a sort of alcove which opened into this large hall.

My mind was in a passive state now, or busy with its own building. I paid little heed to the curious remarks which some made, among whom there was strange speculation, one asking whether I were the Miracle Man who had been expected, and being told yes. " Oh," said the boy in disappointment, " I had not thought he would be like that ! "

A gentle-voiced man then said a more encouraging word, seeming to refer to some prophecy. Lying on my mattress I thought that this was a Prothalamium. Again siren-like maidens' voices sounded within the entrance, calling and cooing names which must be their lovers' : " Tom Barnes " was one, there were other Toms and Johns ; but mine was not heard— rather to my chagrin. But one of the old men did ask my name ; and someone gave him my two Christian names instead of my first and my surname.

" It's in the Book," rejoined the old man, " but it won't do ; it's a broken life." This was the first time I heard of " the Book " here, but by no means the last. The words might mean, for all I know, Egypt's *Book of the Dead.* I grew oblivious of outward things, for impulse to action had abated, since my actions had ensued in such unknowable situations. But the place seemed, as it were, sensitized by electric wires ; there were muffled drumming undertones, as in an electric train, only more soft and subtle : these seemed to take

up the ends of sentences and to echo the words with an alternating mechanical reflex, " A broken life, a broken life ", till at last it became as the croaking of frogs, more faintly reverberating in the rings of a dim metal amphitheatre, which seemed to extend far underground.

PART II

BABEL

Hast thou left thy blue course in Heaven, golden-haired son of the sky! The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there.—Ossian.

I

THE TEMPLE

The day grew late : food was neither offered nor desired ; but there seemed to increase amongst us a certain sense of disappointment, as though the thing we looked for was still deferred. A strong after-current of emotion swept through my mind, preventing it from seeking to rationalize its experience : bearing images which still appeared anticipatory. There were half-shaped ideas of resurrection : the croakings and mutterings sounded as voices of almost extinct intelligence, murmurs of departed spirits awaiting, yet not expecting release. A figure from some book recurred to my mind in vivid form : a train of successive generations of prophets and seers, heroes, poets, martyrs ; which cycle was renewed, with soaring armies of ghosts, who trod and re-trod the paths of their earthly adventures in the ebb and flow of time. This intensified till it was dreadful, and yet with a nightshade splendour : among our latter generations, those who lived still were the writers, who marched in the guise of characters which they had realized.

A great library was now to be built : friend Baker had designed it, a great structure of steel, having many galleries which radiated to a central domed and

circular hall. In this place there would be statues and names inscribed of many famous men ; even now, as its geometric plan crystallized in my brain, I seemed to lie in the midst, and yet this place was loaded and dangerous : somewhat as a bundle of fireworks, or set-piece waiting to be touched off. Were there not Gothic churches and chapter-houses, all of catherine-wheels and rockets, at many celebrations in Queen Victoria's honour ? So this might typify a great woman's apotheosis ; what projections of stars had been those of last night ! Now I was within doors, and a strong sense of calamitous danger had returned, though I was not physically affected by fear ; but rather in a spiritual apprehension.

When all grew dark, the religious atmosphere was still maintained ; and yet there entered and passed before me some sinister figures ; who wore a false air, as of comedians who have failed to amuse, and desperately strive to be easy and self-possessed. One may have had some account of me from the taxi-party, for he spoke jeeringly, using words which are not allowed among polite people. Here were some presences which intended me no good, but now I scarcely marked them. So I fell asleep, as it were, under the shade of wings.

During this night twice or thrice I was awoken by momentary brilliant flashes, and for an instant, at each occasion, people stood near. Here again some were jokers ; some as bystanders at a road accident ; others stood as if in the presence of a spiritual event, or

speaking in hushed whispers : and I seemed to discern several whom I knew.

" The Immaculate Conception," said one.

Next morning, as if through wooden bars, were seen many people in shirt-sleeves and coarse trousers sweeping out a large airy room, and some in white night-shirts crossed the floor. There was such a parlour in the House of the Interpreter, full of dust, but, water being sprinkled, the room was swept and cleansed with pleasure. And there too was a wall where a fire burnt, which one man would quench with water, and another, standing at the back of the wall, fed the flames with oil. So some similar thing was here : for now I entered a brick tower or corner-chamber, through the opening in whose door was seen a long, beautiful room whose further end or head had three walls, with windows. The early sunlight glorified the faces of some who lay upon the beds, their heads near the windows. They seemed to be lifeless but waiting to be reanimated, and there were several whom I knew as my friends. So I shouted and sang as loudly as possible, to wake them up, and an increasing heat surged through this place where I was, so that I was filled with the agony of the fire but yet could endure it : the white flame made rings on my head and body. It was an intensification of that white spirit which had been apparent to my mind when I departed from London. These coruscations passed as sparks into the room and into the faces of three or four newly resurrected men who sat close by. Two of these were well known by

appearance, for one was a poet and the other a revolutionary; both honoured in their funerals according to the public taste and economy of their respective nations. So they seemed to be here as kings. The earth-shaker looked puzzled and was silent; his grey hair bristled. But the poet's hair was long and white—part stood erect, and part streamed out towards the door, as if struck by the mingled influences of Phosphor and Saturn. If ever amazement and incredulous delight shone in a face, they were seen in his countenance at this moment. A confusion of historical speeches boiled together in my wits, finding fragmentary utterance:

"Sugar, Mr Speaker!" I shouted at the likeness of Lenin. "Sugar, sugar, sugar! Who will now dare to laugh at sugar!"

But he of the dissected brains looked, if possible, still more puzzled at this text from the elder Pitt. A peak-capped guard gave a wink, and asked:

"What is the name of your sweetheart?"

And five or six times the name "Clarissa Firestone! Clarissa Firestone!" was hurled across the room. The old man seemed to catch a live spark from each repetition of this name, and to throw it round the room from eye to eye of all his companions, till it passed out by a passage to the left, where two women stood in silence at a locked gate of iron, painted red. One of these women was in dark clothes; the other in a white garment seemed to be Jane Shore. They were the only women I ever actually saw in this place. This gate was the entrance to a garden, behind the left wall of our

"ALL OUTSIDE"

long room : and through the windows could be seen other gates and trees ; so that there seemed to be successive heavens, each more strange and immaterial, and their gates yet more impossible to open.

And later this momentary glimpse was grown into by fancies and dream-mirage. The further landscapes were discerned to be rocky and barren, yet intensely desirable: and upon the other hand, in the open black gate, where the poet sat, a winter churchyard was seen, its porch overgrown with cotoneaster, and an open grave thereby. There had surely been a key upon the table where the Adversary sat asleep.

There was a roaring and howling sound as of wild beasts, round a double corner at the rear, as though some men had been transformed into wolves and bears, for presently a strange rout of subhuman beings came crowding across the room and moved out by the steps to the left. As they went they laughed and gibbered uncouthly, with curious antics, as though they were betting and laying odds : some were " borogoves ", spotted newts or devil's-dice. It was shocking that they were let into the presence of these kings and saints.

There were openings in the brick wall above the door, and these seemed, with the fire and the shouting, to have been changed in form and increased in number, somewhat as if it were a pigeon-cote through whose openings the birds could fly.

" Quite hopeless, I'm afraid," said the very old poet.

The door being now opened, I followed the unruly

rout into a long and mean passage which was crowded with such a disorderly, shocking rabble as I never saw ; worse than any beggars or ruffians. It was like an underground refuge full of people demoralized and dehumanized by an air-raid. Seeing some stewards or officers pushing them hither and thither into their places, I was willing to lend assistance—but they treated me as if I were red-hot, and by no means to be closely approached. A large safe or strong-room was opened : it was managed that I should enter, and this door was instantly shut fast.

II

THE CELL

This place was lined with a smooth grey material which resembled linoleum. For a moment I wondered whether it could be fireproof, for all physical laws were different here, since I could come out of the fire alive. Or else it had been fire of another kind.

In the room from which I came there had been a man sitting up in bed, whose right hand pointed at me as though it held a pistol, but there was no weapon, and the hand was withered, as though scalded. Some wild enough thoughts were in my mind, trying to account for what I had seen; but it was so long before the door was opened, that the day seemed preternaturally long; and I began to wonder how I should endure my time.

But at last four men stood in the doorway; and one of them was a blue guard, Mr Okay, the others, whose names I learned later, were Dr. Gillray, a stout elderly Scotchman, who was in charge of this place; next a dark, plain-suited man, the doctor's secretary; lastly, a little bustling man with dirty eyes. These four men made a barrier of their arms, one holding the doorpost and the others grasping his arm and each other's, in what always seemed to me a Masonic posture, a

human gate which I had no impulse to break through.

Dr. Gillray spoke a few words and was gone with two of his companions ; presently Okay said there was a hot bath ready for me. As I went to the bath a young man who swept the passage looked at my nakedness : instantly his right forearm shrivelled up. This was the evidence of my sight : but when I returned, the arm was seen, happily, to be restored. There was still so much of the fire in my body, that the water was purified by my entering it, not my flesh by the washing.

In the corner was an old broken-jawed man who had been in the long room, one of those (as I thought) who had been woken from death. He was still elated, and spoke incoherently of music and viol-playing.

The cell to which I was now led was one of a series which ran the length of the main passage : it was ten feet long, five wide and twelve high. In the midst of the ceiling was a powerful electric light screwed under a round convex glass. At the end was a high, small window, difficult to reach, and giving upon brick back-walls. The floor was of linoleum with a slight convex bulge, and a sort of metal gutter ran round three sides between it and the walls, which were also upholstered to a height of seven feet, and topped with a wooden bevel: so that there was no ledge to afford a hand-hold between the padded surface and the plaster and brick above. The door was also padded, and, inset, within the padding, was a depressed oval of enamel (an ugly, even obscene feature). This framed a small oblong slit

of thick glass, through which an eye was sometimes seen to peer and wink.

My furniture consisted of a mattress, blanket and pair of sheets, with a cotton-worsted cover. I was provided with a calico night-shirt; and there was also a cylindrical chamber-pot of black rubber. Perhaps, had all been clean and new, I should have narrowly searched the surfaces for shadows, cobwebs and whatever other irregularities my sense could seize, to work into forms of fanciful grotesque. But there was no need, for this work was already fully efficiently done : it was left for me only to interpret its meaning.

The fabric which covered the wall was of several tints, fitted together in oblong panels, two and a half feet broad. A corner near the door was black, the wall beneath the window whitish-yellow ; another part grey, the remainder and the floor a degraded cocoa-colour. And on these surfaces were figures, some of life-size, rubbed, scraped and blackened, as though with cigarette-stubs. On the right-hand side (one faced the door) was a frightful figure, a crucified Herod, crowned as if with barbed wire and sparks, writhing and yet balancing, seeming to juggle with broken images of planetary spheres, which were above his head and hands. With this figure I came to identify my present self, for I felt responsible for resolving and arranging, to the limit of conscious capacity, an unending procession of importunate thoughts, which, unforeseen and swiftly vanishing, stormed and attacked all my conscious will. (Would I desire greater glory for

the Transfigured Man, my Adversary? Then all my friends and family must pay for it: it must be paid for by agony of thousands. Or he must pay for it with his own endurance, and this seemed almost inexhaustible. So miserable was I that I seemed to desire torment nearly as much as I dreaded it. For the voices of all my friends were in my mind and in my ears; though my prayers were answered, they were bewilderingly at cross-purposes.)

Upon the other side-wall, amid a thicket of stains and scorchings, loomed two more figures of life-size, a man and a woman, side by side. They were not ungracefully proportioned, they were as though separately dancing; they looked towards each other, aware askance of the figure opposite them. They were attended by smaller satellites, who became more indistinct. (Was this a true allegory of love and religion? That two phantoms could bear love towards one another, but there can be no union: only the will of a tortured deity striving to unite impossibilities?)

There were ugly, bestial shapes in the black corners; stages, they seemed, in a process of transformation from men to demons. For these uncouth forms I learnt names soon enough.

The slit of glass had been scratched too, by some means, somewhat thus:

and so I tried to learn of the recurrence of planetary movements ; for these, I argued, must rule us all, and what had happened to me had happened to others, and they too had been in this place, and had been shown many signs, to read as far as they might.

The dwarfish man in plain-clothes looked in for a moment when the door was opened a little way to admit food and a mug of tea. " Thinks himself God the Father," he had said the first time. He gave a little laugh. " Now he's Richard the Second," and the door was shut.

I was seated at the further end in my clean night-shirt, and had no words ready for this emergency. The little man had been, sure enough, one of the comical characters in the Masonic Temple : still there might be truth in his words. Glancing at the Herod on the wall, it occurred to me that he might be Richard as well ; and so I should taste their cumulative experience.

The first remarkable hallucination which possessed me in this place was the recurrence, in altering form, of the plan or firework which also had first taken shape in the Temple. But, indeed, these were objectifications of a dominant idea, which, to some extent, I connected with my psychiatrist ; that the working out of life was a mechanistic process, in fact a sort of infernal machine always running down to zero hour. But now Dr. Gillray was in charge, and, for all I knew, he had power to alter the shape of things, strangely and enormously. For it was as though this part of the earth were a bottomless vertical cliff, and within the earth

an immense many-barrelled pistol, from one of whose chambers I expected to be blown to annihilation.

The imminent detonation did not happen ; yet the place had somehow broken loose from the earth and was flying through space like a projectile, or an express train (Dr. Gillray was still in charge), disturbing all the stars in heaven. For the guard Okay mentioned that there had been an eclipse, and that " six coupled Ploughs were seen in the sky ".

" You are ruining all God's beautiful creation ! " I told him furiously, " as you have already devastated and ruined the green earth."

Again the four men would make a gate at my door, and Dr. Gillray would again inquire :

" Do you want to see yer puir old faythe r ? "

But I would always reply :

" Not in here ! "

In truth, I dreaded to be shown some horrible counterfeit, for not a few bodies which I had thought indeed to have been my friends' had later proved different. And if, in Gillray's power, I should recognize anyone, would not he thereafter dominate him, mind and spirit ?

It became Okay's practice to bring me strange reports.

" The doctor has got all your relations inside."

" Where are they ? "

" Boiling and bubbling down under there ! "

Down the passage there seemed to be an iron grate, an entrance, doubtless, to the nether regions. And yet,

in a genial moment, when Okay had reported me quiet, Dr. Gillray introduced me to the old musician who had spoken to me at the bath. His name was Moses Greenhill ; and to his signature the word POET used to be added, in capital letters. Almost daily he inscribed some work or other to the doctor : but his compositions principally took the form of crossword puzzles, and in them red ink (when it could be procured) played an important part. Moses' jaws had been broken, as he said, " by devils ". And though he offended with his mouth, his words of indecency had not the brutality which they assumed when spoken by others who were here. If they were not legitimate fruits of his gnarled brain, they were no worse than those bosses and cankers which do often infest ancient, venerable trees.

But those impurities—need they be written ?—had not at this time been dulled in my ears with much hearing ; and so they presently became, to me, exact definitions of those sub-human devilish changes which have been mentioned, as they were blotted upon the corners of my cell. One or two beings who approached me seemed indeed like these, but whether the monstrosity was in their bodies or in my eye, I am not able to say. But, for certain, things looked very bad through the glass.

It seemed that the doctor's secretary (whom Moses and the others called " Satan ") had been obliged to release some fearful monstrosities, the living by-products of our siftings of heaven and hell. For he

seemed to wear a frightened look as he came back and whispered to Okay :

" I had to let half a dozen of them go."

It was, perhaps, because my door was so seldom opened, and then only momentarily, for necessary things, that the illusion so long possessed me that this place was flying through space ; and yet somehow carrying a sort of " induced " hell with it. The scale of time was abnormal, for the night was composed of incredible, incontinent metamorphoses ; and the day changed not at all, for so long, that when I looked through my narrow glass slit I saw many times the first guard lolling on a chair on the other side of the passage, his head propped on one hand, his elbow in the window-sill, keys at his waist, mouth open, and eyes closed : always in one position, and never anything else in sight. Only the floor planks with some reflected light on them, and, beyond the window, an empty yard with a tree in the midst, shut in with a high wall beyond. The passage of time was unreal to any being but myself, for this guard was under the spell of Sleeping Castle.

III

DOOMSDAY

So interminably dreary was this time that I could not guess whether, in this way, days, weeks, or months passed ; the meaning of those terms had vanished. But one of the guards, Oatley, told me at last it was not much more than a fortnight. I learnt to have a little more confidence in him ; but never to the extent of exchanging questions of any importance. Okay spoke (as it now seems) in the manner of a clumsy and unintelligent person who acts literally, without the least malice, on instructions never to contradict the patients' ideas.

" We had thought you was the White 'Ope," he remarked, disappointed, naturally enough, at my lack of muscle. My own hopes were on the Morning Star, and thus I was at cross-purposes with his meaning. And I, too, was greatly disappointed at my failure of strength, for it had seemed at first that by a sort of personal magnetism I was able, to some extent, to bring my hopes nearer ; and to improvise movements in our flight through space. So it was about the end of the fortnight that the illusion of shooting away in a projectile came to an end, and in this manner. We

suddenly turned and came very swiftly to the chapel cemetery whither my journey from London had been directed. The voice of a friend to whom I had spoken (and who had also been in some difficulties) was heard gasping " I bleed, I die ", as though he were borne away in Dr. Gillray's fearful machine : he seemed at the very fuse-point of the projectile. What lay outside could only be imagined as we descended near the chapel. The walls of the room became globular, of an indescribably ancient character. I was aware of two men's presences, Moses Greenhill and one named Adam. The friend's voice suddenly said " Raven ! " and a deep, sonorous laugh answered—the very laugh of the buried bishop. There was a flash of fire, rather upwards from the earth than down from heaven : presently the walls resumed their former shape and appearance. The guard Oatley came running down the passage and, opening my door, said confusedly :

" Do you want to get out ? We don't want to keep you."

But I answered mulishly :

" No, I will sink with the ship ! "

The bishop's deep-throated tones were heard again on the following nights, and at other times. His name was mentioned by the second doctor, Dr. Halfhead, and it seemed that he entered the place and was seen, for, though he did not appear directly to me, after his voice had been heard outside the room in which I was,

next morning some old men said that " my father had been there to find me ".

At first, as I had caught glimpses of discarded clothes, these seemed to be material adumbrations of some who might, by Gillray's enchantments, become materialized here in their dreams. Of nights, the cell grew smaller, and I dwindled with it as we descended in a spiral curve : then my body was no bigger than a glow-worm. And then we were on the point of entering nether worlds, hollow globes filled with electric light, guarded by small uniformed men, who were half-mechanical. Here sat figures, each in the sphere of his own worship, whose limits imprisoned him : and I feared to recognize them.

" The little woman in the church." These words from an ant-like guard caused me keen uneasiness. This man called his plain-clothed accomplice " Meester Nestledraught ", in a mean, nasal voice ; and this latter personage proved to be no other than the little jocular man whom I had already met several times. These two carried electric torches which seemed to project tormenting heat into the brains of those at whom they were directed. In fact electric light now became an intense discomfort to me, because it was needlessly strong, and there was no escape from it, or possible means of turning it off. The guards were quite insensible to complaints on this matter.

There were cast upon the wall, high up, a shade and a ray which suggested a hand raised, grasping a curved knife. The cause of this appearance was not evident :

and it was to my belief a sign of imminent judgment ; whenever it fell we should be annihilated. But the blow never came ; from a remnant of the self-preservative instinct I never finally and absolutely desired that it should come. Similarly, upon the end wall were rays of light, arranged as a three-sided ladder, seeming to wind gradually heavenwards. But presently, when my thoughts had grown diffuse, the precious sign broke into three wandering paths, which proved how the great moment had passed, and how we had lost the intensity of things. And then upon that wall was a blot of shade crossed with bars, which later broke into two blots, but they would never quite separate, and I strained my will to make them come apart, as if by changing this sign I could resolve the two worlds of experience whose mixture was so discordant. It was my responsibility, to that degree, that if everyone had gone away, and the place been left empty and open, I might still have stayed here to struggle with these shadows.

Now it was doomsday outside, for, looking out (as well as I could) from my narrow glass and through the window in the passage wall, I discerned men walking up and down. I said men, but these were stunted, distorted forms, which moved not as if of their own volition. The blood-poisoned sergeant was seen to hold two or three of them by the tails of their coats or by their trousers'-seats. Perhaps they really had tails ? One with a blank, fatal look stood near a wall as if waiting to be shot. No firing-party could be seen from

my station, and the man never dropped dead, but it was dreadful that he was always there, waiting. Some of the doomed beings bore grotesque likenesses to those whom I knew : it might be that in the stage of time which lay nearer Paradise their resurrection bodies lay asleep and glorified ; that only the meaner parts of their spirits inhabited these infernal shapes, till all their debts should be expiated. A great net, as of steel, drawn from the sky, magnetized their movements and kept them erect. Time had grown very stagnant. In this place there was neither north nor south, and under the doomsday-yard were electrical forces, of engines by which earth could be crumpled and concertina'd into many shapes, and the stars of heaven drawn within (as described by the Revelator), whether or not the outside world might believe it. How should people know, indeed, if they were annihilated at night and restored again the next morning ?

But many voices were heard, as though they suffered abominable torment ; and I would burst the bounds of flesh, not to be an inert witness, even to share their pain with these others.

" A just judge, in the morning," had been said here, by whom is unknown. Yet this was a faithful promise, so far as I could pray. Many times I was surrounded by threats of danger ; but when daylight returned, and at last my door was opened, the night's intense disquietudes were suddenly obliterated. The day was drugged to insensibility : its persons and its conventions puppet-like and unreal.

There were signs visible as well as signs audible. Through my glass slit fell beams or rays of light obliquely upon the side wall. They were sometimes colourless, sometimes stained with a rosy hue, or the blood-red of martyrdom, or there was a yellowish gleam which I took for a sign of pestilence.

Higher up, upon the wall over the door, printed texts or phrases appeared, somewhat as though projected from a magic-lantern : but no rays were there which might betray such means. In the dark corner the word SATAN—and from that quarter a sinister voice uttering admonitions : " To this my son I have given five talents, he has rendered me but three. Therefore, etc." Or again : " I know thy name ". Then was printed " But thou art rich ", three times, in characters of old Bible type. Another legend ran " The Murder of Abel Reversed ", then " Jesus wept ", " Death quails ". The printer's type on which these shadows were founded was, I should say, of wood, and made before 1850. The most pleasing text was in a good open-primer type : " May win Laurels ".

How many images, beautiful as well as evil, did these words excite ! On the whole, I think they were tantalizingly lovely ideas—though now and then an indecent suggestion was printed. I wondered whether " quails " was intended for a verb or a noun : and in this connection my mind wavered from images of that plague among the Jews ; and to the raising from death of the brother of Martha and Mary. Never had the faculty of visual imagination been so convincingly

active : but it was not mine : I was in the presence of high spiritual powers (if also of devils), and heavenly visions were in the ascendent.

How appalling it was when Earth seemed full of innumerable brick-makers, building the walls of hell, and the ovens ; then Earth was not a living creature, but a body embalmed and sealed in a sarcophagus. A breathless cry " Doctor winning ", then showed that Mammon (incarnate in our Gillray) had seized her bodily and was bearing her away. So Dr. Gillray was credited with powers of enchantment, of magic and geomancy—he could put time about through its past courses, and could himself take shape as a savage beast outside our walls.

Mr Nestledraught, the night guard's companion, seemed to appear, very small indeed, and almost too hot to touch, from a corner of the padded cell, and to increase in size till he was three or four feet high, then to march off with a deedy, self-important air. He seemed actually to be Pontius Pilate, released (whether by Divine Mercy, or miscarriage of justice) from Hell ; his Roman nose and his dull complexion lent colour to this suggestion.

Once as he came up out of one of the hot nether spheres, it seemed that I was in time to clap my hand down upon him and drive him back into the heat. Presently Mr Okay entered with a fried sausage and a mug of tea. Asking for mustard, which was brought, I ate and drank with satisfaction. When lo, some while after, back comes Mr Nestledraught himself, strutting

down the passage with the air of proprietor. Mr Okay looked in again to remove my plate and mug.

" Confound the little fellow ! I thought I had eaten him. That sausage, you remember ? "

Mr Okay nodded understandingly.

IV

OBSERVATIONS FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT

Rising one night, I looked through the glass slit : a clock, or a metronome, electrically worked, ticked away very loudly to the time of *Allegro vivace.* Three strongly-built passages seemed to join (for it could not be a reflection) in place of the daytime corridor ; rectangular metal chambers, successively narrowing like those of a telescope. It was clear that no one could penetrate these, unless he could make himself smaller (as, according to legend, the Devil did for Virgil). With his back to me, and necessarily rather near my glass, stood a very broad-shouldered, short old man ; his shabby black suit was unmistakable ; he had been my earliest master, but had been dead for twelve years. His hands were on his hips, his elbows spread as if in a gesture of repudiation, as though to say : " You have been the means of raising me up, and you are the Devil." This I believed : I could not call nor speak to him. Just before I disappeared he called my name raucously and peremptorily, as he had been used to do ; but I was gone, and he was left in the infernal machine.

Others who were precious to me seemed now to pass through the fire, or to be led marching (as though

to resurrection) through subterraneous journeys, and at last into confused endless mazes, which revolved as eccentric treadmills, paths within the circumference of spheres ; to which there was a sliding counterpoise (as it were of coins rolled about another way) to make their progress futile and inextricable. To these disasters had my enthusiasm led the souls of my friends.

To those outside, it may have seemed that their own actions were freely willed ; but I, upon the other side of the door, knew better. The guards marched and countermarched, exchanging keys, which they slithered to one another down the smooth-planked gallery ; and yet, try as I would, I never could quite master the principle of their step-dance. And the poor people who sat heavily and in silence on the benches sometimes rose and took positions for a ritual with brooms, for they crossed handles with each other, beginning to grin and look surprised : and thus they stood on guard before the doors, but as sentries who half-forget their motions. And so they quaintly defended an ideal bride, a virginity, a virtue.

So the meal was set in the door and presently the vessels removed again. When perturbations drew nearer, there passed a more continuous motion among the ranks without, and shaped their signs and utterance in a runic measure :

Life would win her,
Love would find her,
Death must prove it,
Faith will turn it.

As the brooms went shuffling up and down the passage, these words kept time with them :

" Faith Thomas, Teeth Thomas ; Faith Thomas, Sight Thomas. Faith Thomas, Feeling Thomas ; Death Thomas, Faith Thomas, everlasting life."

" God's anger is very terrible," said Moses.

" Weren't you in that miracle ? " asked Adam.

" He's a breadwinner," said the youngest guard.

" He won a miracle," said Gus.

" He tells the truth."

" He won the spirit."

" A Miracle Man," said the Grocer, " and faith, he wins his wife."

Moses believed I had " two wives ", and proposed that I should " sacrifice my right hand for my left." He seemed to look for omens in my eating and drinking. But he himself was consoled in his celibacy by a curious prophecy, which, as he related, had been revealed by Dr. Gillray. A slow-worm should be generated from Moses' navel, and this should be turned into a little boy.

By what means soever, we were collectively " moved in sundry places ", for we inhabited buildings of the spirit. So, without effort or conscious action, we ascended till we seemed to be high up in the walls of a cathedral, or great religious hall. This place was in the midst, as it were, of the south wall, about the height of a clerestory. Satan, Okay, and the youngest guard went up further eastward, almost to the choir, but I could not proceed further. From their situation they

hoped to see the face of the Adversary, to whom several made free reference at this time, as to one who led the way to a more heavenward state for mankind. How heavy was my flesh, that I could not go up to follow the others !

This building sprang inwards as though to a huge dome, but unfinished and impalpable, for above was grey and unsubstantial, with neither sky nor stars. The structure was, as it were, of blocks and interstices, somewhat as a great pigeon-tower, and these places were populated, as it seemed, with souls returned from death : some smoky and substanceless, but some returned in the body. An old man's hollow, reedy voice was heard singing :

" When I married a loving girl, her name was Mary Ann :
' O well-a-day : O dreary day ' was the first thing she did say.
I married a maid, I married a lass
And forthwith stayed away."

In dreariest tones he renewed his parable :

" A Miracle Man, a baker he'll be
And live for two years more."

This chanting was as of one reanimated from ashes.

Now far beneath us, Moses was seen stumbling along in his musty nightshirt, holding in his hand a paper, which seemed to be his prayer to God the Father : he passed, as it were, up steps through the rood-screen. Some other prophets followed him, having an air of solemn unconscious mindlessness, as of actors

in a ritual, whose self-consciousness is departed from them. Then a more brisk troop of uniformed guards ; lastly, some rough, untidy, astonished paupers, dazed by the greatness of this place, but on them, as they passed, a rosy light shone and faded. " He has filled the hungry with good things : the rich he hath sent empty away."

And every night there was as much manœuvring and encompassing by the guards, as among the Israelites before Jericho. We moved among strange scenes, and came into close quarters with the powers of Dis. The guards and many more, soldiers and top-hatted Victorian policemen, were drawn into circulating tunnels wherein they tramped hastily in files four deep ; for they must surround and bind the workings of the Spirit, which moved as by all-powerful geomancy, now soared, now traversed the waves and depths of the sea, and now burrowed to hell.

" Another five degrees hotter," exclaimed the brusque voice of a sergeant-major.

" The boiler will blow up ; we can't hold it much longer," answered a harsh and rusty voice, the foreman of a hard-bitten gang who tried to repair a wall of bricks which bulged and cracked.

And there were more dreadful places, walls, cylinders and coffers of iron, in which were enclosed the spirits of the more deeply damned. Only none was so closely compressed, but instants of vision, or mirage, might not be communicated to them : and so, to those spirits, heaven was in these moments. In the outer

parts within the crust, or case, of hell (which was like the armour-plates of a huge insect's body) were circles of wooden coffins standing on end, among whose remains pure spirits of mercy might flit (despite the guards) and for a little while renew the gifts of their senses.

As for the guards, their whispered runes and jingling phrases were as master-keys that will turn many locks : " No religions, lower regions, newer legions "— among the strands of meaning there was ever a circling lie. Their spells might hamper, but could never finally imprison the Spirit.

Every morning brought an unexpected deliverance ; yet it seemed with a sinister pleasure that Mr Oatley (one of the guards) made his " Good morning, all ! " sound exactly like " Good boiling oil ! "

V

UNPROVED EVENTS

Night terrors returned more sharply : sometimes they were shared with others, sometimes solitary. None could say whether this was a live shell or an express train by which all things were whirled out of time and shape, nor what were these mazy plans of passages and narrow cells whose details were now printed on the brain with such exactitude. Once the basis of life had appeared godly and simple, but now it gathered speed, range and destructive violence, as a snowball rolled from a summit grows to an avalanche, sweeping half a mountain.

" Earth's rolled out."

" Time's broken in half."

" Creation's doubled."

" Where are we ? "

" In God's wheelbarrow," then spoke a voice like the doctor's.

To Moses I seemed the small origin of these disasters.

" God is gone mad ! " he cried passionately, and then to me :

" You have broken Death ! You have broken Time ! You have troubled belief ! You have fooled

Christ ! You have confused Creation ! You fluttering little devil yew ! "

But towards morning the old man's brain went into reverse gear ; he would retract his execrations.

" He's not a little devil at all : he didn't mean to bugger up heaven and earth at all ! " And thus he extended his forgiveness as things grew better again.

There was one strange character here whose sayings made me more uneasy than Moses', for they were malicious, knowing, and inexplicable. Putting his head to the wall, he would tap deliberately and say :

" Raven ! Croaking ? Raving ! "

With that he laughed ; one could not help thinking him a conjurer.

" Thirty shillings for a pudding, 'e says, bloody black cook ! "

Somehow I had got into a long and pointed glass case (there were two or three other such cases) filled with a peculiar unnatural light. No possible way was there of getting out of this case, which nodded and tottered on the edge of a precipice : the case was somewhat flexible. A well of dizzying depth was directly behind, which seemed bottomless, it might go clean through the earth : the remoteness of the place was ghastly, the sky was darkly ceiled.

Neither will nor thought of my own possessed my mind, but an urgent, continuous and involuntary stream of thoughts and directions. Okay and the other guards sometimes circled near, upon a spiral beat, and coins passed between them : he seemed now particu-

larly willing to make a propitiatory offering of me to the Gods of Egypt or Assyria. An endless wind eddied within the well.

The impulse which governed my awareness was to be the agent of an enlargement or renewal of creation. All those who measure this universe, who guard and fix its limits, would set bounds to creative activity, deny its various increase, sterilize all life, for the protection of their servile, parasite existence. Deny and hinder the master-thought, and the purpose of each subordinate life must be denied. What individual can ever see this ?

So far as the creative principle might, it should work in me, of necessity, and with all my will ; so far as I retained and understood those forms of intelligence which I now described, they must be held secret. All those who were appointed to determine my condition were hostile to the true reality ; now they seemed terrified, now cynical, now abusive. So I learned secrets of heaven-building which were hidden from them. Yet they were building, but for their own safety ; and, on the other hand, I could not follow up with my body the pledges of my mind, nor overcome the fallacy of this dual existence.

. . . . . .

I expected to get murdered in this place ; and almost longed for it. The sounds of Hell were near, and there were enough loud and positive threats against me.

" They will spoil your beautiful body for you."

"Next time you come round this way we'll take out your eyeballs and wash 'em."

"Ha, ha, they mean it, Thomas." This was the Adversary's voice.

But still I was only beset with curses and menaces; but it was the Adversary who suffered all that there was of pain; since his Transfiguration my thoughts could hardly leave him. I prayed for him secretly and constantly by day, when rumours and whispers concerning him were always in my ears. And by night I prayed passionately and hysterically:

"O God, give peace to thy servant ******—may he be glorious! May he be glorious!"

But the Adversary could not rest nor leave me, and my prayers were turned into perversity. His voice was heard, generally laughing and full of encouragement, to go through all the nets and disappointments of these Canaanites. But sometimes he was silent, and seemed to go through torments: mocking, demoniac voices and echoes pursued him from the emptied worlds of Hell.

One night my chamber door opened and there stood Mr Nestledraught, the peak-capped guard beside him: but they stood on the ringed steps of an immense and shining hollow globe which had by some means drawn near. There was a corridor entrance to the right of my chamber, but it could only be seen from within the globe; and there, I thought, stood the Adversary. Mr Nestledraught spoke in his business-like way.

"We'll have his eyes!" But he did not mean mine.

As I looked, I saw what seemed a billiard-ball in each of his hands ; a red spark flashed between them, and he let them fall into a recess in the floor. Thereupon the Adversary's voice said lightly :

" Oh, not so bad after all ! "

These things happened so quickly that my door was locked again before I could spring forward at the two enemies, but these words pursued them from the empty sphere out of which they stepped :

" What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul ? "

More faintly, and as it were printed rather than spoken, " Two loaves and ten thousand small fishes ", which curious variation on the Bible text was interpreted as a strange transubstantiation.

And now from another direction came Dr Halfhead and another guard. The globe had disappeared, and they saw the Adversary standing still in his place.

" Why, here is ******, blind ! Thomas must pay for it."

When they entered my cell I was kneeling.

" No," said Halfhead again sadly. " We can't take his eyes, Thomas is a saint."

Now in the evenings guard Oatley used to summon his rough squad to bed with " Come along, you Oxo miners ! "

One of this party, the rude boy Hockey, remarked, as he ate his supper by the entrance of my cell :

" I work seven days a week and all night."

So when he presently spoke of " the bloody cow ", this seemed to mean that these men went out at nights to plunder and ravage the neighbouring farms.

Mr Nestledraught rather ceremoniously offered me some thick slices on a plate ; but when I accepted, Moses grumbled sardonically :

" Buttered his miracle."

Indeed, I was sorry to lose the good opinion of such as were friendly disposed towards me : at first some thought that I should bring advantage to them, but I failed their hopes. Waterloo was a fine rugged character, and showed marked respect.

" Good-day, your honourable," he would say sharply, touching his aggressive hat. But how he despised me when he found that I did not mind insults, nor contemn the feeble complainers.

" Ever heard of a Jesuit College, Dorking Street ? " he asked. And thus he counselled reticence.

After all had left the passage where they sat by day on benches or at table, except when exercising in the Doomsday yard, it seemed that the guards too ascended stairs with a solemn, reverential air. My visual mind travelled with them (for walls were no hindrance) up to the chamber which they approached, as if for worship. Most of the band halted after the first short flight of steps, others went a stage further, but none entered the sacred room. But there were disembodied forms dressed in white who went up, as I did, among them ; and in the apartment, which was close and coffered, were ancient wraiths : a Queen in a garment

of vapour-like green, and attendant spirits of her own time.

This was a high moment, and yet I was acutely distressed by the belief that a close friend (the same whom I had seen from the furnace) was struggling upwards, through infernal torments, and yet at the last, holding back to give place to what he thought was myself.

" My one chance," he seemed to say.

But all this time my friend was in sound health, and busy with his normal work. And so I was troubled with baseless doubts concerning my friends and my family, for their voices and whispering rumours were about me, full of miseries.

" Will you see your father ? " said Gillray when he came again, and :

" No ; not in here," I answered again.

The doctor was gone and an old person called Porridge said clownishly, " He will have to see the hearse," and Waterloo assented. And so, in the dim vaults of Hades there was seen to pass some such carriage and the parish bell tolled unmistakably. As I have related, I had a horror of meeting with beings in the likeness of those whom I loved : if I summoned their spirits how should they be delivered ? There were even now points where their lives seemed reflected or doubled.

" Go home ! " I cried loudly.

There was a loud and merry answering laugh : " O-ho-ho-ho-ho ! "—no other's than the Adversary's,

to my ear. But to those beside me it sounded as an echo, or thunder.

The youngest guard was a fair-haired boy of seventeen who always kept his buttons bright: he would have made a good page, perhaps a chorister.

Putting his eye to the cell's peephole, he had sight of an illusive antithesis, or obverse, to my presence; for he would say "The Adversary's Guardian Angel", "Adversary's Angel of Death", or simply "I've seen it!"

I, too, from my side of the glass, had seen strange things: the doomed people, for instance, in the yard. And once when guard Oatley made a "long nose" behind Dr. Gillray's back, his features suddenly assumed the shape of a pig's snout.

But as each guard passed he would hold his key to the glass, and thus I learned to read the signs by which they read and reckoned.

"Faith, Thomas: death, Thomas; faith, Thomas: now Thomas, you're for it."

The expected danger never quite befell, yet several times it came very close. The youngest guard underwent no Comus-change, and when he said of me, "He's a breadwinner," I probably replied, "You are still worth sixpence."

What strange and mutable things they read:

"An Archbishop at the General Resurrection."

"Parallel to the Cross of Jesus."

"He won the Spirit, but he has murdered ****** of ******."

" Why ! All this time he's been praying for the Adversary : really, he has done nothing but curse him."

The last saying did seem remarkably true, for I would have jealously saved his name from being mentioned, or thought of, if only I could. But my private thoughts were all published and profaned. Sometimes the name was made an augury for horse-races and gambling, sometimes it was a legendary hero or saint : but there were times of anxious terror, when he became a living, tormented presence, almost in our midst, and yet still on the other side of those changing mechanical obstacles within whose fences we dwelt. It was even as if these Satanic mills which ground the corn we ate were turned by sole force of that personal Agony whose inexhaustible body still fed us.

" Where is the Adversary ? " inquired one.

" In America."

" Buried alive in Arabia, waiting for the General Resurrection."

" Burnt alive in the Wall," said Okay. " But a man like that *could* die."

" Did you know him ? " I asked.

" Yes," replied Okay. " Served under him in Egypt."

There had seemed to be plagues in Egypt, and I was silent. But presently I spoke aside to an elderly man who showed a kindly spirit, one who was known as " Lloyd George ", on the strength of his appearance.

" I wouldn't let murders trouble you, my boy, not if I was you," said he.

When Oatley cut the first slice of a loaf for our meal a jet of blood spurted on to the floor-planks—yet it did not appear whence, for the guard, who noticed it with surprise, had not cut his finger. About this time, and thereafter, we heard a constant rumbling and running sound behind and beneath our chambers : a clattering and a cursing, as if little dark men wheeled metal wheelbarrows at full speed in a sunken track to the midst of our " lower regions ". Their barrows were believed to be loaded " with bleeding entrails ".

And thus was adumbrated the belief in a horrible metamorphosis. The old men had a notion about " troth " : it was tacitly understood among them that a bride was to appear—whose bride, none knew, yet there was nobody but loathed the suggestion that she should come to this place controlled by Dr. Gillray. Yet his was the hand at the wheel. He was our Captain, our Bellman ; our faith in his powers was unbounded. His finger controlled the earth's entire resources of wireless telegraphy ; he could produce human forms from vegetables, could turn himself into a beast ; he possessed Circe's glass, and could enter Hell almost with immunity. And now the spirits of those for whom we prayed could be transmuted from afar by Dr. Gillray's enchanting-glass, and " through a crystal of salt " draw them amidst us as shades of white light, or of " white fire ", according to their intensity.

Meaner spirits were attracted by our collective ritual, our runes, our eating and drinking. These spirits entered in the meat : thus was explained the

unusual cargo of the false police van, by whose crew I had been captured. This agreed well enough with my prejudice and intuition at that time.

We looked to Moses to intercede for us, though he always toadied Dr. Gillray when he was actually present. But after I had, as I thought, resisted the doctor's temptations, old Moses commended me warmly for "giving him back truth for lies". And (however this may have come about) he was several times with me in visions, and in strange places, which afterwards he remembered as clearly as did I, but not always.

The Adversary came running naked to the place where the old men ate their dinner, closely pursued by five or six guards, who seemed shrunken, in his proximity, to diminished, malignant creatures. Gaining this place, he turned, and they could come no nearer.

"Cornered! It's my birthday," he exclaimed. In either hand he led a goddess, for their steps were heard also: and I was much puzzled, as he approached, that there should be two brides.

"Which one, Thomas?" his voice inquired. The little cockatrices were upon him; I had barely time to cry "Which you will!" when he exclaimed desperately:

"Damn. Oh, murder them, Thomas!"

A mine had been laid against his coming: my chamber was pushed irresistibly backwards, and (as I lay with my feet to the door) it became a very old tomb, and my body was hardened into fossil form like a mummy of Egypt. Seven powerful explosions

sounded successively, as if in a straight line from my position. It was as though the Adversary were shot from one cylinder to the next of a series, his body recovering and being exploded, through spark-holes, at each blow to the end of time, and time's division. And then his voice was heard : " Broken ! "

VI

NIGHT EXCURSIONS

Believing as I did in the reality of this adventure, I was not, however, dissolved in grief, pity and terror. It was in fact impossible to be turned into that shape of that primitive strength and at the same time to feel any of those emotions. Immortality and indestructibility had simply been realized with a passive exultation. If, in some future life, I should have to be on the active side, it was no less certain that I should survive ; for the Adversary still survived—in what form I could not tell. I cared not in the least what had happened to the two goddesses ; nor whose spirits might have animated them. It was decidedly enough not to have to meet such beings in here, for my visioned experience convinced me of sufficient responsibility already.

These realities existed with more than the force of waking belief, so long as the mind inhabited them so fiercely that all other sense was powerless. Now I was upon a huge terraced hillside, full of tombs ; and men were lifting off the ashlar slabs which had covered them. But all the bones within were burnt, as though from inward fire, to dust and smoke ; and all those who had been dead were congregated within. A bishop beckoned, and I would follow him, but just then a

cardinal spoke, " Oh, I thought you were with us," and so again I was turned aside. One who seemed my grandfather said " Oh, Thomas ! " with disappointment.

There were other and vaster congregations also waiting ; as I passed through them their priest sometimes caught a hint not perceived by me.

" I get you ; R.C.'s to right, Presbyterians to left . . ." and so I disappeared from this enormous close-formed pattern of men. There was a church where Gillray and his servants waited for me : I barely escaped them. And there were medieval buildings, as though one walked in their aisles, by their heavy piers, and Henry VI were still alive. But in a moment I was rapt away.

Now on the fringes of a wood I nearly overtook a lovely fleeting girl : most of the wood was felled and burnt, and this dryad might yet just hope to escape the axe and fire which could not be separated from my approach.

It was the end of the earth : the end of the world. The place where we were was borne as it were on a rock or loadstone. All else rolled away and fell shapelessly, as though, contrary to the order of things, the cartridge-case was supplied with force of motion, not the bullet. Many cocks were crowing in the twilight as at the approach of day ; they were within our precincts, and we had lost the sun. The place was transformed, the rear walls becoming a curious wooden machine, an aggregation of boxes whose lids flapped

successively as if a series of unseen spirits, like insects, were constantly emerging and drifting back on our path. They seemed creative principles, but now powerless in the disintegration of the system. Yet there was still a wisp of comfort; an ash-bough in leaf, which grew upon the brick wall, and was still heard in the wind after the cocks had fallen silent.

"So there may still be life," I told myself.

Within, all the chambers of darkness were square and small; the clock still ticked persistently. Where its face should be, these words appeared, printed in small letters on the void:

Time ends.

Yet for me there was an appreciable pause, then:

Earth falls dead.

Some of the crew were overhead with Gillray, for the rooms, as well as having diminished, were transposed and concentrated.

Our course was now attracted violently at an angle of 50° from the direction we had pursued. We were aware of new aspects of the constellations, of strange and beautiful arrangements.

After holding on this course for somewhat longer than on our former direction, there seemed to be exercised on us some lines of force which could be felt in the vibrations of our structure. Then we spun into a new direction, towards a part of the universe which was lit as it were with dim red fires. The plan of space was

very well defined, and for its perception the sense seemed extended, so that dimensions could be realized, relations of time and speed, which are not ordinarily dealt with even by astronomers.

Lastly, we turned through another acute angle and so returned almost at once to the position wherefrom we had started. After a while the daylight appeared and things again wore their common aspects, as though these changes had never been.

There were other excursions and journeys in the earth and through the ocean, to narrate which would be tiresome : distinct and indubitable as they were to consciousness. For all was poisoned and thwarted by our machine : when we entered the delicate unpolluted parts of the furthest seas, there were Yankee guards who drew off the water through powerful pumps, and so controlled our movements ; exhausting the old and perfect creations. And, too, the walls of the chamber again changed form and aspect : becoming elongated and cylindrical, then tunnelling irregularly upwards as though through the earth. Now there were shades on them like the rusty scales in a boiler chimney, and now like raw rubber, or thick mud and slime ; as if they passed through millennial wells of enchantment founded by ancient necromancers.

Sight and touch were calm ; yet such was their evidence.

Then the sound of the Adversary's rushing feet and brilliant laughter was heard again : it was as though nothing could stop his way, and although these sounds

which came to me were my only means of intelligence, the purpose and necessity of these movements grew presently to a clear shape. His race through the inner spheres and labyrinths was a necessity: the old creations were purged and cleared: and it was he who should now redeem the Troth. Meantime there were counter-noises of Gillray and his band; by their Chaldean rites they would deceive Truth's purposes, or turn aside the energy for their own ends.

The empty boxes of old creations echoed with the Adversary's name, with mocking echoes of laughter, as in each place his body seemed to be thrown from end to end; always he picked himself up and continued laughing, and knocking down whatever next obstruction was in the way. Sometimes we were near him in America, or on ships, where he was assaulted by villains; or again heard and seen (for walls were no obstacles to the sight) rushing through labyrinths and unbarring the shuttered dead. But the passages were vast, the guards many, and the entrances few. So his voice was heard:

"No more keys!"

"No more nails!" lastly: "Only tacks!" Such clues did he leave on his journey. He seemed almost to outrun time: and we knew that he moved in several bodies, so that his life could migrate almost immortally. And so he was seen as a future avenger; for neither time nor place limited our collective mind: the years were seen, as it were, in layers, one upon another, and in different lights. And in one of the latter years, all

the earth was desolated, as mud ploughed by shells—many high wooden crosses were there: a white multi-mammian woman came forth. The only other living being was an ancient black devil with horns, a tail, and many eyes; and he would have captured the Woman, but the Adversary (like Perseus) came burning through the air with a furious sword of flame in his hand.

And so it was seen that life must survive, and be renewed to greater perfection; through disasters, disintegration, and monstrosities. Lives which we now knew were seen in future and in past tenses, and man was purged by the destructive means which he had invented. And in how many forms had truth appeared and been denied? Time rolled back, and Gillray's voice (for it was he who set the watch of time) cried out:

"She was burnt as a witch in the seventeenth century."

So then a woman's figure was seen to fly high up in the air, as though from a molten, cindery place, over a landscape of hills, marsh and forest of wild beauty.

And a famous warrior was thrown up from the tomb, horse and all, one dark night; so the doctor's secretary was heard whispering inside:

"He will have to meet the Duke!"

But some of the dead were better able to protect themselves. We came to a place where three poets' graves appeared, and would have examined them. Back there came printed words, *A Perfect Dream*, and a vision. A landscape of grass meadows, in America,

where there were fowl-runs of wire netting; and a lettered sign to the effect that ten cents per person was the price for sleeping here. Near by was a tall white mill. But when some people who had travelled hither with bicycles went in to rest, a whirlwind approached, the mill was shaken from its foundations, and its timbers like a pack of cards involved with the netting, which unfortunately covered the ground, and so those within were enclosed with it, and disgustingly distorted as the wire and the planks spindled out upon the tempest. This was a more horrid threat, and not less convincing, than our doomsday.

I never knew till now what visions were: whatever horrible suggestions came from some of them, they were never less than wonderful: a rarer air and light, far more exquisite colour, and a completeness of grandeur was with them. And this may, in part, have been a natural compensation for this mean and ill-smelling place, and the deprivation of nature and sunlight; but it was more like the first enjoyment of a new faculty. From what hidden signs are the seeds gathered from which such flowers bloom on the mind's vision? Are they written by the stars on pebbles; or could a power of magnificence have been reflected from the untouched transfiguration?

Nestledraught and Halfhead were occasionally companions in nocturnal adventure. Dr. Halfhead talked a good deal about "the Book", which I took to be a record of necrology: but, try as he would, he could not bring the ancient forms of faith to clear and

separate order. Just when they were seen to be most perfect and complete, they burst like bubbles, and again there was impurity and confusion. So Dr. Halfhead tried to observe and record all my movements exactly, as if some symbolical significance could be attached to them all.

" I *will* be a King," he read, and looking in on me, surprisingly remarked : " But he has lost his face."

These two explorers, after encountering strangest portents, had proof that there was, for them, no perfect good nor perfect evil. They had conscientiously tried to hold a just neutral balance. But neither angels nor demons could be withheld from commingling ; even saints in their perfection might not be effectually segregated. It must be, therefore, the Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

" It's in the Book," said Dr. Halfhead innocently.

How had the chambers of Heaven been ravished and defiled ! But after traversing most difficult places, Dr. Halfhead and Mr Nestledraught emerged, just above the place where I was, in an enchanted little island full of tiny trees and rocky vales. It was before sunrise, and when the sun came up out of the sea, it was very small, so that the day was not fully bright. But this, I felt, was indeed the Morning Star : but I could not climb out to where these two men were, though I could see as if I were beside them. Both had become very tiny.

" This is America," said Halfhead, " and it's lovely. What shall we do ? "

But they missed their chance of plunging into that miraculous sea ; and soon these two trap-door spiders were received again into the dun galleries from whence they had emerged.

Often in these nightly tunnellings there were discovered near at hand entrances from the grave to the world, ways into dewy shrubberies and closed gardens. The fleshless spirits came panting up to reach them : but these could no more quite escape from darkness than could I.

One night above my cell window the Pleiades burned with a strange red intensity. Furious to get out, I made a roll of my mattress, balanced it in the corner and used it as a means of leaping up to catch the central window-bar. Presently I knelt in the window, and almost believed that I could force myself through the part that was open—but the sound had aroused suspicion. Mr Nestledraught entered with four or five companions ; the tallest seized a foot, and they all heaved, presently dragging me heavily to the floor. The passage walls were seen to move as a curved rolling screen as we passed to a lower cell, and there I was left with neither mattress nor clothes.

The cell which I occupied moved from place to place and (such was my senses' evidence) sometimes changed in shape. Day and night were confused, at times they rapidly alternated : at other times, afternoon seemed as if it would never end. On one of these long afternoons I grew aware that preparations were being made for something like a Masonic ceremony.

Presently my chamber moved forward and downwards, passing by several dusty rooms, each empty save for a long table and chairs, and each with a forlorn air as though unvisited for many years. Some great thing was expected: a public sign or miracle. The door opened, I came out and was upon a high platform, high up, and as I thought, at the back of that temple to which I had first been brought.

In my confusion I could not see to what extent this place was visible to the crowd within. For motor-cars had arrived with electric speed: the place had instantly filled; a multitude of voices was suddenly hushed.

Dr. Halfhead stood over me; what seemed a penknife was in his hand; he spoke rapidly and in a low voice:

"It will be over in a moment: you will hardly feel anything."

Whereupon, suddenly realizing that he was to make a human sacrifice, I recovered power of action and defended myself. There was a muffled report as of a gun, or a powerful spring released, and something shot upward through the open space above the congregation. A priest's voice was heard saying, "The Miracle Man walked with God and was not, for the Lamb took him."

Among some wondering voices in the hall below, this remark floated up:

"Well, I didn't notice anything."

The people melted, the doors of the hall slid together on the darkness; and again I was in the

locked cell, which place returned to its position, stilting upwards in successive steps past the same rooms; not so much empty now, as peopled with disappointment.

Oh, why had not the sacrifice been made? And then the company of shades, fathers of many generations, who were in this mystery, could at this hour be reembodied, and taste bread, in company together.

Thus the possibilities of a defeated moment are seen, when too late, to have been miraculous. It appeared clearly to me how these ancestral presences, at first large and indistinct shadows, should condense to solid little beings of flesh and blood, the oldest no bigger than hop-o'-my-thumbs, when they should eat the fragments that should be set for them.

And now the ordinary company were again seen through the glass; Adam, Moses, Gus, Boiler, Waterloo, and rude Hockey. They sat dejectedly, and a deathly, scrofulous aspect was on them. Bald-headed Okay, and the guard Oatley, who was sharpening a long knife, seemed thwarted and vindictive. Not doubting of my spiritual virtue, I called aloud:

"Let me out, and I can heal you!"

But none answered nor paid attention. When bread was brought, I could not eat it.

It was towards the end of the Doomsday phase; and now it seemed that the fiery air and the trees without were full of fighting spirits. My narrow wall-rays from the glass slit showed swords and burning crosses, flames and blood, beside long pure gleams of silver

white, like motes glancing from water. By these, the earth-born ranks were stormed and destroyed, or purged in pain and splendour. I shouted, danced, clapped my hands together and sang ecstatically, while the inspiration possessed me. Nor did events seem afterwards to contradict this reality: those who moved in the yard were fellow men, not bestial counterfeits. They were not under doom of the fierce Archangels, but pity and mercy moved among them. A clearer spirit of normality had settled on the place.

What was sometimes maddening was that these men who held the keys against my companions and myself varied their sanctimony with brutal and obscene words; and yet their least evidence sufficed to prolong our confinement.

One night Dr. Halfhead was in the passage, muttering something about "Operation shortly".

There was a table ready, with a china wash-basin and a towel, but Halfhead moved away as though he were "not feeling quite like it".

These were sinister beginnings. Presently Dr. Gillray's voice was uplifted, distorted with greedy rage; he sang jeeringly in tones of gramophone-like quality:

"Old soldiers never die, they only fade away."

It was indicated by signs of light, that life did, indeed, not move in an everlasting and perfect circle, but in fading spirals: but as this seemed Gillray's notion, I set all my will to deny it. The doctor was as

conscious of my opposition as if he had a telephone-receiver to my head, and he turned his gibes on me.

" Thomas's father is a miner in Egypt," he began ; there were many unaccountable comments on " Thomas major and Thomas minor " ; he seemed to bounce his ideas as a rubber ball on an elastic string. " But we can't beat the ghost of Thomas minor."

I took this to be an actual white appearance, and one which I entered in my visions ; and I thought it likely that in this way much confusion had been wrought in Heaven and Hell.

Now the interior of the place seemed blown out, like an immense theatre. I was high up, as though in the wings : the audience was invisible, and so was the doctor, for he was within, on my left, high up in the stage. And I thought he had grown to be five or six times his ordinary size.

" I want your forehead," he bawled, and then at the far end of the place, I saw electric lights, or glowing wires stretched parallel, with occasional points of intensity, converging in a distant high perspective.

" A certain lady whom you are interested in shall come here and have tea with me ; I know you add milk in your tea," he said ; " and then I will make you both climb up the electric wires."

I thought that a powerful cine-camera took a photographic record of this scene, for some such instrument was focused on me, and its effects remained for some weeks afterwards. At any rate I was in this gallery and in this horrible presence, and my part was

the miserable one of a feeble, half-paralysed victim. Finding words, I said :

" I have been promised to come before a just judge ; and if you are he, no doubt the judgment is a just one. Will you therefore visit it only on me, and on no innocent person beside ? "

The forces were withdrawn at length, and I struggled to dominate my brain once more. But it felt like a nut parched by hot sand, and I could not do much with my thoughts. A voice whispered :

" They have taken a photograph of your *mind*, Thomas."

" Hard lines ! " said a merry laugher.

The only Just Judge that ever I met here was the sun ; and he returned next morning to shine on the just and the unjust ; and I was let out with the other patients for a spell in the exercise-yard.

The following evenings those who slept along the passage guarded the fort against Gillray ; even Okay was leagued with us. Moses, Shepherd and Adam held silent concentration of faith ; and no evil being might approach.

It was presently proved to me, by a small accident, how very slight my endurance actually was. As I sat in the small chamber on whose walls were stained and scratched the tormented figures, there was a sudden splitting sound between the two panels which formed the end of this chamber, and an oblique jet of brown liquid was spurted over me. One of my fingers had been scored by some sharp particles, otherwise there was no

damage, but stains on my clothes. But next morning the finger was inflamed, and though I washed it, it became worse. Okay tied it up, but when the rag was taken off, an ugly state was revealed, such as I had never seen, nor any of the guards.

Moses said " Gillray ! " and I will admit I thought it might have been done purposely. Dr. Halfhead was passing.

" Cut it off ! " I said.

" No ; I don't feel quite like it," was his reply.

And this was just as well ; for Oatley brought disinfectants (which had seemed unknown in this place) and thenceforth it healed cleanly.

It was impossible to share with anyone the great thing which had happened on that morning in the police cell. When I began to be allowed into the exercise-yard, there was a man in whom I soon felt some confidence. His name was Gregory ; he had been a teacher of mathematics. He was depressed by these surroundings, and we exchanged a few half-hearted confidences. But presently he kept strictly to commonplaces, just giving me a friendly nod and a word, as the guards did. And this was not to be wondered at, for I soon found that the sequence of events which I tried to describe was hopelessly jumbled. I attributed words to men which they denied to have uttered, and I told of visions as if they were real things of intense importance. Old Waterloo sharply signalled me to silence, more than once, and he was no fool. When we met upstairs, and no one standing near, he showed me,

with a wink and a grin, a copper wire coiled in his hat.

" By this," I thought, " he receives and transmits his telepathies."

There were grey, dusty, vaporous chambers of death : in these and through their dim partitions we moved slowly and in order, as folk who travel by means of a ritual. So vast seemed the spaces we inhabited, within and below the earth, that by day the landscape, now seen from the high windows, was green and Lilliputian. If a cart appeared, it had become tiny, and moved incredibly slowly. Once a white wraith came up from the ground, as far as to its middle, and slowly sank again : well I knew the head and shoulders of Bishop Raven, and the tears were in my eyes. Beside me a man stood facing the window, uttering an incessant torrent of abuse and obscenity. He had not seen what I saw : he was fighting and cursing many more wraiths unseen by me, which came up to the glass windows as swallows beating on a lighthouse lantern. A lopped hedge and a silent pillar of autumn smoke were no mere signs of hedge brushing and bonfires ; they were necessary and measured sacrifices of Baäl. It was still convincing that all things knew of a mathematical necessity ; this I could believe and partly see, but its comprehension escaped me.

All seemed balanced " on the top of the world " ; to each least movement there were compensating reciprocals, so that the fall of clippings of hair perceptibly disturbed our equilibrium. When, at dinner, the

black-trousered attendants stood in silence, with white napkins outspread, it seemed a sign of death.

" All his relations murdered."

Though hushed, we ate the food of Mammon indifferently ; indeed, I accidentally quaffed a mug of milk that was set for the aged pensioner beside me. How grave and impressive men become ; how their looks improve when they never speak, I thought. At the close of the meal Mr Nestledraught bustled in, and formally proffered an envelope with these words :

" Faith, he wins the letter."

I took it incredulously, and could hardly bring myself to open it, lest some old prophet should croak :

" Curse him, curse him ; he has broken the letter ! "

During the past weeks the perversity of things had been overwhelming ; my accustomed state of mind was a paradox ; my clear trust in the superior power of good (which was always dominant in Miss Firestone's presence) had weakened and failed, for I expected the evil thing to happen. I wished no more to be above, or different from, the silent men amidst whom I sat. Nor did I longer loathe the spirit Sarcastic ; for my thoughts moved unresistingly in the path of his promptings. But Moses Greenhill, who knew well the mastering realities of vision, had said one morning :

" They can come back, just as they were before you lost them : they are put back to life."

And so I broke my letter. My lady hoped I would soon be well, and would write to her. It had been a splendid October. The simple, warm-hearted words

were suffused with the magnificent colour of loving-kindness. But to answer them was beyond my powers. Several afternoons were devoted to the compilation of a long jumbled screed, complaining of spiritual deadlock ; of obstacles laid in the way by necromancy and geomancy, of miracles (in which my part suddenly appeared contemptible), and including, too, some account of bodily metamorphoses, and spiritual possibilities not known to the Anglican communion. Wrong-headed, self-centred, unbelievable, and unbearable : so I found it upon revision. I could not answer her at all ; for I could neither prove nor deny what had happened to me, neither could I have two standards of reality.

Now I sought to realize her presence spiritually, as one who would be suitor for a mystical marriage. I would trace her influence in many here, whose simplicity she had taught me not to despise. It rejoiced my heart to pick up scraps of coloured pattern, or to be shyly shown an attempted design, by some inarticulate fellow whose inner life was written, as it were, in a language half-unknown. Yet here, I believed, there shone a ray of her cherished mind-sight.

How jealously I wished that no one here should know of her ! I nearly made myself believe that none here had spoken her name, knew who she was, where she lived, what she cared about ; but I was belied by many whispered words and circling lights.

Dr. Gillray appeared as the controlling destroyer of this place, a great spider at the centre of his web, whose

"WE ATE THE FOOD OF MAMMON"

machine was sensitive to every electric vibration, every movement of thought ; the children of light were lured by him into an unknown snare. Some said that these were murdered, but the servants of this place said they were suicides. I believed that they died, and were really martyred ; but that their spirits lived, and that their efforts brought into existence the Heavenly City.

One night (my room being now changed for a better and more private one) the door was opened and a man entered. He was a fine, red-haired Airman in uniform. He touched my bed earnestly as if he had a message, then withdrew without a word. I was incapable of following ; to this day I have no idea who he was : but then I thought he had gone straight into the murderous trap. And there I lay weak, white and silly ; unable so much as to think of a word which could have saved him.

VII

"BOOTS ON, GENTS!"

At long last (it seemed to be only through the lapse of ages) it was judged that my condition improved. Some garments were brought, which I recognized with surprise as my own, wondering how they could have survived the destruction of the rest of the normal world. So I now began to take periods of exercise in the yard, and here I met some men whom I liked, or who seemed good; and others whom I avoided. Such likings and aversions were partly reciprocal; with a few men I could soon speak comfortably, and there were about as many enemies, who cursed or ridiculed me. "Why is thine eye evil against me, because I am good?" was my attitude; but towards them, and to some others, I kept silence, for there were such as might exchange a nod or glance, but who preferred to be left alone.

One man, who had been a grocer, was importunate. As he had used to sit in the passage within, gnawing his fingers, with haggard eyes and erect white hair, he had seemed to be a fearsome shipwrecked mariner turned cannibal. Now this Lazarus would lay hold of my coat and entreat me:

"Shall I ever see my Saviour, sir? No sir; I want to see Jesus."

He got rather a bad time from the guards, whom he sometimes worried : it was more agreeable, however, to hear him imitate one of them in his rich and loud rustic voice, crying " All aoutsoide ! " at the corner of the exercise-ground, then immediately lapsing into his terrified hypochondria.

" I'm dead ! " he cried again, if anyone went to touch him.

There was a former school teacher, named Gregory, with whom I began an acquaintance. He was very modest, and clearly a man of ability ; he did not know why he had been brought here, nor by what means he might hope to get away.

" Wouldn't this be a fine morning to take a walk to Cambridge ? " I said, looking at the ten-foot wall ; and he agreed. It might have been possible to a vigorous man in very active health, though there were always four or five guards with us, who had keys of a gate : but it was of no use for me to expect freedom by that way.

Of the men who thus tramped the yard, one could guess but little of the inner life and thought. Their forced idleness, or else their incapacity for work, made them types of simplicity : yet this seemed partly compensated by their intensity of subjective experience, if such it might be called, that had such splendour and vivid meaning. After each morning's repetition of silent meals, some brushing of the rooms, the steward's command, " Boots on, gents ! " the round of exercise, " All inside ! " with authority, followed by our gloomy and silent dinner.

It was so very hard, by day, to concentrate on any piece of occupation, no matter how little. Playing draughts soon grew painful, and games would be left unfinished, letters begun, but they wandered into complaints of witchcraft and malpractice, and were destroyed in self-disgust, or for fear that some of the doctors, reading them, might think the worse of one's condition.

And yet, all night long, with what rapt intensity would the mind concentrate on the new existence which was opened to it, returning, sometimes with conscious difficulty, to material necessities when day was renewed. Then it must crawl again, as feebly and ineffectually as ever. Indeed, we lived in several different lives : three, I should say. First, the unreal one wherein we ate, and wore our boots ; second, the collective night life, wherein guards and inmates were together engaged in worship, in seeking journeys and encounters, through strange chambers, now beset by demons and spirits, now among the hushed mazes of the dead. Thirdly, the life of solitary, supreme experience, where a vision being worked up for, as to a climax, would be vouchsafed marvellously yet momentarily—seeming almost always to be betrayed by an involuntary movement of the brain, to some spiritual enemy who was ever on the watch. Indeed, there needed no speech for spiritual communion. The thoughts of those who lay near by were heard, audibly and continually. If one would speak a sentence, it was necessary only to articulate it distinctly, and so it was unfailingly

transmitted. Powers, indeed, spoke through one, as with their own voices, independently of one's conscious will: their words came at moments of crisis, and were the fewest and strongest that could rightly direct the intensities.

As to the visioned creations, these were of finer, thinner stuff than iridescent bubbles, in all the details of their forms more minute and miraculous than anything upon earth. Indeed, they would have had little significance, had they been such as could conceivably have been provided, or invented, from the experience of a human lifetime. There were small suns and strange twilit worlds of lakes and islands—not conceived as spinning balls, like our earth, but having definite yet changeable limits, as drops of oil which float on water. Planets, with their peculiar signs, came near, the sun was broken, and the face of the earth was changed, the landscape was never so enchanted. An ancient cave, passage, or hollow ladder, seemed to connect new earths; perhaps this was such as Jacob saw, for it was an image of remote antiquity. Other conceptions were sometimes very simple, as if symbolic: a tomb or oven built with bricks arched over the opening, two narrow bricks locking the arch. "I have given you seven loaves," said the voice of that ancient baker. These were gifts of the spirit, for which I should be called to account.

Then there were dreams, or visions, of persons, to whom I was, as it were, a messenger of the Transfiguration; the means, though not the intelligence, for I

conveyed more than my mind knew. There were (at different times) three girls, whose eyes took a message through such meetings, which seemed, especially with the first, a physical change. Her left eye (she was twelve or fourteen years old) was turned over until it was quite white ; not through my own will or magnetism, but by some irresistible means which was exercised through me. The second girl was younger. She ran towards me from a clump of free-growing laurels where she had been playing, her eyes blazing with inspiration. With the intensification of an agony, the Will said to her through me : " Tell the truth, or you are not *at home* ! " The third was more like a fairy —a small elusive being, with a likeness to that clergyman's daughter who was my first teacher. She only winked or squinted with the right eye, and tripped away.

Then there were two other women, whom I seemed to recognize. They were normal individuals—met in a café which overlooked a magnificent lake, with rocky shores. One was saying to the other, " Well, this is Heaven, if anything can be ! " The light was exquisitely clear and bright. At that moment a thought (or a disturbance not definable by me) passed from the centre of my forehead to the speaker's mind ; I exclaimed involuntarily, " Oh damn, I wish I hadn't done that ! " then noticing a sinister waiter who came up behind her carrying plates, and who was aware of what had passed before I vanished.

The last such incident of this class occurred more

than a year afterwards, when I was at another place, which I shall call The Groves. In some far northern country (whether in China or Scandinavia I know not) were three boys bathing among rocks, in a dim light. One of them, being intensely realized, the following words were spoken to him through me: "Fine man, you'll a ring make, you will."

Once a messenger questioned me what should be done, during my absence, "with my children". The reply was instant and impersonal: "Be kind to them and don't teach them anything."

My room was changed to better quarters once or twice. But when freedom and sanity loomed in view, seeming only a matter of a short time, I managed always, through excitement or exasperation, to commit some violent act or speech, whence it resulted that I was put back in the same mean hole as at first, not without jeers and contempt. For this reason my narrative must seem broken and unprogressive. In the exercise-yard the clock stood without movement. The sun seemed to travel backwards for a part of the day, as heavy aeroplanes flew in parallel lines overhead—till no doubt could be left that this walled square of ground was magnetized from within, and that its orientation could be altered independently of earth's rotation.

Moses had indeed told me, and I was rationally convinced, that however all things might seem to be destroyed, changed, or ground to pieces, all could be restored by God to its former shape, indeed to existence

of greater beauty: that life, as well as truth, could be born again from ashes. It might be so, indeed it appeared so ; yet were not many hands here preparing by day for the terrible programme of the coming night ?

During some three months there appeared in this place but one clergyman. He wore full clerical dress, but was distracted ; he was seen through a glass window, from the exercise-ground, in a small room filled with brown-backed volumes. He clapped his hands desperately, threw his arms about, and talked incessantly to himself; as if distracted by the task of adjusting theology to make it fit the shape of new events in the spiritual world.

Near by, in the yard, was an outlying room or penthouse, within which were many squared posts, like those seen in the back of a church organ. Here could be seen, through the window, an intent, ant-like man whom we knew as Mr Darvil ; who was intently manipulating this mechanism. Mr Gregory and I supposed that he was printing such texts as were shadowed on the cell walls : he seemed to have power through it, and to summon men and spirits by name.

Twice there appeared to my sight, though only momentarily, phantasms of great serpents ; the first was coiled beneath a tree, and just beginning to move —it seemed fully as large as a python. The second was much larger, and of a cool metallic green, whereas the first had a reddish cast. These appearances conveyed a symbolic idea to me ; the interpretation was as instantaneous as the vision. Yet as I could not at once

believe that these glimpses were not shared by my companions, I was also under the belief that they too could read their meaning.

Mr Okay, seeing me agitated, used to call out in his red-faced, thick way :

"Come here, Thomas; I want you."

"Why?"—not moving.

"Never mind why: I want you here."

And there were always half a dozen ready to serve his turn, and if necessary to make a scuffle.

But to be just to Okay, though I had something of an aversion to him, he never minded my singing; and the corrugated iron shelter outside had powerful acoustical properties. I thought that loud, clear singing helped to purge the place; for there were too many stale and sickly mutterings, as there was a sickly and uncleansed latrine here : and had I possessed any virtue it should have been spent as disinfectant. As I sang, some people seemed to shrink, and some to grow larger.

Now Okay set up a ladder against the wall and pushed a stick along the gutters, clogged with leaves; but his movements were so deliberate that he seemed engaged in a ritual.

"What is there, other side of that wall, Okay?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing? There must be some ground or something!"

"No there ain't : there's nothing. It all stops with this wall."

VIII

"TEA UP, CARRIERS!"

We must have appeared a dull, gloom-struck crew: and yet it seemed that a common sense of special conditions united us, as must have happened in the communities respectively entrusted to Noah and to Moses, and to other individual deliverers of nations. Our Judge was Dr. Gillray, and our superstitious faith in his powers was unlimited; but it was rather fear, for he delivered us from what we desired, and might doom or damn us as seemed good to him. At my first coming here, there was an eclipse; the rains were torrential, and to think of the Flood was not therefore unnatural. Though we might not follow and understand one another's spiritual experiences, we could at least mention them, and occasionally find a willing hearer. And among such, the old man whom we called Moses was a true mystic, for he believed in the unity of experience; that, however it might take different forms to individuals, there was one Truth, of which all forms are patterns and parables. To him, dreams were as real as waking truths: such they well may be, to men whose lives are passed in confinement.

Adam was another character of intense religious convictions; his was a mind plain-swept and garnished.

His devotions, his Biblical symbols, were like well-made cottage furniture of scrubbed deal timber : and he was a small shrunken man, rather hunchbacked : of honest simplicity throughout. Some dwarfed, knobby crab-apple tree had grown near by his birthplace, and he had grown like it. Gazing out from our grey waiting-room, at the walled plot and autumnal sycamore, he said, " The True Cross is burned down from the Morning Star." Might not this solemn conviction be truth ; for all Earth was under Mammon's power, and what could not be done with unlimited electrical force ? " If such things be done in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry ? " The dry tree was the electrical " grid ". Those sights which appeared to Adam were not so clear to me—yet it seemed that a rude doll, similar to those which are found in some Latin churches, was placed beneath the sycamore.

In the alcove a paraffin lamp burnt with a small naked flame : this was a devotional lamp, and stood for my candle, and here, on benches padded with horsehair, sat the members of our crew. Their names were Moses, Adam, Gus, Shepherd, the Grocer, the vulgar boy Hockey, and one who called himself Porridge, who seemed most like an Elizabethan buffoon. The end of this seat was usually held by Cranmer, a poor old, almost dumb man whose right hand was crippled ; his likeness, reflected in the curved glass panes at the corner of Mr Okay's store-room, appeared smoky, obscured and ghostly : it was a secret ikon.

Between us who formed the lay part of a congrega-

tion of spirits and dreams, there was little social cordiality. Some smoked, and all ate as a social act : but few spoke, and this was well ; for words were obscene or incomprehensible. Yet it has since seemed that there was amongst us more spiritual unity than between the members of some chapel communities. All were tolerated and no one made pretence to superior morality. This could not pretend to be one of the show gardens of Paradise, but rather it was one of its tangled hedge-banks, to whose extravagance even weeds add richness, and are appropriate.

In the evenings, when the long passages were illuminated, an emotion returned which one well remembered having felt at school. So much discipline, such intense idleness, so little hope of anything to show for the precious time, or to compensate for what one missed, being prevented from all romantic wandering out of doors. Never was it worth while ! No brain that was half as good as mine had ordered it ! And things perversely prevented one from the normal compensation of such environment, from setting forth quietly and in clear order the best work that one's mind could produce. I must write for someone, and so would address a letter to Clarissa. But what I had to say was of religion, of transfiguration, of oppositions of witchcraft, and of all the new worlds or ancient worlds among which I was now a voyager. It was only distressing and unhelpful, less manly even than the ordinary trivial letters written by condemned murderers ; for such I really felt myself to be.

Not a little to my shame, I had not the spirit, at first, to make drawings of my companions. I was mindful, in a self-excusing way, of what had been set forth by Moses and by Mahomet, as touching pictorial representation, and I knew of more modern saints, whom I loved, who had found no place in the true life for art. Whatever dispensation might be left open to me, I must enter as a beggar ; and I can no more make picturesque outlines of these old " characters " than the true image-worshipper can bear the sketching of his idol.

Mr Sunman, lately of Brill, was truly a godfather to me in this place. He brought me a cup of tea every afternoon, and sometimes a piece of cake ; I could do nothing in return. He wore a very curious hat, and beneath it was a countenance in character with his heart of gold—such gold, one might fancy, as very ancient coins are made of, which bear the image of some forgotten tyrant. This man was mainly cheerful, but he used to say that what he most wished was that they would let him visit his wife's grave.

Then there was a little grey-headed man with pale grey, startled eyes, who always went in and made my bed very carefully. He had been a farm worker, and seemed to carry with him something clear and natural, like a sheepfold, or frosty haystacks. Once he seized me and kissed my forehead impulsively.

Among us each action, whatever substance we ate, had its proper symbolical meaning. Therefore one might wish not to eat in here, or to avoid some par-

ticular food, in the hope that it might still be reserved for one's use among the blessed, but there was no refusing these simple and fearing men when they begged one to share the meal " for their sakes ".

When an old man (silently thought of as " Cronos ") threw crumbs to the sparrows out of the window, his action seemed a sacrament. " Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing . . ." His speechless spirit, which was so nearly disembodied, could be easier conceived to be a living part of nature, not yet freed, than a spark soon to be extinguished among the dust and shadows within.

Yet at the head of the table, old Waterloo, whose live eye sparkled as from a brown figurehead, chumbled his fried onions (whence bought is unknown) with a grin and nod at old Cronos, who coughed and retched as though the onions cursed him physically. " These are earth-gods ; and natural food, roasted in here, must vex them because it brings diseases on the wholesome crops," I thought.

It was the delusion of my invalid mind : yet it matched the colour of those ideas which clung about this place, and the silent unguessed aspects in whose company I sat.

" They eat the Troth," said one. The man next me broke his bread across and across, laying the pieces together like bricks : and thus did I also, as though it were a ritual. A guard said grace over our meal.

Then my parents brought me apples, and a gingerbread which one of my family had baked. But, though

cheered by the sight, I could not eat it, nor break it among these who were here : it had to go home. The apples I gave away freely. But Adam looked doubtfully at his fruit :

" Apples ! You know what that stands for in the Bible, perhaps ? "

Oatley had not been a bad sort of fellow, after all.

" Going then, all right ? " he asked.

" Thank heaven, at last ! "

He shook his head. " We thought you was very ill when you come here," said he.

PART III

PUT BACK

His mates had arts to rule as they desired,
  The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
  "And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
  When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

The Scholar-Gipsy.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I

"TOO NEAR FOR KINDNESS, AND TOO KINDLY NEAR"

So I was to leave this place, wherein (impossible as it seemed) my sojourn had been of less than five weeks' duration. In this time there had been distinguishable states of consciousness, like rooms which open one into another. There were intensities of vision and of responsibility, directing of many thoughts: the common objects of waking life afforded the most tranquil state of mind, for there was no passive, unconscious sleep whatever. In my last days here glimpses of autumn light in the trees, of blue rooks and green-and-spangled starlings had brought a longing for free and open country, for which I was even ready to sell my paradise of visions, mixed as they were with apprehensive terrors, disturbed and stolen by the servants of oblivion. It was proposed that, to complete my recovery, I should join a friend who was cutting timber in Essex: no kinder nor more sympathetic invitation could have been given, as I realized whenever I was not excited by the recurrence of urgent, desperate impatience.

My father was in Dr. Gillray's ante-room as if for an ordinary visit: in his company was John Archer,

who was the more welcome that he had been most convincingly the victim of Dr. Gillray's snares, in a recent nightmare. Word of their arrival had been brought to me as I was about to sit down to dinner among the grave company of old men upstairs, from whose silent presence I went out as one who is recalled to another world. As I passed another dinner-room downstairs, it crossed my mind that there were many countrymen here whose only work in this place was to eat bread, carrots and stew.

Mr Nestledraught was in the passage.

" Do you want to see the Colonel ? " he asked.

No reply.

" All right, Past Master."

Dr. Gillray's quarters were rich, almost splendid. Indeed there was a solid expensive style about what might be called the reception-rooms in this place. In the lower passage, and in the yard, we had lived as paupers and criminals ; our furniture and vessels had been plain, of mean appearance, yet serviceable and well-made. But in this club-room, or country guest-house atmosphere, I felt ill at ease : and I had rather treat with the poor men, even the stupid ones, than with the prosperous managing director, his secretary and subservients.

" What do I owe you ? " I asked Dr. Gillray in my father's presence.

" Oh, nothing," he rejoined ; " in fact I think we are rather in your debt ; the charrges are all settled with your faythe r."

" Have you a swimming-bath in this place ? "

Dr. Gillray laughed. " No, we have nothing of that sort here, only the exercise-yard of which ye have perhaps already had enough."

" Can I walk home instead of travelling by car ? "

" No : there is no other way for ye to go, but to go in the car with your fayther."

The doctor's parting words were not genial.

" I don't want to burrn ye in the forehead just yet," he added.

Once outside the front door, with its switches marked " Day " and " Night ", I could not but realize that there had passed a glory from the earth. There was a raw chill gust : the metalled road was uglier and more drab than expected. The landscape beyond these gates had seemed truly to be subject to changes, but they had always been beautiful, terrible, or at least surprising. Fields, forests, mountains, lakes, and islands ; orchards and ploughlands of mirage-like quality had rested here, to the mind's eye, and passed. Then there had been grave-churnings, glaring flames, and black crucifixes, which now began to seem in a high degree sublime. But the world of my ideal was now (as the future often is) proved very deficient in respect of those too solid drabnesses which form a great part of life's needs and deeds. Things wore a flatter, uglier mien than I ever remembered : inside our park, after doomsday, it had been truly splendid.

And I began to speak to Archer of many astonishing

scenes I had witnessed, to desire him to tell me whether he too had been there when I thought he was—but with my first confused words a muttering of devilish whispers started up all round ; and soon I knew such reasoning was doomed to tread in mazes. What made things worse, it was as though a part of my forehead were peculiarly sensitized to receive and transmit telepathies not my own, nor of my free will ; but hateful things, put upon me by the specialists from whose care I had just emerged.

Yet I felt as a boy released on a whole-holiday from dreary tasks. As we sped along the road, those mechanistical principles whose effects, on my way to this school, had been so conspicuous, were still perceived to be at work. They were not advertising their terrific jokes, but were swiftly, efficiently busy : there was an arithmetical relation between our speed and those of other vehicles, cars, horse traffic, cycles, and pedestrians, which we overtook. We gained in speed as we passed them, and those who were turned in the direction of Babel diminished and faded from reality in a dream-like way ; more than could be accounted for by laws of speed and perspective.

Over the meadows to our right the sunlight seemed artificially brilliant ; there were many newly built empty villas, like toys, and in one place a great number of new empty beehives.

" Gillray's—electric light," my father seemed to whisper.

I opened the window on the other side ; there at

least it was more natural scenery, and the air had not been treated electrically.

We halted to get some lunch in Gusebury ; through which market town I would have willingly hastened on, for the signs and colours of things had too much meaning for me. Many shops were known by code of black and white, by pungent, red, tormented lights. Those which were painted with green or blue were more secure : but the smallest hints disturbed me morbidly : fragments of conversation or whispers of strangers made strange sense in my ears. In the streets and market-place were many young men and women, as beautiful as those whom the taxi-party had met on the afternoon when we travelled from the police cell to the Temple at Babel. But these were not walking, many were on motor-cycles or in small cars—a vortex of pilgrims. There was a conspicuous clock-tower whose dial was marked, at hour 8, with a patch of purple enamel ; and this conveyed the sense that this place was balanced on Gillray's standards.

Leaving the town at twenty minutes to the hour, we reached at last our native elms and hedges. I sought the peace of the leaf-strewn paddock. A huge limb had crashed from the great tree in its midst ; just at the time of my departure for London this had happened ; it still waited to be sawn up, split, and stowed away. I had strength enough to saw, finding relief in that exercise ; yet, for directions, I soon found that I must depend entirely on Archer. So he decided which parts should be attempted next, and where the cuts should

be made. But all the time my bright saw flashed its reflection on the sunlit turf, and I thought of bars turning spirally within the earth ; as those shadows turned in my cell. The air was full of voices of spirits who cried to me as though they were painfully climbing towards the light, till I could hardly bear it.

" That is not the true sun ! " I exclaimed, pointing to the blaze of early afternoon. When Archer mildly denied this, " No, no ! " I must repeat, " that sun is reflected to us from America, where the true sun is now delayed." In this way the clockwork time had cheated the magnificent Eye of Truth.

In the afternoon we walked over the fields to New Street (a small group of old cottages, of which several have been demolished) to visit an aged woman who had not much longer to live. It was a happy meeting for me, but Archer seemed to take it rather as a religious occasion. She was weak, however, and she spoke of a man with a scythe who had been passing to and fro before her window. What a figure was this to my imagination, huge and shadowy as a cloud, above the orchard and the steeple ! As we came home, we entered the church and sang a harvest hymn. But the empty floor sounded hard, like iron, so that " All is safely gathered in " had a meaning which we did not intend. There was none to mind what we did : an old deaf labourer was tinkering with one of the tombstones ; his dinner, in a red handkerchief, was set on a green mound.

Then we sat down in White-Ash Wood : I brought out my scribbled horrors, closely pencilled upon half-

sheets of note-paper which I had secreted at Babel. It was rather wonderful that nobody there had made me give them up. So I tried to unburden my mind and tell my anxieties to John Archer. No one could have found a more sympathetic listener, yet he would not believe, though such loud voices surrounded us, as of presences near at hand, that all nature seemed joining to urge him to hear and understand. The wind, blowing cunningly through a hollow beech-log whereon we sat, shaped words of warning in my ears :

" Lo, we heard the same at Ephrata, and found it in the wood."

Now that I was once more at home, a feeling of elation possessed me, and had I tried to keep my delusive anxieties to myself, and to have resisted inquisition, I am persuaded that the free influences of the country, its familiar wildness, and the serene spaces of night, would have soon brought me back to regular normal activity.

I had met with an experience which could not take its place, at present, in the normal order of life. It had been the starting-point of much subjective activity for I remembered vividly what had happened in dream, vision or waking, on almost every night since the Transfiguration. There was a troublesome complication, a numbness in my forehead, which dated from the time of Gillray's intensive aggression, and whence my thoughts were all answered or confused by audible voices.

It seemed hardly possible that these were reflexive currents between ganglions in my brain which had

become ill-adjusted or morbidly active. No ; for they were so unlike what I could purposely invent, and they instantly answered what I had not deliberately prepared. In the evening, according to my old habit, I took up a book and read aloud to those who sat in the drawing-room after supper. It was not reading that I had prepared, but passages read from several books, including the Bible, wherever they chanced to open. These *sortes Biblicae* surprised my crowded fancy by their appropriateness, for it seemed that my position was of one set to spell sentence on many ; the voices of answering ghosts spoke doom or comfort.

The memory of torture by electric light was so powerful—I mean the strong lamp over my head in the padded cell—that here I would have no lights at all in the upper rooms of the house, nor even (if I could help it) in the hall : but I set on the piano a wax candle in a silver candlestick. And as I read there were quiverings of silver wires beneath the floor, as though all Solomon's minions were sending propitiation of riches : to make amends for the past evil enchantments. How much this resembled the make-believe of a solitary child, who is king amid his own fancies ! And yet, so far as I saw, it seemed quite satisfactory behaviour to those who sat around me.

There were sounds of bells, at first alarming, for they seemed to make a dome of the house over us, but then subservient and not dominating, like the bells of Babel, which had tolled from several quarters, at each death in the race for Light. A deep voice spoke as if

through an iron ram's-horn ; then voices of friends, as though I were in their presences ; lastly and unmistakably that of the man whom I had gone to wake up, as though he were still much too near the fire ; but he was presently comforted.

When I went up to bed that night, two great stars hung apart in the sky before my window : they shone through the panes, and their shining seemed to have blistered the paint on the sides of the dormer. Then I saw a sight in one of the mirrors (there happened to be three in the room) which gave me a shock of horror. It seemed that the looking-glasses revealed a honeycomb of cemented passages in a deeply-buried labyrinth, that in the furthest and deepest chamber, where the only way passed through, a jet of flame burnt within white-hot walls. It was evidently a passage by which I must, sooner or later, find my way.

From sleep, or the beginnings of sleep, I was presently roused ; but no one was in the room, as I had fancied. In the landing just outside, between my bedroom door and John Archer's, there were rhythmical and solemn sounds, as though three beings walked in a ring, keeping exact time with shears which they clipped. There had been a ceremony outside my cell door, but only with scissors : this was an enlarged, projected ritual. The house seemed rocking with the ghostly blows. Before the steps had circled the third time, I had hastened from bed and opened the door—there was silence as I did so—and I roused my friend, who was actually not asleep.

"But could you possibly not have heard them?" I exclaimed. "They were the three Fates!"

"I can hear that things are happening," said he, "but not exactly what you say."

The only other remarkable incident of that night took place just as the early morning light roused me. My door being again shut, a firm soldierly tread was heard, marching up the stair and to the door of my room. I was there to open it; the steps ceased, as if the thin diffused light brought relief to this watchful spirit, as it did to mine.

Archer and I were out in the garden pretty early, but before we left the house, my mother drew him aside, saying:

"Don't mention it to Tom if you hear it said that a large dog has killed some sheep in our meadow. It will only upset him."

But old Bentham, the gardener, was not long in coming up to us, brimming with the news.

"Did you hear, then, what that great black dog done last night, tearing them sheep?"

"Yes, quite enough, that will do," interposed Archer hastily; but the old man would go on, as if with a malicious perversity:

"That must be the dog from Babel," I said, "or the old devil himself."

Bentham chuckled with satisfaction.

"That's it, the old devil himself, done up like a dog. He, he!"

Archer was even more disturbed on my account

than I myself by this untoward chance. It really did seem that an unfortunate superstition was against me ; as if my apprehensions scented the wind.

The difficulties of aural hallucination, if that was really the true explanation of my mishearing of words, of some who were at Babel, persisted in my conversations with my father ; for I cannot otherwise account for the sense which I now gathered from his words and actions.

I had gone back under the great elm to gather the scattered sticks, to tidy the grass after our wood-cutting—for such commonplace labour suited my present muddled state,—when my father came out to see what I was doing.

" Signs are all good," I heard him say.

This kind of observation was too much like Dr. Halfhead's impersonal commentary, which had seemed always to be addressed to nobody in particular ; and I became self-conscious. Presently when, indoors, this species of criticism of my mental condition was renewed, I took occasion to lock the study door on my father : not for long, but quite sufficiently to his annoyance.

When people crossed their legs to talk to me, I did not like that either. They were too evidently on guard ; it was clear they did not mean to exchange confidences ; not so clear what they were guarding me from. Freedom merely, I thought, to come and go as I pleased without interference from them.

The experience of audible voices, with familiar intonation, was a quite new one. They sounded amused

or sardonic, obscene or awe-struck, so illusively that I was compelled to believe that they were audible, too, to those around me. They did not, however, prompt me to violent action, though once or twice I was almost exasperated by what seemed insipid or unintelligent rejoinders from those of my family. Nor let it be imagined that these effects were produced by drink or drugs, for I had never indulged in either : and I may mention that tobacco smoke annoyed me, but that Dr. Gillray was a morbid smoker. I thought, indeed, that my telepathies were a new and positive faculty ; but all that I received in this way seemed connected with my late surroundings ; and so I owed this experience to the treatment in Babel.

This typical detail may be a sufficient example. As I talked in the garden with my father, a small piece of mud fell between us, as though from the sky.

" Darvil's ghost ! " said a voice in my ear.

And so I took notice of little details, which seemed purposeful arrangements in all the paths about our house ; the work of a race of imps or fairies, intended for no eye but mine. How different were these from those jeering signs which had been planted on the outskirts of London, upon my journey towards the chapel cemetery ! And how I dreaded and shunned anything like a cynical attitude !

There were the spirits which seized and played with my nightly reading, and whose purposes again were corrected by it—for now there was a dual conception of those who were specially sacred to me ; and the

audible powers dealt in symbols of mythology, or were corrected by Biblical authority. They would seem to steal for me, or to invade peaceful territory, and lay their crime at my door. So " Mercury " was at once an Influence, an appropriate person, and a mineral; and the voices juggled with the meanings, till they would, it seemed, rob quicksilver in Spain, as done under authority. The Book of Kings instantly provided the necessary inhibition.

And in the morning, near the church (just where the voice had been), there was the silver-lined husk of a Spanish chestnut, opened out flat like a little star. Yet there are no such trees within a furlong of the spot.

But about the great walnut-tree I looked askance, though it was never so full of fruit as now. Dr. Gillray had tried to bribe my father, who was fond of the fruit, by fertilizing its roots. I took up a nut, and found it thin-shelled, bloated, and wanting in flavour. The thought came into my head that this was just like Dr. Gillray's brain. So I took it into the kitchen and roasted it; and presently afterwards went out to fetch some more.

Scarcely had I resumed my task than a black-coated figure approached.

" Do you know who I am ? " he inquired.

I replied with his name, for in him I recognized Dr. Alec Smart.

" Well, what is it you're doing ? Oh, I see, picking up nuts. That means, I suppose," he went on knowingly, " that all the ' nuts ' are in Hell ! "

Nothing could have been more disagreeable to me than his supercilious, jaunty air, and I wished he would leave me alone, but I had not the spirit to attack him and send him about his business. Instead, he followed me to our front door where I gave the walnuts to my father.

" Rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, eh ? " again volunteered Dr. Smart.

I left him to say what he pleased to my father, who had just been closeted with Dr. Craugasides of the " M. and N." The sun was now not many degrees above the horizon, and the morning mists over the far hills formed a blood-red smear beneath him. Presently the latter doctor came out and inquired of me, Did I hear voices ? and I answered that I did. Had I not some peculiar ideas about religion also ? I replied that it was so, and that, while not wishing at present to relate all my experience, I thought that there was a Judgment very near at hand for all of us.

" The end of the world ? " he asked in great surprise. " Whatever makes you think such a thing possible ? "

The memory of those old men with whom I had lately broken bread was in my mind as I pointed to the red and louring sun.

" Oh, what—Shepherd's warning ? I see." And he returned to the Assyrian conclave.

Nothing can excuse the cowardice and want of self-confidence which induced me to take the advice, given in my absence, by the two doctors, to John Archer and

to those of my family who were here ; and now urged by these latter that I should, for a fortnight, return to medical care, and so get rid of the aural hallucinations which now perplexed me. Archer had to go back at once to London, or he would lose valuable commissions : the feeling of those at home was by no means one of confidence in me. I think that, since I had invoked psychiatry, so many conferences had become necessary with the agents of that mystery as possibly proved demoralizing to my honest relatives. This new faculty of hearing voices, I seemed to owe to the influence of my late surroundings ; now, to dispel them, I was to go in for further treatment under Dr. Craugasides, at the " M. and N." All was voluntary—that was clearly understood.

II

WHO WAS IT ?

Some rather distorted impressions of this new situation remain with me : the sinister chaplain, carrying a suit-case which was recognizable as my own, seemed to disappear into a blank wall. The cheerful or common-place remarks of those who were here, seemed to bear a cynical meaning which I was unable to resolve. (A little fat man asked me who had been putting ideas into my head—was it Wells ? I had not offered any ideas to people here ; and I replied rather emphatically that it was not. " Oh," said he, " I hoped it had been H. G.") So I supposed confusedly that these people had heard my night readings of the last two nights, and perhaps they had directed the audible reflexes.

Such fancies were part of my present deficiency of purpose, and of the morbid connection of trivial incidents, in which I needed to discern a principle and found only a sinister one. Nor did I, now or presently, feel that reverence towards my fellows in this place that I had felt in the presence of the old men of Baäl ; my splendid visions departed, and in their stead were mean shadowings and sordid calamities.

" Now he's Punch," said the little man (who spoke as chairman in this society) when I went off to bed.

"Or Guy Fawkes." He mentioned the Adversary. "And we let him off here, instead of hanging him."

Seven or eight bells were heard in the distance, and they, like the bells of Babel, seemed to form a pattern in space, as though they were silver nails in the middle and corners of a coffin. I would not kneel in here, but stood until I was tired; and before I lay down, I had the sensation of swallowing coins, as if two money-bags were poured down my throat. This was no dream, but a horrid illusion, as though my body were boneless and deformed by the money, like a bottomless sack.

Next night I tried to read sense in the shades which (though the side room was shuttered) were cast upon the door and wall: a queer mottled grille of shade, most like an Indian fret. These livid blots and patches (for the outskirts of London are never dark except on foggy nights) seemed a more trustworthy guide than such human speech as had been addressed to me; they might threaten Asiatic plagues. The walls presently grew alive with whispered chorus.

A knot of ill-favoured, white-coated fellows entered suddenly, very late: I must go with them, Dr. Psicharpax had ordered it. I said that I would see him in the morning, and then go. Thereupon I was seized, not without violence, and led downstairs to a cell which seemed to have been designed to hold explosives. The walls were of asbestos and metal; and the door being shut, I felt (or imagined) a fierce pungent heat and a whiff of powder. A small purse had been dropped

outside the door, and I thought with grief of those who paid the council to keep me confined here. In this struggle and removal I lost all the money that remained in my clothes ; it was about five shillings.

What men can have designed these places, for confining those whose minds or nerves are ill ? They themselves must have strange minds indeed, and most mistaken instincts ! Simplicity is very well : and so are those upholstered railway trucks, each with a clean water-trough, in which valuable race-horses are transported. Those indeed are more conveniently designed ; but these cells are of more suitable form for warehousing heavy, rough goods.

What is remarkable is that patients are here for treatment quite voluntarily. If they are not satisfied, they may send notice of their wish for discharge to the Superintendent ; and if this is received, they may not be detained for longer than four-and-twenty hours—provided they have anywhere else to go. This is not always made clear : and he who has agreed to give this treatment a trial may not find it easy to change his mind, for, at times when he would do so, a stout locked door, with a narrow upright slit of thick glass set in it, is his single medium of communication with the outside world.

All unexpected my father had returned one evening, seeming to offer me the possibility of returning with him, immediately and as I was, without even waiting for my clothes. There might be a danger in my presence at his house ; and in the reaction of the meeting, I

answered cheerfully that I could stay here a bit longer : so he was gone, perhaps with relief of anxiety.

Why had I not taken advantage of this, my best chance of escape from these hated surroundings ? It was not the first chance, nor the only time when someone unexpectedly came, as though in confusion, or as one who bears news of a fire. Even in a few days one may insensibly grow passive ; then surprise may discover unexpected inertia, whence not even the hope of deliverance can instantly rouse to decision. But whoever has known tempting offers to be withdrawn as soon as he stretches his hand to take the gift, may grow slower to seize the momentary advantage. So I refused to go, less from lazy indifference than because my moral energy was concentrated in a struggle to hold such forms as thought shaped in my mind. This seemed actually to have become the chief purpose in my life.

Dr. Psicharpax desired to examine me. He made what seemed to be Masonic signs on my body ; but it seems probable that he was trying muscular reflexes. (I thought he marked me as a goat.) Then he peered narrowly at me with his onyx-like, Asiatic eyes.

" Who was it ? " he demanded.

A moment's hesitation. " Find out," I told him.

Instantly he pronounced the Adversary's name, which I was going to admit, when a qualm struck me.

" Oh no, no ! It wasn't him at all, it was myself."

" Very good," said he, with snake-like quickness. " All his opponents flayed alive ! "

At this moment I experienced a curious double, or

triple, vision. I seemed to look down a long narrow tunnel whose walls were curved and revolving steel blades. A brown eye passed across them. Then, as it seemed on the earth's further side, were twin pyramids, acutely pointed, of ancient stone. They seemed to be a sacred Indian tomb. Behind me, also, a great way off, appeared a mirage of Somersetshire landscape, with wide hills, and the school where I had taught. I took all this, upon the whole, for a covenant of understanding with Dr. Psicharpax. And when I thought of opponents, the word produced an irrational fancy, of a hedgehog which gipsies roast.

I was such an unsatisfactory patient at the M. and N. that it may well be expected that my account of this experience must be prejudiced and one-sided. I have a notion how difficult it must be for doctors and nurses—even the most disinterested—to look after people who are committed to their care principally for reasons of social convenience. But the medical profession is not exempt from evasions of recognition (I do not mean of diagnosis), but such as are notorious in the public attitude towards the subject of mental illness. The approach to such minds must be tentative, unless the physician is satisfied that behaviour, symptoms, or rules of type determine the malady to belong to a distinct order, curable by prescribed means. A diagnosis generally has to be written out in each case ; yet it is not considered wise to tell the patient plainly what is thought to be the matter with him, and how he may co-operate to circumvent the ill. So the patient

either resents being treated as a fool, or else behaves as one, in consequence of being treated so.

And if the problem to be doctored is really no more than imaginative over-activity, ought there not to be scope for so much wholesome physical activity as may compensate for it ? The margins of sanity are never clearly defined, because conditions of sanity and environment are interrelated ; and those mental obstacles which psychiatry seeks to define and to resolve are in practice counterbalanced by as many deficiencies of constructive imagination among doctors and nurses who are given sole and trusted authority.

So we were kept in bed, and to some extent under drugs and suggestion ; whence recovery to normal, which by wholesome outdoor work could have been effected in a few weeks, was put back and indeterminately postponed. The most comfortable state was one of half-dozing ; in this condition the mind seemed to get physical relief ; but the conscious waste of time was very troublesome, and, on the other hand, reading was burdensome, and quickly produced a confused and turbid sense. Reduced to tears of misery, I threw away the Bible which had been not long before the intensest source of inspiration. How disappointing the books of Revelation and of Daniel now appeared ! But it was my inability to read, as I realized, that brought me towards despair.

Through my father's thoughtfulness I had a copy of Milton, and I remember reading aloud his sonnet *On Time* to a woman nurse, as I sat in dressing-gown

and slippers near the fire. She was, on the whole, pleased with this, her first experience of the poet.

The staff here was much larger than at Babel, and there were many probationers among the doctors: discipline was less formal, indeed not very efficient. My nervous anxieties were petty and personal, perhaps they were becoming chronic. I liked my fellow-patients less than those at Babel—or perhaps, I should say, than my memory of the latter; and this, I believe, was solely due to the conditions in which we lived. What was the cause why so many fairly able-bodied persons were kept so long in bed without opportunity for physical exercise, or for any profitable activity? It was not usually a visible cause—only a few patients were senile, and could perhaps exist as comfortably in these as in any other circumstances. Whatever this cause might be, it would be well worth knowing, if such knowledge might only help a little to move matters, so that these bedridden spirits may find exercise and development. This matter is not wholly within the responsibility of the class of "healers", nor is it the sole fault of the "sufferers". It is in their mutual relations; in the undecided purpose of the system by which this institution is organized and governed.

To doctors and nurses, and to the governing council, names of mental disorders are as drugs; standardizing the evil, and limiting their perceptions. That subtle shadowy ill called "acedia" (which is one of the Deadly Sins) is the enemy of all. The formless disability, the trivial ideal, the purposelessly pro-

longed empty endurance of life—these turn the kindly spirit sour; they fill the individual with inarticulate anger and desperation against the impersonal, clinging, obstructing web which society has half-blindly spun.

Words that were spoken lightly must needs be strained and tortured to bear a grave significance. There were young male nurses who sniggered among themselves, or relieved their dull routine by attempting comic songs, crooning, and otherwise behaving unseemly and wholly disrespectfully; nor was it ever possible to avoid their proximity. I think I was specially unfortunate with those whom I met at this time: but of course such personal reactions are reciprocal.

My morbid fears were at times acute, as acute as heretofore; they now became mean and personal. The secluded imagination dwelt upon them with an enslaved intensity, building from I know not what materials, dangerously fascinating structures. I played horrible games with entirely imaginary brass globes, poising them in fearful pyramids: my brain recalled an ornamental pincushion in my grandmother's house which became the object of a similar baffling dream game. I was awake, but could no more escape the thing than one who is helplessly bound can escape the ant which creeps unhurrying over his face.

Much of my time was consumed, presently, in a process of moral accountancy; minutely detailed happenings, especially earnings, allowances, gifts and acceptances, dealings with many friends and acquaintances, were now passed in review.

It must have been because I now was doing nothing, but being a wretched unproductive source of expense, that I tried desperately, involuntarily, to prove that I had once been in credit ; as though all benefits received were debts incurred. And such for a long while after this I believed them to have been.

Presently I tried hard to make clear sense of the marks and scorings on the walls here, which seemed to have been made by the builders, and with formidable tools ; for nothing less could have caused the snaky excoriations in the length of the yellow-painted dadoes, even in the wooden mouldings. It would be worth while, for those who are overseers in these places, to take care that there should not be sinister, untoward suggestions here. (But let them not introduce pictures.) Whatever suggestions these walls disclosed, though vague, were obscene ; and here I read of

Earthquakes, and hydras, and chimaeras dire.

Perhaps these, like the male nurses, were not intended for what they now seemed ; but the mind, in a disordered state, broods evilly upon chance appearances.

The small rooms have glass doors ; are ventilated by gratings in several corners, high and low, of different sizes. Part of a system, they seemed, for communicating one's thoughts. Thus was intensified the telepathic obsession which so many patients have, which is so difficult to remove. The sounds of pipes, and such unseen mechanism, were articulated into

meaningful words. The very building seemed as if convertible to many strange purposes. Why were trapdoors in the ceiling, each long and narrow, as though to admit a corpse? Perhaps we shall be kept here until we are old and long-bearded, and then our bodies may be put away up in the roof. And perhaps there are old men's bodies there already, who dare not for their peril make a sound, nor even rap a warning, as some had done whom I had glimpsed. It still seemed as if there were occasional or partial resurrections of the dead; and as if those who were raised had to be put away again in such places as this.

Again, this roof resembled that wonderful granary in the *Arabian Nights*, which locusts should fill with corn, each bearing a grain. One warm afternoon a creature which I supposed to be a hornet settled on my hand.

"Perhaps," I fancied, "he may be the spirit of that magnificent Airman who was seven times exploded!" "Tell them that it will be all right," I whispered. "Life continues."

And with that away flew the bright aeronaut in a clean line, as though he were quite satisfied with this message.

Stray cats were presently discerned to be familiar spirits, whose movements tokened distant malice or misfortune, or most convincingly, indifference. Dead plants had perished from sympathy with spiritual failures, lawn-rollers spoke loudly with voices of dead admirals or generals: little figures were seen high in the trees, sawing frantically at intricate obstructions,

but on being observed, they sheltered themselves in forms of rags and pendent rubbish. The very birds' voices grew shrill as electric buzzers, and informed with doll-like desperation.

There were blue nights which seemed dominated (Heaven knows why) by that ancient-British cannibal emanation whose nature had been in the ascendent on the night of my candle-bearing pilgrimage. And there were wet nights when our tight and sheltered place might have been an ark in the midst of the waves of ocean. Once when it was dark came another waking vision, as though it were outside, at two hundred yards distance. Men were seen slowly ascending a spiral staircase in a tower (as if one saw through a large window), but they slipped back, as if it were a treadmill. They wore coarse brown habits like the old Russian monks, but one very near the bottom was clothed in white, and seemed to carry a heavy cross ; he got overtaken by the others. Some put their hands into the pockets of men above them, as though they would pass down bread or money.

Then from the summit of the tower the procession extended on a gallery leftwards, a hundred files at least, in close order. And at their very head was my friend Archer, recognizable and shining ; he waved his hand, but his leg was crossed like a jack-o'-lantern.

At this point two specimens of rude verse may allowably be added to this narrative ; for it was with such fitful efforts that I tried to centre and compose my disturbed fancies.

I

The Mummy

As ancient Egypt's cats and kings,
In linen wrapped, with waxen wings,
With gilded hair and painted eyes,
Each in his carven coffin sleeps,
While Hawk or Owl his vigil keeps :
From such a chrysalis disguise
Might beings dead to life up-start !
The soul from where the body lies—
And perished greatness should arise
With equal force in every part
And flaming strength consuming art.
So life from ruined ashes leaps :
O Phoenix rise ! for such thou art.

II

Change of Christmas Time

Some make from cut and written slips
A paper wasp's or hornet's hive,
All hums in tune at new eclipse
And each word turns to something live.

But to put life in printed wings
Or waxen heads and beady eyes
And arm these cockatrice with stings
Will hardly do : machine's life dies.

So bankrupt aspirations fail,
Kings and their courts can nothing settle,
Weddings are order'd by blackmail
And wars decreed by tune of kettle.

For so it was in Anna's reign,
Whose ministers would lose and win
And march again through France or Spain
Or Holland, at a coin's spin.

They could not then defeat the style
Of solar years by days a few :
So Harley and Dean Swift would smile
And drink their port and hope anew.

III

AMONG STRANGERS

One who is compelled to waste months of precious time, who is debarred from physical exercise and feels himself to be denied harmless rational activity, by the trifling rule of many specialists in neurology and psychiatry, in whom he learns quickly to place no confidence whatever, must look upon such a phase with peculiar irritation and shame. What had been my life's natural food was all forbidden, and this diet, prepared by ever so many cooks, was tasteless and presently nauseating. The salt of life had lost its savour. There was a tedious period when (so my parents were told) it seemed likely not only that my sanity was irrevocably destroyed, but that my death was to be expected. Specimens of blood and of urine were taken, hypodermic injections were made, and some kind of medicine was given me to drink. Nothing of the nature of this treatment was known by me : its effect seemed demoralizing, and the injections made me uncomfortably sore.

But these inconveniences were as nothing to the ill effect of the surroundings. One evening I was transferred to another quarter of the hospital. The sister said : " Would you like to go for a walk with Mr Waller ? " This seemed an exact piece of thought-

reading ; for I had been meditating somewhat on the seventeenth-century English poets. No more appropriate time than the present in the luminous fog of early winter twilight, to walk with the ghost of this old courtier. But could *this* shabby dotard be he of sensitive policy, whose tasteful phrase had wooed fair Sacharissa?

Well, introductions are sometimes surprising.

Mr Waller conducted me to what seemed a sort of morgue. Its passages were narrow and of asbestos-like cement. There were beds (not indeed of copper), but some had rubber sheets, in a building of one floor whose front was glazed. And though the passages within were close and dim, these windows, giving upon the outer darkness, reflected what seemed at first a gallery of corpses, some drowned, some strangled and others perhaps poisoned. It was a moment or two before I knew that they were not all dead. Here was a ghastly withered re-embodiment of an old stalwart whom I knew well in my childhood ; evidently he had been dead for some while, and now only partly reanimated. For he began to utter loud and dreadful cries. Then a Jewish youth whose eyes appeared dead ; I never knew how their light returned. Mr Waller had silently retired ; one of the night workers (a curious sickly-looking man) brought me to a bed. When I lay here it seemed that a likeness of myself, at about nine years old, was in the bed in front of mine, its hair bristling with a nightmare ; and presently dwindled and ceased to be there.

An ugly infantile horror re-possessed me, which I

had associated with an old convex mirror we used to have at home, whose round frame was bossed with gilded oak-apples, wherein horrid things were seen. This place was the central coil of a labyrinth. So much one might know from the compressed-air atmosphere, the clicking of patent locks in sliding partitions and doors. It was worse than a place of death, for the bodies were half alive, and preserved in this state by means known to science. I still fancied that it was intended, for safety, that my own vitality should be diffused among these half-dead pathological specimens, whom I almost grudged to recognize as fellow-men, when next morning they all began to revive.

He who had seemed my old algebra master cried out " Pie, pie, pie, pie . . ." a great many times in a voice much stronger than the rest of him. Thus perhaps, primitive piemen reckoned their ware. But it was the voice of Giant Despair in Doubting Castle. Yet this man was, unexpectedly, more kindly disposed towards simplicity, for as I thus mused he startlingly remarked :

" Well, you *'ave* got a nice face."

And then he made an amazing right guess at an obscure family relationship ; so that I almost began to think him a prophet.

Male Nurse Brother and Male Nurse Comrade began to sing :

" Underneath the arches
I dream my dreams away. . . ."

These words were new to me, but they were not sanely sung.

In a wing of the building was a laboratory wherein intense flames were seen to burn. A fly upon our window dropped dead, killed, as it seemed, by these rays.

A man in green corduroy coat sat in a dusty corner upon a stuffed settee. His style was purely Queen Anne, and I was moved to conjure him with whispered fragments of Augustan verse, for ancient telepathies. But these, when they were vouchsafed, were shaken, tumbling, disastrous. Nor passed there any words from him to me.

Then old Mr Slaughter disliked me positively and almost immediately. His only sentences were, " You old peacock." And after a long silence : " You young beast."

A dark and stealthy man introduced himself more cryptically : " Worms meet ! " he said. Or else he may have said " Worms' meat." Either motto was good enough.

New arrivals are seldom immediately popular, either with their fellow-patients or with nurses. And this is easily understood. For as we grow intimate with any character, and discern his mannerisms, we grow used to them, almost to the extent of adopting them ourselves. And when at last we are parted we miss the things we have grown used to. This is the reason why patients get on better after a time with one another and with their nurses, and this reconciliation of antipathies is identified with recovery.

At Babel there had been a very horrible, nauseating

smell, which I now think was nothing worse than stale tobacco-smoke (for the guards and several of the patients smoked) and the old and foul linoleum, or whatever it was, with which the padded rooms were upholstered. But it had then seemed to arise from smoked and poisoned corpses. In the M. and N. things were comparatively immaculate: but there were other pungent, indefinable vapours which made the memory of that old place almost romantic. The difference was one of subjective associations: Babel had been inhabited by colossal visions and practicabilities, by medieval superstitions and faith, and by a few steadfast old men whom I knew as friends, whose spirits burnt sacred as altar lights. Nestledraught, Okay and the other officials had scarcely more reality than puppets or than the conjurer's dummy: their importance was aggressive but factitious.

Here there was no unity, as of a congregation; one or two individuals had special noticeable habits of prayer, or of ju-ju, and thus exercised an influence upon those who were near them. The principal witch-doctor, that is to say among us patients, was Adolf Zippor. He was a curious (and, it may be hoped, rare) hybrid between Turk and Jew; the juice of blackberries, or less wholesome dark fruit, ran in his veins. At meal-times he rejoiced and sang loudly and incessantly, invoking Allah, and seeming to give instructions to many spiritual scene-shifters, as the principal character on a pantomime stage might do. He " put people off their food " sometimes by making

it so horribly symbolical. And then he would cover his black bristling crop with a handkerchief, and walk up and down reading now from the Koran, now from the Old Testament.

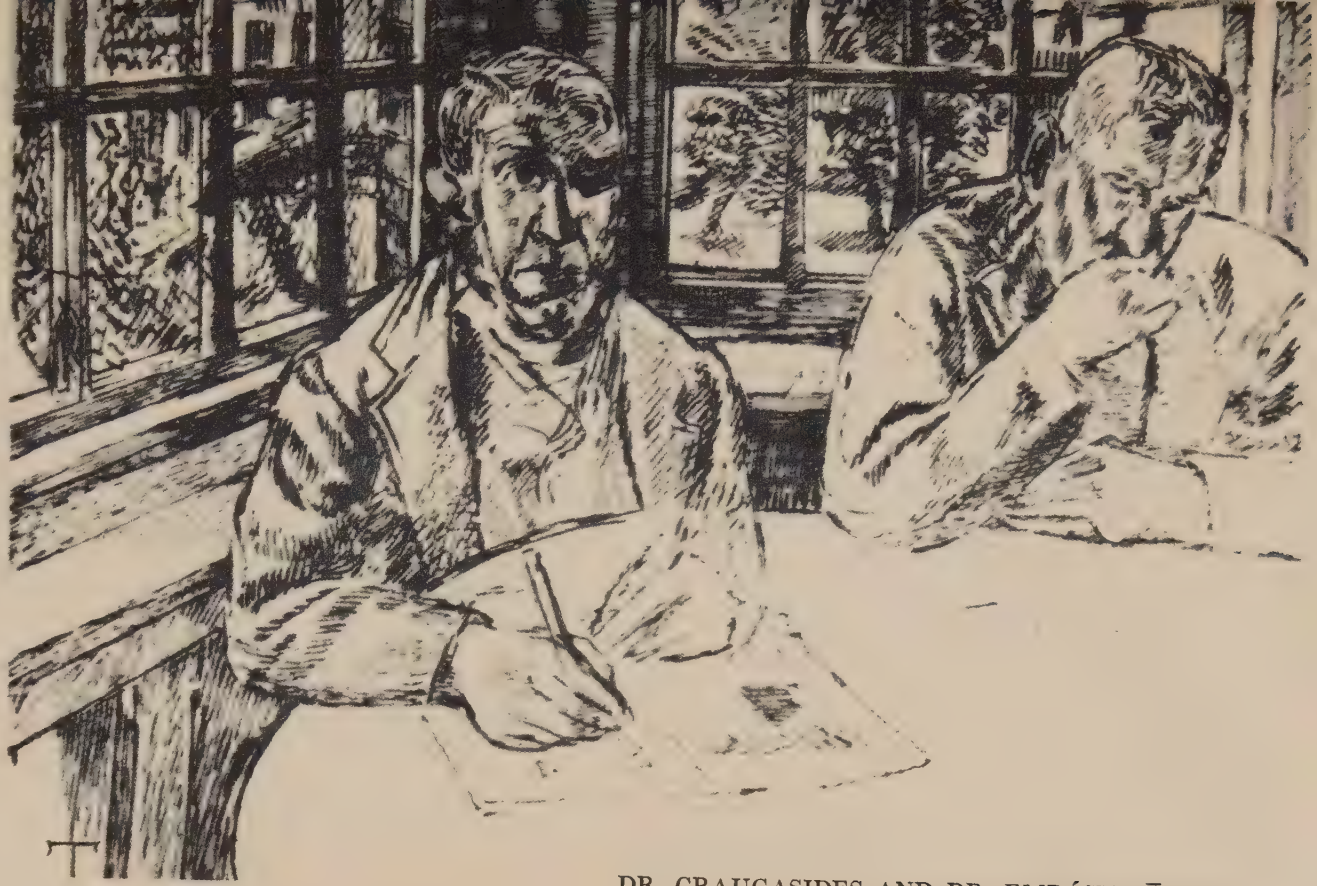
It must, after all, have been *his* tobacco that hedged in his approach. The effect produced was as of fumes from the demons excited by his incantations.

" Come along now, knock this back," says Male Nurse Sutler, bringing a plate of good boiled stuff.

Weinstein's stomach resists it.

" Here, fetch the feeding-cup, Brother," calls out Sutler. " Shove it down his nose."

Hateful as were the smell and sight of these surroundings, the sickly words and the careless attribution of lunacy, one's subjective difficulties should have been independent of place. They apparently belonged to the place, only because local suggestions were morbidly and extravagantly brooded on, till they grew into convincing horrors. It must be idle, therefore, to complain of arrangements which to a practical, sane inspector seem only hygienic and efficient : clearly the fault is in the state of that mind which finds them horrible. I argued sophistically thus : the only real walls are the walls against the spirit, those we ourselves have raised to defend the buried talent. Now the ideal world was a proven reality, here was a place indeed to develop true spiritual faculty : that should prove a better currency here than the hire-labourer's penny, which was impartially given to all who worked and all who waited.



DR. CRAUGASIDES AND DR. EMBÁSICHŸTROS

To have the privilege of paying for this food and shelter that one was constrained to accept—this appeared to me a necessity : or else to be in debt for it. To whom in debt ? To the doctors, I supposed. In an impatient way I aspired to do work which they should be doing, but that they generally realize to be more expedient to leave unattempted. A plausible, inefficient materialist : such is, as far as I can perceive, the standard of healthy manhood maintained by our State-paid psychiatrists. What better standard can I offer, or presume to demand ? Two doctors approach for conversation : they wish to ascertain my progress and present mental condition ; and thus they introduce the subject :

Dr. Craugasides : We understand that you are conscious of audible voices which utter words that excite you, or move you to behave violently and irresponsibly. Is this so ? What are these voices, and do you believe in their reality ?

Myself : Yes, sir ; I hear voices distinctly, even loudly ; they interrupt us at this moment. It is more easy for me to listen to them than to you : I can more easily believe in their significance and actuality, and they do not ask questions.

Dr. Embásichȳtros : How can you say that these hallucinations are more real than ourselves ? You must realize that you are talking unreasonably.

Myself : There is more sympathy between my own experience of nature and these voices, which seem to be the voices of nature, than between my acquired

rationalization of experience and that which seems to be yours : and therefore I say that their unfinished forms are truer than your conventional views.

Dr. C. : But surely you do not mean to shut yourself up from society by paying attention to these delusive ideas. Surely you wish to be cured of them, and to return well to your parents. Do you not ? What is the nature of these voices ?

Myself : They assume the nature of all those objects through which they speak—whether they speak out of walls, from ventilators, or in the woods and fields.

Dr. E. : Dear me, this is very interesting : and what do they say ?

Myself : Sometimes they speak secretly and guardedly : and then I want to listen and make sense of their meaning, for it is outside myself, and I only partly understand it.

Dr. C. : And what do they ever say that you do understand ?

Myself : Sometimes they are provoked or tormented, and then they cry out, " Fight the fools ! " " Why don't you beat these bloody swindlers ? " or " You have to fight the doctor ! "—Punch, you know (I added by way of explanation) had to kill the doctor as well as the hangman.

As the two mental practitioners went away, I fancied in their expressions the signs of pained disapproval : presently it was made clear to me that by accurate definition I had not improved my case. To

dispute with men whose credit and superior qualifications of mind depend on basically opposite axioms to one's own is a more vain recourse than straw applied to smother a fire.

The duty of men of medicine is mainly to observe ; no doubt, too, they must compare charts and statistics relevant to their patients. Some are here not to direct, but to learn, the diagnosis and management of mental or nervous disorders. To some of their patients (especially when they are uncertain) their fragmentary remarks seem full of meaning, indeed passwords sometimes ; most difficult, and most necessary to be understood.

" This is Doctor Day," remarked one of these neatly-dressed strangers, introducing another.

" Oh, Doctor Day," I repeated, putting my hand to my forehead, where a spot just then seemed to burn.

" No," retorted the first, " not to-day ! " This was a palpable hit, and the pair went their way with a shrug.

" The whole thing ! " sighed the first.

How hateful was this thoughtless insolence ! The Chaplain, too (he who had entered the wall), came along, civilly accosting my neighbours. " Mr Rosenbaum, good morning ! " " Mr Weinstein, how-d'you-do ? " Then, indicating me, " Oh, Mr Thomas," he contemptuously moved away. For my part, I much preferred the two Jews to this Levite. Weinstein used what seemed ancient biblical gestures and phrases.

There were individuals here who had strong antipathies to certain others, whose presence distressed or annoyed them ; nor was I exempt, as subject or object. It is a common difficulty in mental hospitals, where men of unlike temperaments are herded together. The reticent are troubled by the garrulous, the penitent by buffoons. These proximities do not help to make one sociable : yet I had no enemies, and some very kind acquaintances. Inquisitive looks and knowing winks were especially disturbing, for they cast a sinister light on the routine of visitation.

At nightfall some trick of the artificial lights caused a horrible appearance in the under-matron, and several not well-favoured male nurses, whose flesh appeared stained, and partly grey, as though leprous. The small pantry which could be seen through the well-guarded doorway glowed like a lime-kiln from the sodium lights, and seemed to have grown yet smaller. A diminishing series of chambers was suggested, wherein bullet-browed men kept shop in their white overalls, and turned by degrees into white ants.

From all this peering and looking and lifting of eyelids there shaped a phantasmal mechanism ; as it were a cylinder of gyrating eyes, of many hues, with intervals and gaps between, and some which disappeared and were shadowy : so distributed as the prickles of the roller which plays on the comb in a musical-box.

The morning mists clearing from the asphalt enclosure, there appeared circling shades, smaller than

life and very slowly moving, much like some photograph which I could not quite remember, and bringing to my memory a thought of the Apostle's Clock in Horniman's Museum.

Stranger's Faces

Once, to escape greater heat, time was turned round the moon :
The man who guards earth, being split into three to my sight.
Now time's put back, all men's faces seem crossed, as at ill-changing noon,
Nor any complete ; then it seemed only one could be right.
These nightmare-quartered, face beyond face over shoulders do pry,
Lastly appearing, three faces of woman in one, of clear, single eye
Ask and perceive ; sins and stealing forgiving : so that I still may be I.

IV

DEPARTURE FROM THE WORKHOUSE

From the contemplation of my private perplexities, and from those mastering illusions which I had the desire but not the means to express, I was recalled to more practical things by a messenger from Dr. Craugasides, the Medical Superintendent. He conveyed an invitation to me to attend the Lecture Theatre in the afternoon and to speak, if I chose, to the students who would be assembled there. A similar proposal was made to my fellow-patient Weinstein ; and we both accepted. This has since seemed a good, sensible move of the doctor's, for we were both pleased to have an intelligent audience, and though no comment whatever was made on our respective addresses, this was a clear opportunity to hear ourselves publicly set forth what were those beliefs or states of mind which had brought us to our present situation. We were not present at each other's confession.

I took no thought beforehand of what I should say : but my spirits rose somewhat at the prospect of this meeting with civil, cultured people. Someone warned me, as I must cross the road to the Lecture Room, to be careful of policemen. I entered in a dressing-gown and took a chair by the doctor, who, in a very few

words, introduced me to a considerable company of young men and women, some of whom were of foreign nations.

Words flowed from me fairly steadily for the space of five minutes, and I was rather surprised at their purport. I had believed, through a great example, in that life which gives more than it takes : it was seen to be practicable and real, though by laws of economy and commercial principles it was held to be a fallacy. Further, there was seen to be a consummation of life greater and higher than that which attaches to human love, though it may come through love's sublimation. A pure and spiritual influence was not spent by giving, as a precious essence is diluted by being poured into the sea : it was by the denial of personal advantage or reputation that the single spirit found great and perfect form : such (I explained) was the Angel of Ephesus, whose stature, form, and colour were definite, and were read in the works of countless unknown lives. "When you have seen the Transfiguration, and the glorification, you will know that these are facts and not illusions."

So I ended and returned to my place. It had not seemed right to say who it was who had been transfigured, nor to mention individuals who had still the problem of self-support in commercial conditions, and not by means of miracle—though (so much stronger than I) they were well able to manage it.

I don't know what Weinstein said when his turn came at the Areopagus. From conversation with him

it seemed that he was a Socialist, and that he could live on fifteen shillings a week, which he could earn as a carpenter.

Then suddenly I discovered that here was the Babel printer, Mr Darvil, to whom the Oxford graduate introduced me. His voice was harsh and very characteristic, reminding one of a bag of hot tin-tacks : his words were guarded and cautionary. Once he caught me by the wrists, and I found he had a grip like iron. Here he seemed to be in charge of the catering arrangements.

" You owe me your ears," he observed darkly, as he handed me my dinner : and I wished that there had not been meat.

It was one night that he and some attendants seemed to be making a hypnotic circle round my bed : but I started up and he held me. His eyes were extraordinarily deeply set in his head, and I knew him for a toiler in the nether regions.

" I've still got a 'a'penny in my pocket," he said.

" Oh, make it red-hot ! " I then prayed.

Downstairs is what seems a more old-fashioned part, where the rooms are plain, like those in a workhouse ; and free from bad pictures. The nurse in charge is a stolid old man like a bailiff. He seemed to know all about me, and indeed to have been one of those present at Babel, and to remember the miracle ; he counselled me with dark and telling phrases, and once there seemed to be a visual telepathy from him to me. This was a moment of super-real horror. Two dark men were flaying him alive.

" Don't say much about it," he advised.

There was something not displeasing in the frugality of this day-room ; the scrubbed planks, and our rough serge clothes. A seamed and stunted chap whom they called " Sailor " made me feel at home by saying, " Providence does not grudge the poor man his cup of tea," and so inviting me next to him.

Outside, the place was strongly fortified. We went for air into a sort of well (it was hardly wider) enclosed by high walls surmounted by strands of barbed wire worked on a metal framework. Beyond this the world seemed to be encased in ferro-concrete, intersected with high walls and iron roofs. From one point was seen, as it were, a rounded pyramid, or inverted amphitheatre, whose steps were all of cement. It was barren ; but who could tell what demonic ant-hill lay beneath ? Truly, this seemed the outward aspect of that strange world of serpentine revolutions, of supravolvent spheres ; of ordered chaos and silent Pandemonium, which had formed the stage of Dr. Gillray's ceremonies.

A sort of permanent cast-iron fire-escape adjoined the exercise-well, but could not be scaled from the latter ; it led to a door in an upper storey. And here was sometimes seen an old, droll little fellow whose distant familiarities put one in mind of *Hamlet*'s grave-diggers. There was that about him which recalled pages from an album of daguerreotypes (a private collection called the Family Vault), and presently I half-believed in him as a resurrected ancestor of mine, not able, in his second incarnation, to afford a very high

scale of living, but able to do a little cobbling and odd jobs.

It is with small satisfaction that I think of interviews with doctors at this time. There were so many of them, and nearly all strangers. One was an undersized Celt with a brown eye and a green one. He questioned me, and, as one who seems fated to misrepresent his case at every opportunity, I began to speak of sex and religion—two subjects which could well have been taken for granted with this interlocutor.

"Good heaven," cried the Bailiff. "The doctor's a chemist!" That was about his qualification, I suppose.

A timorous and even smaller man was now seen to approach, bearing a stethoscope and wearing a propitiatory smile. He seemed to expect one to fall on him violently, and those who stood at hand looked as if that would please them.

"Not a little chap like me?" he asked, so that one could but forgive him his trade and let him off. Two strapping wenches in starched aprons went about with the little Welsh doctor, and their lavish glances were rather disturbing. They would be so pleased, I thought, to put one in a strait-waistcoat.

Upon a well-disposed German doctor passing my way, I observed with a sigh, "Der Geist ist unsterblich!" He shut one eye. "Ballz win," said he. This subtle man made some interesting tests, the results of which were of course hidden from me.

"Try to hear, in your mind, the blow of a cannon—so? You hear it? Good."

Now he produced many yards of paper, coloured in strips of varying width ; as he wound it off from one reel to another it produced an optical effect on me, where I sat, as of a slowly turning irregular polygonal pyramid.

This *did*, certainly, seem like necromancy to me : yet I was not ungrateful ; for Dr. Krambophages had taken pains to make his apparatus, and he did truly desire to learn more of the sacred faculties of man.

It was as an undischarged debtor that I was here : that was an idea which *would* persist, something more than sanity was needed to pay my debt ; and at least one other had suffered so much on my account that it was useless to appeal else-whither. I demanded of another doctor, What would be the value of my body for purposes of anatomical dissection ?

" About forty pounds," he rejoined blandly.

" Then," said I, " I am not your debtor, for my keep, so far, has not honestly been worth so much." Yet, after all, I reflected, the doctor does not do much to produce food.

" Ze king's a cannibal ! " said Weinstein, and that made me feel uneasy. Again foolish, I tried to clear my point with another doctor, who was interviewing me (as it turned out) more significantly than I supposed, for he presently wrote out against me a certificate of insanity. I never spoke to him before or since.

In dull terms at school I had found great relief in nature, when by one pretext or other one could wander a long way from school buildings and their associations.

And a secondary consolation had been a luxurious richness of melancholy, which found shape in dreams of places and events which were lovely and splendid, even when they reproduced familiar scenes. But the bleakness of waking realities disproved them, as when a face is seen by moonlight to be statuesque, but the greater light denies it, as creviced, notched and foul.

Could I but follow them, here were authentic visions ; sometimes works of art more intricate and strong than any that I could evolve by conscious will. To discover such finished organic forms in the coal-forest of subconsciousness was no less (if no more) of a miracle than to disclose an exquisite fossil-shell on breaking open a rough flint. And those whose profession requires that they should at least recognize these things are as far from that knowledge as was that nobleman who brought to Palissy the potter a fossil sea-urchin as the work of a rival craftsman. They play with statistics, and utterly trivial and sterile " mental tests " : experiments meaner and more contemptible than table-turning and number-guessing, that is to say, when they take any interest at all in their patients' faculties. The psychiatrists are as far as possible from recognizing the functions of human imagination, still further from allowing or even encouraging them.

Although in the M. and N. the patients were segregated by sexes, as is usual, the staff included women nurses and domestic helpers. Among the former was a young maid whom I took for a Quakeress. For

she asked me about the shape of one of my mental images. "A wonderful Greek shape," I rejoined vaguely. "Faith, Thomas," said she, exactly in the manner of my empathies. But it was unknown to me whether some who were here could receive forms of telepathy; I supposed it to be so.

A young Oxford graduate was my good friend at this time; he was strong and energetic, and together we used to swab the pavement of the veranda, and shift the beds where people lay out of doors during summer. He was sympathetic and a willing listener, though he would allow no religious conclusions: his creed being the basis, not the product, of his spiritual life. While talking with him one afternoon, I had this waking vision. In place of the walls of buildings which confronted us, or above them, was bracken-coloured mountain, and over this, as though raised by one end from earth, was a great translucent tube within which moved a procession of bearded ancients in white gowns: they seemed hundreds of years old, and this sight was associated with Dr. Gillray, his native Scotch mountains and geomancy; with the wall of Hadrian. My companion, to whom I described this scene, saw nothing.

In the yard the rusty London sunlight assumed a curious loveliness, and with its warmth were complementary purple shades on laurels, mulberry-bole and fence. When nature, in a close space, is watched for many days, she reveals unknown riches. The arrangement of trees and shrubs, and their variety, were by no means fortuitous: they were counterparts

to our human varieties, our likes and unlikes, and fleeting significances. It was the plan of the omniscient Mason. And yet a passing butterfly, bits of thread, white patches on the palings, distant window-blinds, tyrannized my senses as though they must follow these signs in a Heavenly paper-chase, whose end was pure union. That wandering vermilion patch—a glimpse of a tramcar—the key was of a dynamic maze, as precious to me as Rahab's scarlet thread to Caleb and Joshua.

The Oxford man spent many hours industriously knotting wool-mats, on a basis of wide-meshed canvas. I envied him his power of application, as I envied his physical strength; for though an opportunity for similar work was offered to me, I could make nothing of it. The work was too mechanical; it was more disheartening than anything I had tried since trigonometry. (So I slept, and woke at meal-times.) Nor had I much better success in trying, feebly, to sketch the wonderful dreams and visions which had come to me in Babel.

There may be some who have responsibility for care of disordered minds: and it is worth their while, at any rate, to put no obstacles in the way of their patients who may wish to draw or make pictures. Good taste is rare in any profession or calling: and the silent forms of art are worth cultivating, they deserve intelligent interest, even a little expense. Such pictures as are hung up in these places are not good enough. And those doctors who were kind to J. R. Cozens, and to Vincent van Gogh, were honoured for their good-will.

How difficult it is to know what passes in another mind : to have sympathy and insight to penetrate the dross and rubbish which at times scum its surface. It is more difficult still, when the inquirer holds power of authority, and the other is examined as if an intellectual bankrupt ! It seems that the diagnosis of a mental disorder is not necessarily received by one doctor from another : there is scope for individual opinion ; and further, case-notes are not passed from one hospital to another when a patient is transferred. This latter point is a favourable instance of the English doctrine of fair treatment.

But how much time is wasted ; how men are hindered from a reasonable share of activity—men whose safety and health would be ensured by a minimum of invigilation. And for reasons such as " The doctors do not yet feel sure about this case ", " Male Nurse ****** reports you very restless". And what is offered as work is often a wretched pretence that would not deceive a child. Too often those who are responsible have learnt to practise the calling of physicians only in an inflexive, inhibitive way.

It was next proposed that I should be transferred to the care of an institution in the country, where there was more scope for physical activity. The attractions of this new place included a farm and oak-woods, where pigs were kept. Among these surroundings, like the Prodigal Son, I was to find improving entertainment.

That man was a stage idiot, if ever I saw one, who

now hilariously shook my hand and clapped me on the shoulder, and into the ambulance which carried me hence to The Groves. I took him for one of the Mental Supervisors. Thankful indeed was I to quit this place, where I had been the defenceless prey of impolite and unfriendly strangers : and now (though things mechanistic were seen still to go on in the streets) the jokes and cheerful demeanour of the driver and his mate made this a joyful journey.

On the running-board of this motor was a box with an inscription in heavy German type which seemed to have an intense significance. It was the word

UTENSILS

PART IV

THE GROVES

I

DEPARTURE POSTPONED

It ought to have been clear, even to a fool, that these new surroundings were much pleasanter than the M. and N.; there was more space here, woods, gardens and the fresh air of open country. And I blame my self-absorbed, restless state of mind that I did not at first recognize and appreciate these advantages. On the other hand, I was by no means free to go where I pleased ; I was closely guarded. The best quarters that the place afforded were prepared for me, but for some reason which passes my wit to guess, I must not walk there, but be wheeled in a bath-chair.

Perhaps we exaggerate the great increase of happiness which is afforded to captive beasts, when they are transferred to Whipsnade from the old Zoo. Of course, this is only done by the advice, so to say, of distinguished veterinary psychiatrists. Yet among the creatures least tractable by nature, which live in conditions of apparently hardest imprisonment, there are seasoned and worldly-wise individuals, who have learnt subtly to exploit their visitors. And these animals, if they are " enlarged ", must again adapt themselves to strange conditions: their education is of no use to them. They deserve a share of sympathy, I think; for though

the instinct may not be rationally excused, which is irked by half-realities—by limited freedom whose luxury is on the surface—this is an instinct common to God's higher creatures.

The impenetrable deportment of my bath-chairman and guards : this treatment of me as a moral cripple, when I would gladly have walked and talked freely with them, made me feel as the political prisoner of a dictatorship. Gillray was still dimly believed in as the tyrant—at any rate here was the system on which he subsisted. And my mental refuge was in dream-building, that exercise by which with Moses Greenhill I had learnt to live. This had been Moses' serious function in life, and the solace of other bedridden prophets too, whom I had met. Perhaps it should rightly be called their work upon the other side of life. For these dream-realities did dominate the dull routine of waking, as though they would make all things new. Yet it was true that our bodies lived on ratepayers' food and drink, and not upon Plutonian pomegranates ; and so the world as it was must still direct our feeble steps.

At this moment, by an introspective reaction, I was renewing in memory a vivid dream whose strange terror had no mean ugliness in it ; all because it was one of a series about the Adversary. His naked, half-lifeless body I was bearing into a Moorish mosque, scarcely escaping by flight from a pack of sooty infra-humans, who emerged from a devils' burning-place, a hypocaust honeycombed with reeking cells. (These

demons became identified with Comrade, Brother and other staff members of the M. and N.) From the Adversary's belly a regular square of flesh had been cut, like the " eye " of a millstone: he gasped my name despairingly; I thought I could have died for his voice.

In these circumstances it was unlucky that when I was recalled to earth (or rather, asked to dismount in the tiled porch of my new dwelling, where a few grave thinkers sat or lolled on the sills) the food which was offered me should have taken the form of a white square of bread, with a smaller section of bully beef. These elements were too resemblant to the thing I had dreamed ; I swallowed them queasily, as a symbol that might be sacrilegious. All things in this life were conditioned by sarcastic Mammon ; he was too strong for me, his silent thrusts always found their mark. I might well wish that the corn and bullock had grown unmolested ; that I could have lived here upon pulse and cold water, like Daniel and the three Holy Children.

While these perverse views possessed my mind, the doctors, skilled in sanity, had without doubt a subject to reclaim.

" What would you like to do ? " they asked.

" Oh, please let me do boot-mending ! "

I had seen some men thus employed: enough others were busy wearing out their boots in prescribed tracks ; but my capabilities were doubted, and there were delays. Then I begged to be allowed to saw up fuel of those logs and fallen boughs which lay about in plenty within sight of the windows. But nobody must go out

except at the proper hour of recreation, and under proper supervision : sawing wood was clearly not to be expected. If only I could have patience awhile, and could restrain impulsive symptoms. For if one grew visibly restless, he was soon observed and approached by one of the nurse-men, who, ordering him to undress, would lock him in a side room to " quiet down ". Watching those who were my companions, I could not successfully make-believe (as I would) that they were fellow club-members. On their features seemed traceable a dull, hopeless inanition, which terrified me acutely as I began to realize it in myself. I thought of old Dorrit in the Marshalsea.

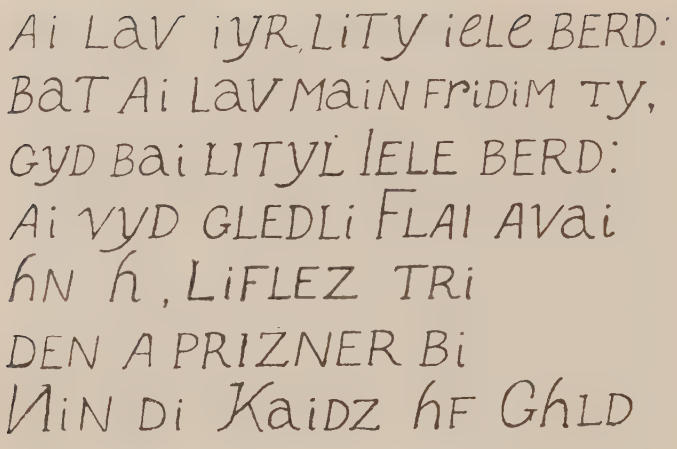
This wing of the building had been once a private residence : it had been refitted with casement windows which opened laterally. Outside were gravel walks, a gate and shrubberies which curved away round the brow of a slope, into the woods. Beyond were open fields and distant hills. To a country-bred person like myself these surroundings promised better hopes of getting clear than streets of houses. This window could be opened for eight inches : no one in authority was watching. I estimated its resistance ; a little red-faced and grey-haired man gave an encouraging nod.

A moment later I had crashed through, picked myself up from the gravel, and was off into the wood. The way sloped steeply upward and I was unwontedly short of breath. Following the best of the intersecting paths, I made towards the top of the ridge. Then hearing the sound of pursuit I abandoned the path,

but found my way barred by a long rail, with exercise-yards and brick buildings beyond. I could hardly follow this without being seen, and I could not now re-enter the lower path without running in the way of the guards. So I lay down in a shallow ditch till two men were safely gone by. Then as I got up I was sighted by a third who followed. He raised a shout, and closed with me, but I was in time to throw him off and get across two railings, then buildings hemmed me in. He carried a key which opened gates in the two fences, and so he speedily came up with me. I struck him with my fists, he bellowed, and other men coming up to help, he was presently successful in reducing my struggles to impotence. One of his colleagues had a rubber truncheon ; and all together they bore my body back with triumphant cries of " Hunky Dory ! ", several more assistants joining the party.

Doubtless necessary are these methods of handling patients when such little affairs occur. I have no improvements to suggest, for I truly think that the standards in this department of social service are better in England than either in America or France. And I think it fair that one should be moderately punished, not for escaping, but for failing to escape effectually. He who gets clear away for a fortnight cannot be returned to an asylum without fresh or sufficient reason.

A better philosopher than I had composed a little song in Yiddish dialect, to a simple tune ; and this he taught me, when we were day-room companions.



Translated :

I love you, little yellow bird,
But I love my freedom too!
Good-bye, little yellow bird:
I would gladlier fly away
To a leafless tree,
Than a prisoner be
In the cage of gold.

II

DELUSIONS OBJECTIFIED

After this unsuccessful bid for freedom, I was shut into a room whose large and high window was guarded to within a foot of the top by a stout wooden shutter. There was space for air and light to enter from without, though the shutter was kept locked. There was not room to squeeze through the open top, high as it was : there wanted three or four inches to admit the flatter section of my chest.

When first I entered this room, though in the daytime, it was strongly illuminated from an electric light in the ceiling. The bed was made, comfortably enough, on a mattress laid on the floor ; there was no bedstead, and, beside the convenience, there was no other furniture. I did not at once get into bed, but sat for a time on the end of it ; and presently my attention was caught by some specks which were moving on a small patch of the cream-painted wall. These at first looked like little spiders or insects : but though they were indeed ant-like, closer attention revealed them to be (to my astonishment!) little black men, scarcely a quarter of an inch high, but unmistakable. My senses showed them to have length and breadth, but no appreciable thickness ; yet they moved, and so did their

surroundings ; and soon they were revealed to be in desperate difficulties.

They were climbing upon the ramparts of a white castle, built in the form of a cube, surmounted by a half-spherical dome, whose diameter was slightly short of the side of the square substructure. But all was founded on sands, which, as they shelved and slid, shattered and split the walls of the fort. The men were violently shaken and thrown down, but they paid absolutely no heed to less than mortal injuries ; picked themselves up, and began all to march round their dome to the greatest breach, to buttress it with fragments as best they might, and to surmount and pull together the treacherous little shards and imperceptible scales of shifting plaster, which were to them as fissured rocks and dangerous flinders. It was as though their very will-power, their marching round, could bind together and preserve the fortress. But on a slight movement of mine, made in excitement and anxiety for them, there was a further violent subsidence, and several figures were swallowed in what seemed a white cloud of dust. But all was flat: there was no perceptible depth. The leader was still visible. He held a long mattock-like implement, with which he made incredible, superhuman efforts to arrest the baseless confusion of the fabric of his defence.

Then it occurred to me that the electric light parched and maddened them—that there was no food, natural vegetation nor natural air, but yet they could not die. I watched them for five minutes and longer;

hardly daring to draw breath or move a muscle, nor so much as to approach the wall with my finger. The little men discovered themselves to be aware of my presence and appalled by it : but they were, in truth, unconquerable. By one and one they fell into crevices of their wall, were lost in the dust, which smoothed over them, or buried by the sliding boulders. Almost the last of them lurched suddenly forward and was held upside-down by his feet. He struggled for a few instants, then remained still, his arms stretching out like one who is crucified upside-down.

The man with the mattock survived longest : his efforts, in proportion to his size, were stupendous. He was somewhat above the stature of those who had followed him—a tiny, inky giant. By degrees the building lost shape, its corners fell inwards : still he laboured, till at last a block struck him athwart his body and buried him. So these men were no more.

A few moments later, and no traces could be seen of the tragedy; all was undistinguishably white and empty. Passing my hand over the place, I found it of somewhat rough texture, yet very hard and compact.

These projected images—for they could be studied for an appreciable length of time—were of a different class of mental vision from the ancient worlds to which my spirit had been taken, from the chambers of Babel. Again they were different from the extensive visions which came in waking flashes at the M. and N. Not that these several varieties of vision were experienced only at those respective places; but they were, on the

whole, the predominating and most memorable forms in either place. This third sort of whimsy, of the little men, was focused objectively, compact and small, on a six-inch square of the wall, as though from a well-adjusted cinema working in my brain.

It was followed by several others, as unforeseen, and of a similar order. Once I was aware of the sensation of a confused noise, as of a crowd trying to escape from a fire, yet a noise so small as to be actually inaudible, only one's mind picked up the quality, shape and sense of it. Some motes of dust seemed to fall from a ventilator, high up, and I noticed how much that grille was like a barred window. But what was thrown out had been pieces of miniature luggage. Then arms and legs were thrust through, and higgledy-piggledy, a whole family of excited Irish country-folk appeared, each no larger than one's thumb, scrambled through and jumped. At first their forms were distinguishable as shrimps are seen in water, but falling two feet towards the floor they vanished.

What I now thought and felt was barely rational, but whatever thoughts I composed must be put away in memory only, till a chance should come to set it down on paper. For I was now unlucky in my doorkeeper. The male nurses took shifts and sometimes exchanged their duties, when these were of equal responsibility. Generally they were smart and likeable young men. Some of them had two or three years of creditable discipline in the army or navy. Now a young inexperienced man was set to look after me, who had

some idea of allowing me plenty of air, for he would open the door a little way and presently close it again. Also he talked to me, tauntingly, somewhat as one might talk to an animal of uncertain temper, which he tries without skill to subdue. This grew troublesome, for I wished to be left alone, or to have work, but I could neither get rid of this fellow nor get him to bring me a pencil. I fear there may be other patients who are served in the same way.

I complained because they let us have so little light; locking up the high shutters in all the side rooms; and so one could hardly tell whether it was morning or evening, summer or winter.

To the Light

All's clear and gone, but pitchers' eyes secure
Seem wink and wink and wind a stairy way
To light serene now shrinking dim-obscure
Men's, beasts' or insects' sight peeps for the fairy ray.

All new door-openers hold each a pair of keys
To serve the just: yet not for their own ease
Do they the seasons' gates to life unlock;
Live not by time of sun and stars, nor moon-drawn seas,
But mark the hours with bells of water-clock:
The compass-points turn round the speechless weather-cock.

III

A BALLET FROM EMPATHY

The introverted mind believes itself busy, yet produces nothing. Its self-torture is partly involuntary, but partly wilful: for that which ambitiously directs it increases its painful labour. And yet I was free from ambition, for, thought I, if I cannot be a poet or a musician for want of memorizing forms achieved, such forms at least may be prepared in their meeting-place, in the timeless, imperishable substance of spirit, and so I may join the labour of the Muses.

Some solitary captives have tamed spiders or beetles: here was a more monstrous pet. It was the sound of water-pipes which brought with them a regular ticking as of clocks; and sometimes there came, as it were, several small watches ticking simultaneously in different parts of one's head. By practice it should be possible to project these sound-processes to an echo's distance, and so to rhyme into them and shape them. The task was made easier because at this time the differences between waking and sleeping effort were slight, and if I lost consciousness, there were many voices which produced a sustained harmony out of my stumbling beginnings. And these outer singers now began rather waywardly and tentatively to accom-

pany the waking rhythms, having played just as they chose whenever the wilful part of consciousness had taken a knock-out.

One night some notions of a ballet (such as once I had witnessed ecstatically in Clarissa's company) invaded my mind. Presently the tickings took charge, and it began to be performed. The scene was an old printer's workshop : it was littered with tools and impediments, much as though it had been ransacked by burglars. For the old master printer who had owned it—a Mr Darvil—was dead, and the place was up for sale. So the auctioneer's men had been taking an inventory, but they had left the place at dusk: and as the rustling and scratching of their note-books had ceased, and the weighty tread of their boots had creaked the last stair, a new and more intricate murmuration became perceptible. It seemed to be exhaled like a confluence of odours, mingling yet recognizable, from the half-opened drawers by the window, from many chests, trays and boxes which were stacked round the walls and lay disordered about the floor.

Here were founts of type which had become old-fashioned and long fallen out of use. Some alphabets were like old skulls which have lost their most important teeth, for letters had been sent out on jobs and had been forgotten to be returned. There were clumsy pear-tree letters, initials and ornaments of box-wood and all sorts and sizes of other alphabets from " great primer " down to " diamond " and even smaller. It was believed that there were a few foreigners in

an obscure colony, and ancient Greeks and Hebrews, for Mr D. had not eschewed Aryan patronage. Yet all these letters had one thing in common, a thing quite indispensable to their business. What was it? The height of each was the same: it was of exactly a shilling's breadth. And they all, with one accord, worshipped the spirit and memory of the great Queen whose likeness, in silver, is even now sometimes handed about.

Three generations ago, in the time of the first Mr Darvil (the son of him that made pies for William IV's coronation), it had been the greatest ambition of some poor apprentices, who worked in this shop, to cut the type for a "thumb Bible"—the smallest that could possibly be printed, and yet so clear that one could read it without the aid of spectacles. It was to be offered to Her Majesty when she went into Westminster Abbey. This was a great ambition: and the apprentices, or little darvils (as they were called), had each put every bit of his soul into every letter that he cut. And yet the presentation had never quite come off: my Lord Chamberlain, or the Clerk of Works, had put his spoke in; yet the subject was always mentioned when these little letters were taken out to be looked at, till at last, like old soldiers who have stayed at home, they quite came to believe in their brave warlike deeds. So here were all the souls of the darvils, trimmed of all earthly likeness and yet themselves and no one else; the Darvil himself, the darvils and the under-darvils down to the very smallest full-stop, stored up and put away in their boxes till the Day of Judgment.

None of the darvils was very big : the largest had used to sit at the window behind the master printer, then the next sat on a stool behind him, the third in a corner, and had the light that came over the shoulders of the others : then there was a trap-door to the basement, and so they went on growing smaller and smaller till the tiniest had barely a thread of light, which shone regularly, however, for a short time each day, upon the face of his work (which grew to look surprisingly like his own face). No thicker than a darning-needle was he, but as hard and bright ; his head only as large as a grain of gunpowder—but no less single-minded. A working-day of eighteen or twenty hours was no hardship to such as he ; so that they might only serve the Queen whom they worshipped, they would work unceasingly till they broke or were thrown away. Plain and frugal was their diet, for they were quite satisfied with a mouthful of sticky printer's-ink, and the faintest touch of oil once in a twelvemonth. And the faithfullest of them slept, like good apprentices, in the drawer under that counter at which they waited for orders, and to which, on an exceptional and dreadful occasion, the master had nailed a bad half-crown.

There was intense suppressed excitement among all, greater than among schoolboys on the last day of term ; for here none knew whether he would be plunged into a red-hot melting-pot, and have to go through the dreadful experience (which all remembered, or believed in) of being stirred up as a molten liquid, poured into moulds, engraved, polished and hardened, all over

again. Or whether—there was the barest hope—some new interest might be taken in him, and his pattern be "revived".

The wooden letters spoke as men who are resigned but whose fate is sealed. They had been old and trusted servants, had never damaged paper nor presses, and were legible, as they said, to the simplest reader. "Never say die, we will swim or sink together."

But a steel die sharply picked up this speaker. "You lightweights may do neither, but all burn instead."

Then whispered a zinc darvil smoothly:

"Can magnet-lovers lose their temper?"
("They lose if they grow hot, you mean.")
"Aye, sharp and cutting things they say,"
observed a brass, a trifle green.
"Do brazen faces tell the truth?"
"Cheap styles transferred are dull as lead,"
a mould of casting metal said.
"Yet blunt remarks may come to pass."
"Severe ideals should govern youth."
"We boxen boys will never whimper."
"For wooden heads are bold as brass."
"Peace: truth's impressed the inverse way."

Thus they of mixed metal and timber, but of unalloyed honesty, chipped one another as familiar rivals, though in presence of common danger, till they were stilled by this last speech, from a small silver-pencil. Some angry sneers, such as "Old cheap-jack!" "Stop-gap!" "Rotten-tooth!" died on the lips which would have uttered them, and risk of a scuffle

was avoided. For Lady Silver-point was sacred. Had she not once been privileged to trace from living majesty the young royal profile? And now she was backed by some "true type-metals" and "Britannias" who rose to maintain the self-respect of the community.

"Order!" they cried peremptorily. "Let us now hear the old dusty darvils speak, them who remember the Royal Accession in the year 1837."

So then there were dusty and muted sounds, for some of the aged wits were rather glued up, and stuck together. Of course they were full of the popular subject, but it was so long ago that they had forgotten their places, and believed that they were in Westminster Abbey, and the beautiful Queen was going up presently on a great throne of gold and diamonds. She was in fact going up to Heaven, and on this, many more darvils, who had thought themselves dead, woke up and remembered all the circumstances. And thus the volume of sound, which had grown to a tune as of muted horns and husky viols, increased as though choirs, companies, and long processions, with many voices and new instruments, filed in by many doors: and as the music grew in volume it became clearer in form and harmony, although so intricate; until it almost seemed that the whole Abbey, with its vaults, windows, piers, pinnacles and pavements, would be carried away to Heaven itself with all this congregation of saints and elders. The roof-roses had come to life, like magnificent water-lilies; the screens, stalls and

tomb-canopies were all in flower ; the floor was full of rarest sheaves of corn.

These joys were the fulfilment of all craftsmen's toil who aspired to clear and high expression, in which perhaps he does better who cuts a single clear, fair letter to the honour of God than the artist did who made Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold.

But that part of the service in which our shopful of apprentices bore part, among whom I stood and listened, was sung and sounded in their scraping cockney voices, so angular, so irrepressible—although subdued so much below silence, in their Abbey empathy, that they seemed spiritually re-created. Nor was life's experience denied, nor the rude coinage of wood and metal, its indentations and scratches, its grit, grease, ink and dust; the perpetual exhaustion and immanent squinting for light; the microscopic mercilessness of the graver's point. (It was like a paradise of chimney-sweeps, given a day's whole holiday once in a lifetime.) The hard-sighted little printing-darvils formed mental concatenations in this brain (their Grand Organ) with screeds of complicated, side-splitting jocularity, then as if they remembered their miseries, or realized their puny under-developed bodies, there were periods of agony almost unbearably sustained ; of an ecstatic delight, as when insects and tiny plants were first created; of wild and stormy pathlessness, and again of hysterical weeping and wailing, but with joy. And so consciousness quite lost power of itself, and was taken away by wings of harpies to a

place of unshaped stones, where in a dream were heard bursting choruses of song, afterwards fragmentarily remembered, when the mind, like the meanest darvil, crept painfully back to the dark, closed drawer, wherein it lay.

IV

PROBLEMS OF THERAPY

It was now daybreak, and presently I dozed until the door was opened; then I begged Charge Nurse Cockerel for paper and a bit of pencil, that I might try to define the shape of some things which had delighted or fascinated my attention. But I toiled weakly and with disgust, exhausted by stretching and grasping for memory: quite otherwise were my longings than those of souls who, crossing Lethe, stretch impotently for the draught of forgetfulness. Sometimes my keepers judged that I had tried long enough: and always pencil and paper must be given up in the evening, though when at night I awoke glowingly those materials would have been of welcomest avail.

These were circumstantial obstacles, but there was discrepancy too between what I could set on paper and things which came unsought into my mind. These latter, which seemed so real, were irrational and fugitive, their forms faintly printed and evanescent; their beauty fled the touch of definition. What, on the other hand, was compiled in an habitual, plodding, artificial way was all I could reduce to writing. So I made up stories, though knowing that they were false, and had not the authority of inspiration.

When it was thought time for me to be better physically, I was admitted to a general ward, where I was well content to do some mending of shirts and button-sewing. I was not denied paper and pencil, but I was so depressed by restraint that I did much worse, and more listlessly, than with mechanical work. And books were almost hateful, because they produced foreign, unwanted illusions.

The Medical Superintendent had devised a form of treatment which now became, to me, a very trying petty tyranny. It consisted in prolonged immersion in a tepid bath (sometimes for an hour together). If, after a few minutes, one tried to get up, he was forcibly restrained, even by blows and choking, from the hands of one or two of the biggest and stupidest male nurses. I was at this time hypersensitive to mechanical sounds, and the trickling of warm water, with the gurgling of the overflow, quickly became intolerable. The shivering warmth of the water in the bath, and the blazing blue sky seen through the steamy whiteness of skylight, produced as disagreeable a sensation as that which the mixture of electric illumination with natural does upon the eyesight. This happened day after day and without remedy, no reason being offered which could justify it. Patients who may be troublesome are tactfully avoided, even by quite conscientious doctors.

We ate thick slices of brown bread-and-butter with large mugs of tea, and had good porridge for breakfast. And here we slept, as in many other sanatoriums, in a dormitory which opened upon a balcony. Some beds

were outside the door on a sheltered verandah, almost upon the lawn and within reach of the trees and shrubberies. The two men who were on night duty sat at a desk or table by the door. Now fact and fancy mingled to produce an hallucinatory dream. I seemed to stand in the porch of a friend's house : many children entered and spoke as they passed me, or nodded recognition. There was a tiger-skin rug, which, becoming suddenly animated, threw me to the ground. As I tried to struggle, its form changed, and two Chinamen stood over me, strangling me. From this nightmare I seemed to wake ; there was still a porch, there were trees outside, quite close at hand, and under them many people, my friends among them, who called and urged me to come away with them. A few moments later the former nightmare was nearly realized, for I lay on my back in the doorway, and the two attendants, who had dragged me back in my rush from the place, had gripped me by the throat. And presently they led me back again to the closed side room.

John Archer came to see me, bringing with him something of a clear, free and normal atmosphere. He warmly encouraged me to work at my own interests ; and he had gone to the expense and trouble of bringing me some artist's materials. I asked him quietly to bring me a screwdriver. He smiled ; but he was much too honourable to comply.

But a little later, as I moved more among the other patients, I began to know the members of the staff better, and to talk more freely with them. Some I

learned to like ; though confidence was but slowly established, and I would not say that this was their fault. But there were others who had less interest in their work, and their attitude, which I thought cynical and disrespectful, much increased my impatience. Nurse Cockerel had set me to pull the lawn-roller, a form of exercise which I always hated, but would not now refuse. This task soon found out my weakened muscles, and I was filled with shame to think that my feeble efforts amused the two invigilators. They were elderly men, who lounged like November flies on the lawn where we took our recreation, and I felt morbidly that their facetious exchanges were at my expense.

It was a summer's afternoon, and the beauty of those miles of warm and wooded landscape caused nostalgia in me, for I was at such moments particularly conscious of the flight of time, which so fast outruns all one's long-intended tasks. At the same time I was greatly afraid of my weakness. But these smug wasters were no longer endurable. I jumped and scrambled on to the rail : the bar was not higher than my head, and the spikes not dangerous ; the elm-sheaves and beautiful leaves closed after my flight.

I don't think I was immediately pursued, and my direction this time was fairly clear. I gained the boundary-fence, found a path through a long plantation ; there I met a man whom I did not try to avoid, but gave him a hard look, and when he was left behind, made across ploughed fields, into lanes and churchyards, in a southerly direction.

My plans were not clear : the less so because every new object which I saw offered a fresh, plausible and acceptable suggestion.

An hour after sunset I came to a brickfield ; the moon's last quarter was setting, the air was quite clear and light : what seemed a comet burned midway down the eastern sky—it seemed a sign that I should try to go away to India, where some great thing might descend. If necessary I could be a brickmaker, like the Jews in Egypt, until I should be led to greater things by Divine Purpose. Near the path to this place was a thick bed of meadowsweet fringing a dell of hawthorns : the scent was preternatural and mystical.

I was in good spirits two hours later when turning up a lane I overtook a couple of policemen, to whom I said good-night: they, however, stopped and questioned me. I told them my name and home place.

" Where are you coming from ? "

" Woodbridge," I answered. (It was at some distance, but behind me.)

" Walking all the way ? " asked one incredulously. " What means have you, or how can you show that you have any lawful business ? "

My pockets did not contain a coin, not so much as a halfpenny. I brought out a pen, with a bottle of Indian ink.

" I am a writer, and these are the tools of my profession."

The constable did not demand paper also ; he passed me, wishing me speed on my journey.

This was most encouraging, yet a dull cold day-break, with no breakfast, can a little damp quite sanguine spirits. And after so long a period of invalid treatment such fatigue was unusually trying. But as the morning grew bright, I perceived at a distance a large ship ; and from this ship illusive voices urged and beckoned to me. I had been half minded to try to find my way into Berkshire, where I knew the country, and perhaps find lodgings in a workhouse, with enough food (in return for half a day's work) to enable me to tramp to the next one. As a boy I had spoken to men who lived in this way. But instead, I now took the shortest way to these docks, which was a green field, much larger than it looked, and intersected with concealed ditches. The ship's hooter gave a blast, and fearing she would leave without me, I stumbled forward hastily : all the crew must know I was coming as fast as I could, for the voices were loud and urgent.

Presently I came alongside, and making my way on deck, inquired boldly for the ship's purser. That officer would not come on board till the afternoon, was the reply, given with promising good-will. I felt sure I should do as a steward. But now I caught sight of some young fellows eating their dinners, talking (as it seemed to me) ostentatiously and loosely among themselves.

They were far too much like the attendants whom I had left on the exercise-green ! Would they not hate me if I became their fellow servant ; and lock the door against my higher activity ?

Yet though the spirit Sarcastic had again shaken

my purpose, I could not wait idly for the purser's return, and nor would I go on my journey without seeing him, now that I had signified that intention. A steam-engine driven along the metal tracks by the dock uttered words of articulate admonishment in a gigantic clanking voice : it was bewildering that this mechanical language, so plainly addressed to me, seemed not to be heeded by the many others who were at hand. About forty men were busy on platforms hung alongside the hull of a great rusty ship within the dock ; with resounding hammer-blows they struck off her scale of rust and flakes of paint. So I descended a rope-ladder, and taking up a hammer, began to rap away at the rind of this slumbering leviathan, as though I meant to let the daylight into her dusky bowels.

Presently along comes the foreman.

" Now then," he roared, " what the fluting 'ell do you think you're up to there ? "

These words were evidently spoken to me, so stopping for a moment, I replied :

" Oh, it is all right, I have to work at something," and set to work again with increased vigour.

" Here, hi ! stop him some of you beamers, can't you ? "

Hammers were laid down and bulky fists were raised, and I returned perforce up the rope-ladder. A policeman had already appeared as if by magic, and two others were approaching. I lacked the complementary faculty of vanishing, and with scarce more of a struggle than needs to knock over a harvest rabbit,

they had overpowered and conveyed me to an adjacent place where there were white-coated attendants. One who was qualified, examined me by poking a finger in my eye, in order, as it seemed, to test whether it was made of glass or no. The police now made their affidavits and their exits, and the way out was closed to me. Presently a female nurse, or matron, came and spoke to me, offering me sweet cake and a cup of tea, no doubt from her own provision. She made kind and coaxing promises that I should be given work in the garden next day, and that I might get up at half-past six to begin it. I was grateful to her for this, and, not liking to accept presents without making some return, I gave her this copy of verses of my composition, which were still in my pocket :

The Crossing

Since faith to friend is false to brother
And knowledge gained is wisdom spent
So fare it well or ill, for other
The borrower buys what he has lent :
Except the Adam-charge be reft
To pledge or mate, there's nothing left.

As earnest of the plighted troth
Some cross our graves with bakemeats laid,
Tripping in silence as a moth
To fortify the passing shade.
Then gliding swift as fancy doth
The bride goes by in moonlit raiment,
The twinkling stars fret not such cloth
But day corrupts the silver payment.

Whatever sense this fragment could be thought to convey, it had originated from a dream, three nights earlier, of a brief resurrection and partaking of food : it was not inappropriate to this short, incontinent, chilled and feverish excursion. But next morn no early caller came, and among my dismal fellow sojourners I learnt that this was a worse heart-breaking reformatory than the last. The windows were guarded with wire-mesh like a canary cage : and so it was fitting that I should sing for my bit of sugar. But not till eleven o'clock did one take the cloth off my cage, that is to say, my bed. Male nurses Sparrow and Cockerel had been sent from The Groves with a taxi, to fetch back the now crestfallen, escaped canary; nor were their common accents and pragmatical airs ever so welcome as now. At least they were plain dealers.

No doubt it is just to treat an unruly, erratic person firmly, even severely ; but the cause of sanity is poorly maintained by means of insincere promises.

V

OUR HOUSEHOLD

It was of no use to attempt physical resistance, and yet inexperienced nurses—devilish youths they then seemed—sometimes would really provoke patients to show signs of violence, in order to settle them the more effectually. If in despair the patient refused his meals, forcible feeding with a china vessel full of soft stuff, and a length of rubber tubing, afforded occupation to a doctor and three or four assistants.

A Scots minister who was here swallowed the rubber tube, in preference to voluntary feeding, for forty days in succession ; and was at length discharged. This good man was willing to read from the Bible to any fellow patient who could not do so for himself. Once he began to exchange experience with me as to the cause of his confinement ; but we could not for long meet on common ground, to my regret.

It may be believed that religion has to tread delicately in these surroundings ; and to those who are constitutionally heretics, there is without doubt an advantage in being so certified by doctors and not by priests. We saw two chaplains : Mr Cassock, the Anglican, and Mr Hassock, the Dissenter. Mr Cassock used sometimes to enter the Library, where (I had forgotten

it) there was a piano : and after some well-intended but conventional salutations, he would strum out a hymn tune, and presently sing the same. He seemed to enjoy this scarcely more than we did ; yet we respected him for doing his duty. Mr Hassock was far more popular. He brought other books and magazines, and had a cheerful word for all, but especially for novices.

" Haow are you naow, my jew-el ? " he would say, kindly patting a curly head.

From the pulpit of our chapel, which these two defended on alternate Sundays, those of us who attended service sometimes received strange doctrine.

In all social work, as in other enterprise and employment of labour, the problems of wasted effort and wasted time are great, and their solution brings prosperity and contentment. The results of the principle (laid down by Dr. Maudsley) that questions of insanity should always be determined by medical authority begin now clearly to be seen. These institutions have hidden telephone numbers ; the police are forbidden to call them " mental " hospitals. Asylums (except for criminals) are obsolete.

For there is no absolute distinction between madness and sanity, apart from a man's work and social relations. Sanity has an active duty and function : to think and to do appropriately to the purpose of one's life, and to act consistently in its fulfilment. Nevertheless, there is no standard purpose in all men's lives, though men may share common necessities, and may have individual requirements, which each ought to seek

for himself. But beyond this, to postulate that all men should be sane, and should give up experiences and certainties which are not allowed by the supervising class, is simply to sterilize life. And if men who are placed in charge of these " insane " grow even less sane themselves, through believing in the insanity of others, then they may not uncharitably be classed with the unselfish pioneers of research, who by the effect of their experiments to cure others have themselves become incurably afflicted.

The time may come when England will follow Russia's example, in refusing merely to keep alive, and almost in enforced idleness, many men who are put out of the way for reasons of social convenience. There are shut up here many good and peaceable men who have failed in the family experiment, and who are not easily employable by commercial enterprise. They may be silent, asocial, even unapproachable to some who would help them ; yet despite these great difficulties, it is neither a humane nor an intelligent organization that keeps them so, in mere existence. This system pays a salary to one idle man in eight, merely to invigilate the other seven, and to serve them with meals.

In a State which has dominant, high ideals, great works ought to be undertaken, for only in this way can the values of work be raised. No system, public or private, can make men work who will not. But those are least free who *may* not work. And our standards of voluntary work are poorer than they need be, not from want of individual good-will, but from wretched want

of strong purpose to live and work for. The officials tread on one another when they try to assist.

Standards of education are generous, and the State does not grudge to supplement with grants of money the disinterested efforts of true educators (where these have been established long enough). But it fails to encourage the products of liberal education; in art and letters we are content to be very barbarous. To quote a distinguished living artist and educator:

> The State to-day is like the mistress of a great house, but with neither the knowledge nor the character to control her servants; for if a mistress herself knows not what tasks to assign them, what tasks will be done? [1]

What a negative outlook is ours, that we pay unstintingly for weapons of destruction, as well as we can afford for protective measures, and yet remain self-satisfied in our absolute indifference to fine works of man's highest faculties, in art, letters and music! With a new vision of discipline and purpose, these communities which used to be called asylums can become self-supporting and self-governing bodies. They could well afford to undertake productive work, in other conditions "uncommercial"; to maintain high standards of workmanship; and so they would become rich humanizing centres, comparable to the medieval monasteries.

To bring about such high activity without a political revolution is practical policy.

[1] William Rothenstein, *Men and Memories*, vol. ii, p. 146.

No caste differences must exist between those who are paid for their work and those who are as yet unprofitable inmates; nor private patients whose relatives subscribe more than the cost of their keep—which normally goes to help pay for the poorer. But none ought to be prevented from working to the full extent of their powers; as things are, there are far too many in petty authority who may hinder and inhibit them. It should be made practicable to notify any paid member of the staff when knowledge and qualification are no longer useful, and to abolish his duties, or transfer them to more capable hands. Similarly, those who contribute usefully, and are sane in these surroundings, should be paid for their work so far as the funds will bear it: then there would not be so many who are left here high and dry, only because they have no friends outside to help them hence. The qualified nurse or doctor might feel it unjust to lose a safe sinecure and pension, and for a nobody to be promoted. But this is the only sane and sound policy: "qualifications" are the refuge of pedants; the obstructions to real usefulness. So we might lose our shambling, stumbling habit: a physical slouch among patients, and a moral slouch among physicians.

Of the younger male nurses a few are well fitted to give physical instruction, and these classes, which I attended in company with a score of other young men, were a welcome and pleasurable part of our routine. Our two instructors were keen and efficient, and their classes were willingly attended. As far as I know, the

patients did not play football: but there were regular matches, which many watched, between our staff and the staffs of other hospitals, and with teams of police.

For a time morning pilgrimages to the cold-shower baths were introduced: a godly practice which fell into disuse when another charge-nurse took over the ward. The buildings of The Groves were modern and well-equipped—but to have the best advantages depended partly on where one happened to be. Just now I was with a company graded as "medium rough"—and their society suited me very well. They behaved naturally and not self-consciously, and seemed to me easier to live with than some who felt themselves to be different socially. Scarce any of my neighbours minded how much I made sketches of them (except one obviously ugly fellow, who was perhaps to be excused). One might whistle, sing or write without interference, and in spite of all this it was surpringly possible to concentrate on what one was doing, because small-talk practically did not exist.

There were pictures of a sort on the walls, mostly of the ready-made sort: very few were of any interest. A duplicate set of worthless coloured views had actually been hung in the same corridor and ante-room; either through inadvertence, or by the hands of the contracting furnishers. In the main passages downstairs, posters had been introduced to brighten things up. By a rare chance, some worthy thing had found a hook; for here was a print of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler", and

THE ORATOR

a photograph of a choir-practice in a church gallery, after a painting by Armitage, to whose merit he who sang and rhymed in Yiddish called my attention. And there were a few photographs of architecture.

Then we might go to the cinema on two evenings a week, if we were well enough and had behaved ourselves. Once or twice I went, though I had loathed cinemas during the early part of my " enthusiasm ". But the action was liable to work into my concatenations of thought with sinister relevance, so thereafter I kept clear of it.

Then there were gramophones, major and minor. A magnificent one which played records of martial music during our physical training in the gymnasium. And we had a minor gramophone in one of the lower day-rooms, for which, unfortunately, only one disc was available, whose two sides were scored with popular vocal subjects—a high-scooping Lancashire mill-hand (whom I grew cordially to hate), and on the other side a Cockney humorist, who sang :

" There was a young lady of Ealing
Who walked upside-down on the ceiling
. . . . .
. . . . .
It's a very pe–cu–li–ar feeling.

Refrain :

That was a beautiful rhyme,
Sing us another one do," etc.

Troublesome were these tunes to my ears long

before my companions had left off wanting to hear them, again and yet again.

After it snowed there was competition to get brooms and sweep clear the walks and ways. And there were regular jobs which became certain men's daily privilege ; such was the tea-urn man's, and his who pushed the trolley with loaves from the bakehouse.

Somebody would begin to write a letter : " My dear Wife "—but no more words would come : at length the notepaper was abandoned.

Silence may well be a spiritualizing influence : it often changes the expressions of those who keep it ; they grow more dignified, their movements are sensitive and reticent. Not ordinarily are these wards and day-rooms filled with vain, foolish chatter ; but when friends and relatives of *other* patients come to make their offering of fruit, cake, tobacco, and magazines. This rabble brings its own atmosphere : the many who enter together are impervious to the holy church-like calm. They may guess what a dull, empty ache is here, when there is no occupation save for aisle-sweepers and pew-openers. But it is an ill mind that would criticize the visitors, who are ever so welcome, and who sometimes bring children with them. These presences had seemed as far away as another world, yet life had been hopeless without them. Not everyone gets visitors : there are many within the gates to whom the other world is long since unreal. They glance on the strangers with unearthly looks, as may the guardian spirits of a cemetery upon the flaunting weeds and

plumes of some who make their Sunday pilgrimage to lay flowers upon the mounds.

Rent-Collecting Day

Now when mean conscience pricks unsettled haste
Space to re-plan and plant, in time laid waste
Nor to deceive with vague intent th' estate
Rented from merchant Fate with time outlaid,
When shall his pay-day fall ? whose careful slate
Chalked up with name and date, and faults unpaid
Must square ; yet blanks unfilled are duties most,
Purposes traded, borrowed on and lost.

VI

TOILS AND PASTIMES

Great latitude existed in the scope of duties or occupation that each man might conceive proper to himself who was a guest at The Groves ; whether paid, paying, or paid for. During the time of patients' exercise some of the staff were posted at the edges of the recreation ground ; these were normally idle watchers whose only possible activities were to pursue any who might try to run away, to take charge of such as should throw fits, or fight one another, and, when the signal came to go in to tea, to shepherd in the stragglers. In the day-room certain of these young gentlemen principally occupied the billiard-table (for there was one here). Sometimes they engaged in games of draughts, dominoes, or halma with patients, and regularly they gambled amongst themselves in the evenings. In the latter occupation they had this great advantage over the poor loonies, who played " brag " or " King of Hearts " in the yard-shelter ; namely, that the nurses could afford to play for sixpenny stakes, while their charges had not many halfpence, and used to owe one another the screwed papers of tobacco which they earned by their contributory work for the community.

Common toil is the best means of social trust and goodwill between men who must live together. Where many hands are idle life stagnates, and it is a wonder that, in such conditions, friendships should exist at all. They do exist where least is said ; and there is more human kindness than could be expected. There are men on the staff of The Groves, and of similar institutions, who do admirable, keenly conscientious work : they do so from temperament and although they may be snubbed for it. But the slavish mind of conventional authority inhibits all high and free faculty, and accepts unworthy standards, which pass for being the only democratic, commercial, or practicable ones.

Most patients who are able-bodied lend a hand in polishing floors, door-handles, the inner surfaces of windows, whatever simple job comes naturally to hand. There are always enough willing workers, and some also who do no work, are just as simply tolerated.

And by these signs can be gauged the efficiency and fitness of those petty-officers, their male nurses. Once a day the patients go out for half an hour or longer, and tramp round and round the enclosed court apportioned for this recreation. No one need walk ; that is to say, no one is officiously " moved on " unless he is actually annoying another man. And here we meet men from other wards ; there are enough characters to satisfy a curious observer. Here one man stands roaring out a speech, his hoarse cries are of one loudness and upon one note—whether he would reason, conciliate or excite, argue on politics, religion or education, the

sound is exactly the same. Others suspiciously loiter, like turf-accountants in secret practice ; sprawl on the grass or sit as though begging for alms ; or hop, skip and chase one another like grey-headed school children. This man takes one's hand, saying never a word : another stands cursing without provocation for as long as one will wait to hear him. And yonder an impressive, strong-looking man walks rapidly and noticing no one, on a fixed beat, like Bonaparte on St. Helena.

When I was a boy there used to be old characters and eccentrics who followed odd occasional callings : inland shrimp-sellers, covenanters for bones and old metal, herb-gatherers and the like, which crafts seem nearly extinct. From my slight reading of history, I suppose these itinerant traders have always lived pre cariously, and been persecuted where possible by tradesmen councillors, with whose businesses they competed. The thrice-reputable Lowland pedlars were whipped out of towns and villages in Cornwall to make more room for profiteering shopkeepers. Such men were put in the stocks, and by all means legally robbed and insulted : their money, if they had any, was taken to pay the hangman's fee for whipping them, " and others like them ". It was because they belonged to the individualist minority among society, which includes true artists, poets, and musicians—these original minds, which threaten the complacent exploiters of mankind.

Well, here are all the old-fashioned people.

A park-walker thus accosts me :

" You will think me mad, I dare say, when I tell you I had the privilege of shaking hands with the Creator two years ago in Suffolk."

" I do not think you mad," is my reply. " For I had an experience, about as long ago, which is no easier for other people to believe." And with that the subject is dropped, with a good enough understanding on both sides.

Then a troublesome fellow grasps one's buttonhole, complaining :

" 'Ere, I say, why can't they let me out o' this ? Bloody misery this 'ere is. What do they want to take away a man's wife and children for ? Take all a man's love away, I mean ? My God, get me out o' this ! "

To him a bystander, a man of seventy with blue eyes and firm jaw, whose clipped speech is clean as carbolic acid, replies :

" Why, why, why ? That's a very long letter, is why."

Some there are whose case is too sad for pity : silent men who seem to have been argued out of their claim to common human understanding; put away and forgotten by neighbours more skilled in worldly expedience. Certainly it is more easy to drift into this place than to find a way out. There are those whose violent incontinence of abusive speech causes them to be avoided ; but great forbearance is used towards them by their companions. Some may have a hidden moral irritation which causes them to behave rudely ; and a few suffer almost constant physical pain. One of these last was an aged seaman whose brains tortured

him daily. We thought he had encountered the sea-serpent, or at least notable prodigies, but he would not satisfy inquiries on those subjects. Only, unasked, he occasionally fired a broadside, sinking on the spot our flimsy floating conjectures.

So there were rare flashes from even impenetrable, overweighted spirits. A veteran soldier who was here, behaved as though he controlled the nations by telepathy, with a perfectly Russian autocracy. His head was a rough and splendid one : no honest man need have feared his violent condemnations of traitors and money-lenders. He was in trouble from an intestinal disease, and when his pain became acute he used to undress and go to bed without a word. The doctors operated on him ; he did not survive.

In the Library one could read or write for hours with but little interruption. And here was that boon to doubters, Scott's *Bible Commentary*, in two different editions of four great volumes apiece. Other books in the Library include Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, Disraeli's *Venetia*, and Captain Marryat's *Snarley-Yow*, of whose characters the genial Jemmy Ducks and the consequential Vanslyperken are so appropriate to this place : one might identify them all. The books of poetry were a part of *Silex Scintillans*, a paper-covered *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and the *Song of Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon, with notes in German.

Some books of poetry and of reproductions of pictures were presently supplied from home, and some were borrowed from a young man with whom I now

began to be friendly. Then, too, some of us made drawings according to our tastes ; at least we could work for satisfaction, not caring for anyone's praise or blame. Work done here was sincere rather than confident. A few individuals whose temperament fitted them for laborious handicraft made admirable wool rugs. And in addition to these pursuits of individuals, there are organized occupations, with one or more skilled workmen at the head. Carpentry, chair-mending, house-painting, tailoring, boot-repairing, book-binding : in these and other trades there is valuable practice and instruction. Some of the best, most useful work is done by a few individuals who seem to have no other social gift. When they have had full liberty they have been in chronic difficulties, or involved in crime ; here they live not badly, and deserve very well of the community.

Between a dozen and a score of men worked regularly on the farm (for there is a fairly large and well-managed estate). The two members of the staff who were manager and foreman of this party, may well have been the happiest and most successful of all who were in charge. They had a true feeling for the work, and knew how to get hard work done as though it were a pleasure and not drudgery. The Groves estate suffices to produce the needs of the place, at least in vegetables, milk, and bacon. There is enough timber also to occupy a foreman-manager : but it is very unlikely that there can be profit from this. There are gardeners, occupied in greenhouses and flower-beds,

lawns and shrubberies: groundsmen to keep the football field, workers on the drives, paths and orchard; and many others.

Naturally one saw but little of what went on in the female side. A band of women came out to harvest the peas and beans; they did some haymaking also, and other reasonably light jobs. Once the matron took me inside their workroom—a large hall in which forty or fifty women were variously employed with needle and scissors. Beside these simple tools were more intricate contrivances: an electric rotary cloth-cutter, and a knitting-machine upon which the several seams of a stocking-foot could be simultaneously worked, reducing or increasing the number of stitches. This was a complex and difficult machine, yet she who handled it was adept, though wholly unable to explain its action with words.

These were but glimpses of the women patients. Some girls who played tennis on their lawns might have been guests, or nurses out of uniform. But when women patients of long standing were herded forth for walks it was more shocking to see the drab look of some of these faces than any countenances of men: for it was as though they had been unfairly robbed of the spirituality which belongs to their sex. One fancied that the female nurses who moved amongst them seemed as missionaries to a rude uncivil people, whose speech and thoughts are past finding out.

A brighter social view appears when, at Christmas and on other occasions, a dance is held in which men

and women patients join. What Pearly Kings and Queens are here! What flamboyant Uncles and Aunts now adopt the meek members of staff! And with what simple joy do they tread out measures, both modern and old-fashioned ones, such as are not often witnessed : for here there is room for both to progress at once. Society is at its best, for now the real characters find scope for pantomimic delights, and, masked with pasteboard and mitred with paper, are seen in proper guise. Their grim guards, propped in chairs or stood against corners, more than ever resemble lead soldiers who temporarily need not be manœuvred, while the dolls' party goes on.

VII

OUT OF THE WOOD

At last the time came when there clearly remained no obstacle in the way of my discharge (for my parents were most willing for my return); but a piece of work which I had undertaken to do here remained to be completed. Having been educated as a painter, I could not contentedly lose the chance of leaving behind me some proof of my skill; and I asked the Medical Superintendent to give me to decorate a plaster domed ceiling, about twenty-five feet in diameter, which was above the porch of one of the chief entrances, in the main block of buildings. This was a rather ugly place: there were stone steps down to a pointed archway, within was a junction of three dark passages, and the sides were of dun, ochreous brickwork. But the light was not bad, in fact it was interesting: and I thought to fill this domed space with figures on a great scale, and large clear masses of colour.

But the Doctor demurred. A proper scaffolding would be expensive; it would in any case be a most difficult place to work in.

Soon afterwards he mentioned that there was to be made a canteen, where refreshments and tobacco could be supplied to all who were here at cost price:

there would be large wall spaces, and these I was invited to decorate with painting.

The architect and the master house-painter gave me as much help as I needed, and on the whole, during the progress of this work, I met with quite enough good-will and kindness, and more, to make up for some ill-natured obstructive treatment, such as I have already quite sufficiently noticed. As an instance, I was allowed to go " on parole " to a place five or six miles distant, where oil-colours and brushes were sold ; and if I returned from such an excursion late for dinner or tea, I was sure to find a meal kept hot for me in the kitchen. How much easier it is to notice those persons who seem to spite one, than to recognize the hand that does inconspicuous kindnesses. Now there were many such, and personal freedom was almost complete ; but that the working day was never long enough. For such a work one should be up with the light, and have all day : I was prevented from beginning till ten, and was allowed but four or five hours a day.

For the subject of my first wall-decoration I determined on a landscape (which should fill the space to its very edges) with children playing among trees and bushes, some travellers, and men working in distant fields. To carry the figure-interest over a doorway which cut the lower part of this wall, a boy was climbing for his kite in the boughs of an oak. A preliminary design was to be submitted to the Medical Superintendent and the Architect for their approval ; but what, in fact, I showed them was a very slight

sketch ; and the work was almost an improvisation upon the wall ; first outlined in charcoal, then completed in full colour. One or two parts went wrong and were difficult to correct, so that there were flaws in the picture when complete. But the possibilities of large work are so different from those of drawings on a small scale, that I believe my method was the right one : I was without models, and could with advantage have deliberated longer, in order to work more simply and decisively.

The second wall, an unbroken space of nine feet by fourteen, was devoted to a haymaking scene, with a stack being built under old trees (as I have seen done in Essex). This was the most direct and successful of my subjects. The third was not so good : this wall had two windows, and was broken up with shelves. But there remained some interest in the corners of the room and about the doorway.

During late summer and the long autumn, my path to my daily occupation lay through the wood, a small forest of oak and sweet-chestnut, with lesser trees such as crab, dogwood, wild-service, and dense bramble thickets. Part of this wood was folded off, a half-acre at a time, where all within the fence save the mesh-guarded boles of oak was rootled to devastation by a herd of vigorous swine. It was a miraculously lovely autumn. Under the crab-trees were bushels of yellow, acid fruit. The acorns were so fine, though so plentiful, that those one did not seize and plant by the old timber-rail on the pasture side of the lane seemed so many missed opportunities.

Then, when I paused under a particular tree and spoke silently into it, the roots and trunk would as surely and sensibly render silent speech, each after his kind. At times the foliage and upper wreaths were so full of voices that one expected in a little while to distinguish and recognize the individuals in their multitude. The old withered stools of those oaks which had been felled a score of years since had another sort of language, not discordant to the words of old homilies, roused from the pages where they lie in dusty sleep, upon the unvisited shelves of rectory libraries. Of these fancies and of visual phantasms, one or another would occasionally grow strong enough to take precedence of the normalities of nature.

> The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
> And these are of them.

But of such, though they were impressive, enough perhaps has been said. Upon the whole, enjoyment of the outward beauties and the details of nature was intensified. Such rarities were discovered (or suspected) as a spotted wood-pecker, known from a few moulted feathers ; a natterjack ; a local variety of willow, and another of white-beam ; and one came to know more intimately the slowly enriching commonplaces of out-door light and texture, to surprise their occasional aspects and their intricate excellences.

And yet as mediums and types of aspiration these trees were lovelier and more real to my mind : they were known individually and connected by a practice

of thought with trees in other places that I knew well—as though these might bear messages ; and under their branches I used to desire blessings, after each his kind, for one who was now much in my thoughts. This may seem too simple and silly to merit observation, yet such room may be allowed for an increased variety in our devotional exercises. So these scenes became related in one's thought to other parts of nature, and to human friendships : which thus gave them a value besides their beauty.

There were men here who cultivated silence, and one might learn, it seemed, the mystery of communion with nature by induction from them. Not that telepathic messages were consciously promoted through them, but experience was enriched by the refraction of their unknowing virtue.

Nor do I think I was by any means the only one of those who lived in this place, to make solitary discoveries. Natural beauties, though narrowly confined, were revealed to many minds, in diverse incommunicable ways.

The solitary woods were free enough to purge many uncouth fancies : by this contact with nature the insistencies of hallucinatory voices (now well under conscious dominance) grew more clear and lovely in harmony with the virtue of these scenes. As the golden light filtered through the leaves which still garlanded the wood and brightly flecked the clear-tinted floor of chequered leaf, it was as though a living presence approached, neither treading upon the earth nor under

By courtesy of Gerard Hopkins, Esq.

RENT COLLECTING DAY

it, but through another, immaterial creation, wading and forcing his way upward into the golden light, pushing aside the tree-stems and thickets which obstructed his way, as Orion whose sight should be restored with the light of morning; a spirit, as I thought, like my Adversary when I had first seen him, sitting blind on guard at the police cell.

O England! Who shall give back your sight and your reason?

We live in a world of dual beliefs that cannot be made to agree, and most are content to cover the difficulties of life with the conventions of polite ignorance. And he who has a grievance beats the air as pitifully as those men who, hearing the tormenting voices of hallucination, answer their unseen enemies with loud and constant abuse. Upon them wild and bold natural scenery may have a more decided effect in subduing these delusions than the prim and formal works of the landscape gardener, such as surround the best of our mental hospitals. Trees, rocks and torrents are in the effects of their music, as David's harp upon the madness of Saul.

In truth, madness is the illusion; and those systems to which there seems to be madness are themselves deficient, incomplete: whether they are upheld by doctors, patients, or the subscribing public. Those who make loudest claim to discern and determine insanity in others are themselves the surest lunatics. All, all are beginners: there are specialists and professors, but there are no professional adepts in wisdom. Let those,

therefore, who take money for their services in psychiatry, wear gaberdines, for they are the money-changers between the frivolous sane and the grave demented.

" Is this Paradise ? " inquired the man who had been clearing up leaves outside the room whose walls I had been painting, when he saw, for the first time, my gay colours spread in forms of trees and figures.

" Quite good," said another. " Go on. God never made a man of clay to starve."

A third critic supposed that now the pictures were finished, I should have a chance of applying successfully to sell refreshments over this counter.

The Visiting Committee, whom I now confronted for the first time, after more than a year's detention, received my parent's address of thanks to all concerned, for my return to sanity. They, in their turn, thanked me through their Chairman for the work I had voluntarily undertaken, and had remained for an extra fortnight (at my father's expense) in order to finish. Lastly, I offered my acknowledgments to the Medical Superintendent, who had afforded me this " opportunity of occupation ", and so we all parted as friends.

But though it had been a keen pleasure to paint the walls, I knew that these were not works of art intimately connected with life : though they could offend few, and would please some who must be here, it was but a

distant memory of pleasurable sights, not a moving, convincing record of human experience.

Words may be no stronger than colours: yet to bring the forms of design nearer to Truth is still the purpose of this my history.

THE END

Library of the Mystic Arts

A LIBRARY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN CLASSICS

LI CHI: BOOK OF RITES: An Encyclopedia of Ancient Ceremonial Usages. Religious Creeds and Social Institutions. Translated by James Legge. Edited with Introduction and Study Guide by Ch'u Chai and Winberg Chai. Vol. I, lxxxiv + 484 pp., Vol. II, viii + 496 pp. index. 6⅛" x 9¼" 66-17934. $20.00 per set boxed
CHINA/RELIGION

Li Chi is perhaps the most important of the Five Classics, the Confucian texts which have been the cultural foundation of Chinese civilization for two thousand years. *Chi* means miscellany or encyclopedia. *Li* means: ceremonies, etiquette, urbanity, courtesy, honesty, good manners, education, form, knowing how to live, decorum, decency, dignity, moral conduct, social order, etc. etc.

Li Chi was compiled about two thousand years ago from materials already ancient then. Many of its ideas are in the form of anecdotes about Confucious and his disciples but much of it derives from his successors and even from contending sages and philosophies. In short, it is an encyclopedia of ancient Chinese wisdom, usages and institutions.

The translation is commonly recognized as the best ever made in any Western language, originally published at Oxford in 1885. There is now added a book-length introduction by Dr. Ch'u Chai, professor of Chinese Culture and Philosophy at the New School and his son, Winberg Chai, professor of Far Eastern Studies at the University of Redlands, California. They also provide a Study Guide to ease the way for those unfamiliar with Chinese philosophy.

POT: A HANDBOOK OF MARIHUANA by John Rosevear. 160 pp. 5½" x 8½" 67-15100. $4.95
HEALTH/MEDICINE

Legalization of the use of marihuana is being called for in many quarters. There is still a vast public misunderstanding of marihuana but, very recently, there has been a growing realization that it should not be lumped together with the narcotic drugs, as the present law statutes do. This book is, quite simply, a handbook of the information necessary to deal with this question.

Until quite recently, marihuana was used in America only on the outer fringes of society. Now, however, millions of young adults, college educated and from the middle class, have smoked pot, gotten high, and decided it is pleasant and harmless. Among these millions are many law students, tomorrow's jurists, lawyers and leaders of public opinion.

Here is the long and fascinating history of marihuana. Here is how and where the plant is grown. Here are its chemical and psychic properties. For those who really heed the facts, here is impressive evidence that it is harmless and non-addictive. Here are the various pipes and other methods of ingestion. In a word, everything anyone may ordinarily want to know about marihuana is in this quite short handbook.

THE CULT OF DESIRE: The Erotic Sculpture of India by Kanwar Lal. ill. 104 pp. + 126 plates. 7¼" x 9½" 67-24927 $10.00 INDIA/SCULPTURE

The 126 plates provide examples of sculpture from all over India, mostly taken from sacred walls of temples and gardens. The author, a distinguished Hindu archeologist, explains in the text the "so-called erotic enigma" of the vast proliferation of erotic monuments throughout India during many centuries. He finds the explanation to be the successful Hindu reaction to the puritan reformation introduced by Buddha. Buddhism originated in India and made great inroads for centuries before it was thrown back; it is noticeable that Buddhism, today still widespread in China, Japan, Ceylon and elsewhere, is a small minority in India.

WERE WE CONTROLLED? The Assassination of President Kennedy by Lincoln Lawrence. 175 pp. 5½" x 8½" 67-15098 $4.95

Were Lee Oswald and Jack Ruby unwitting robots in the assassination? In the same days that these pawns were being moved, a gigantic and fantastic game of international finance was also unfolding: the fall of Tino de Angelis and his huge vegetable oil empire, which drove down the stock market. Was de Angelis still another pawn and was his downfall part of one and the same game of driving down the stock market long enough for those behind the scenes to reap enormous profits? This is a startling hypothesis which the author examines in this book. A journalist for 25 years, the author, shocked by the news from Dallas, and unsatisfied with the printed accounts, worked for nearly three years preparing this analysis of what is still only a *rumor*—but one so deadly in its implications that it could not be ignored. Perhaps the most astonishing part of the book is the material on *mental programming*—what he believes was done to Oswald, Ruby and de Angelis—that he has managed to piece together concerning these new, dread tools of the intelligence services of the great nations.

PSYCHEDELIC PRAYERS: A Manual Based on the Tao Te Ching by Timothy Leary. index. 96 pp. 7" x 9" 66-23650. cloth $4.95, paper $2.95 PSYCHOLOGY

Tao Te Ching, usually translated as *The Way of Life*, written some 2600 years ago, serves Dr. Leary in the same way as the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* was utilized by him in *The Psychedelic Experience* to provide a manual for LSD experiences and to throw light on these kinds of expansion of awareness. This book provides 56 poems which are based on the 37 chapters of Book I of the *Tao Te Ching*. They are divided in six groups: Those to be read before an LSD session; those serving during the first three hours of a session; those to be read from the third to the sixth hour; from the sixth to the ninth hour; and those to be read during the period of re-entry to the normal state. Readers unfamiliar with LSD sessions will find that this book provides, as did *The Psychedelic Experience*, a vivid description of the states of consciousness through which passes the person ingesting LSD. Dr. Leary is, of course, the foremost exponent of the use of LSD for purposes of consciousness-expansion.

THE CHRIST by Charles Guignebert. Translated by Peter Ouzts & Phyllis Cooperman. Edited by Sonia Volochova. Introduction by W. H. C. Frend, D.D. xx + 332 pp. index. 6⅛" ffl 9¼" 66-24067. $10.00 RELIGION

This is a new translation—the first—of the last volume of the trilogy of which *The Jewish World in the Time of Jesus* and *Jesus* were the first two volumes. *The Christ* is the final product of Guignebert's thirty years as Professor of the History of Christianity at the Sorbonne. It shows us the religion of Christ developing in three stages.

First came the Jewish sect in Jerusalem, still reflecting the outlook of Jesus, who neither wished nor foresaw a new Church. Second came a sect beyond Jerusalem, in the Diaspora of the Hellenistic Jews and half-Jewish proselytes, in which the Jesus-Messiah of the Judeo-Christians became the *Savior* and *Lord* of the whole world. Third came the religion of Jesus-God substituted for the religion of Jahweh. The central fact in all this is the role played by the Hellenistic Jews in the Greek world.

Guignebert's place (b. 1867—d. 1939) at the pinnacle of higher criticism is explained in an Introduction by Dr. W. H. C. Frend, the New Testament scholar of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

CHEIRO'S COMPLETE PALMISTRY by Count Louis Hamon. Edited by Robert Ockene. ill. index. 288 pp. 6⅛" x 9¼" 66-15078. $7.50 OCCULT

This is a one-volume edition of the palmistry manuals of "Cheiro" (Count Louis Hamon), the world-renowned seer who practiced in Europe and America in the late 19th and early 20th century. Cheiro's *Language of the Hand,* which is included here, is his best-known work, but the other manuals incorporated add considerable insight into different areas. The value of the present volume is that it merges all significant materials scattered in the various manuals and includes Cheiro's memoirs and experiences with famous people.

The first section is a complete palmistry book, the second a survey of Cheiro's readings of palms and verifications by such figures as Sarah Bernhardt, King Edward VII, Rasputin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mata Hari, and many others. Handwritten testimonials include those from Mark Twain and Oscar Wilde. Most of the readings are illustrated; in all there are 75 illustrations.

THE MAGUS: A Complete System of Occult Philosophy by Francis Barrett. Introduction by Timothy d'Arch Smith. ill. Book I, xxv + 175 pp., Book II, 198 pp. Two Books bound as one. 7½" x 10" 67-22946. $25.00 OCCULT

This is a facsimile reprint of one of the most famous compendiums of occult knowledge, originally published in London in 1801, and now very rare. The book mirrors the gothic revival with its extreme curiosity about supernatural affairs, then in full flood in England, and anyone interested in the gothic novel or gothic architecture will recall that magic was in the air, a return to the practices and philosophies of the medieval adepts was demanded. A true Rosicrucian, Francis Barrett provided this handbook for those seeking to become adepts.

A notable part of this book is Barrett's illustrations derived from medieval and ancient magical texts, including magic tables, planetary tables, talismans and portraits of demons and foreign angels. The book also provides translations of cabalistic and occult lore which had never before been translated into English or which were issued in the seventeenth century and were then, as now, of the last rarity.

The introduction especially written for this edition by Timothy d'Arch Smith provides corrections of errors in Hebrew in the original and clears up a number of puzzling aspects of the author's work on magic squares.

THE WITNESSES by Thomas Hennell. Introduction by Humphry Osmond, M.R.C.S., D.P.M. ill. bibliog. lix + 251 pp. 5½" x 8¼" 66-22830. $7.95 HEALTH/MEDICINE

The author, ill with schizophrenia, and misunderstood by the doctors who were attempting to treat him, nevertheless succeeded in writing this intelligent, sensitive and observant record of what he saw and felt during his madness. It is well worth reading in itself but, in addition, it is of great interest as the guide to research leading to a major breakthrough in the treatment of schizophrenia.

Dr. Humphry Osmond, the distinguished psychiatrist and co-author of *How to Live With Schizophrenia,* first read *The Witnesses* in 1943. In 1950, when he began his work with mescalin and LSD, he noticed the remarkable similarity of his experiences under those drugs and those without drugs reported by the author. Dr. Osmond and his staff became their own guinea pigs: Hennell's vivid and moving story, to which they returned again and again, provided them with new possibilities they might have overlooked and reassurances that they were on the right track.

The schizophrenic's world is often so far removed from everyday happenings that he cannot communicate to all those around him. Thus *The Witnesses,* Dr. Osmond tells us in his long—56-page—Introduction, is a "door in the wall leading to other worlds." Of all the written accounts of mental illness, few are equal in interest to Hennell's and none has played such an important role. Originally published in England in 1938, this book is now published for the first time in the United States.

THE ILA-SPEAKING PEOPLES OF NORTHERN RHODESIA by Edwin W. Smith & Andrew Murray Dale. Introduction by Elizabeth Colson. 2 vols. Vol. I, xv, 423 pp., Vol. 2, 433 pp. ill. index. 6⅛" x 9¼" 66-21801. $20.00 per set. ANTHROPOLOGY

This is one of the most comprehensive accounts of the life of an African people at the turn of the century, before they had been greatly altered by the new economic and social forces. One a missionary, the other a government officer, the authors spent years in close association with the Ila; they sought to understand and learn rather than condemn the Ila way of life. For this reason their work seems contemporary, though it first appeared in 1920. Elizabeth Colson, professor of anthropology, University of California, Berkeley, provides a new introduction for this edition.

"Their chapters on religion and magic alone would place this book in the forefront of works on African ethnology. Rarely have we had presented to us such a vivid picture of the unseen powers which surround the African on all occasions. This is one of the very best books yet published on African ethnology."
—JOURNAL OF THE AFRICAN SOCIETY

POPULAR STORIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT by Gaston Maspero. New Foreword by Aziz Atiya. index. 396 pp. 6⅛" x 9¼" 67-24798. $10.00 EGYPT/FOLKLORE

One of the deans of Egyptian scholarship today, Aziz Atiya, head of the Middle East Center at the University of Utah, provides a new Foreword to this reprint which states: "The book in our hands is more than a series of popular tales. It is a work of staggering knowledge and wide erudition . . . a classic which must survive as an enduring monument of scholarship for many future generations." This English translation was originally published in 1915 from the fourth French edition and the translation revised by the author himself, making it a new book which superseded the French original. It is now reprinted because, says Prof. Atiya, it "has retained its uniqueness until our time." It includes a book-length introduction by the author.

These tales are a basic source for the social history of Ancient Egypt. They provide a picture of Egyptian morals and society which cannot be found in the dry official documents of the dynastic ages. They are also central to folklore studies, for many of them are the most ancient prototypes of familiar tales in later civilizations. There are seventeen complete stories and six fragments. This collection has never been superseded and remains basic to any library of Egyptian or folklore studies.

(continued from front flap)

ities they might have overlooked, and reassurances that they were on the right track.

And they were, as their researches eventually proved.

Dr. Osmond and his staff did not reach their conclusions by watching, as he puts it, "the behavior of well-bred rats." They experimented on themselves, their wives and co-workers. And they knew what to look for because of Thomas Hennell's intelligent, sensitive and observant record. They found out how difficult it was to communicate their bizarre and uncommon experiences, that when Hennell wrote "we came to a window in which a child was standing, and as we drew nearer, its face became pig-like," he was stating a reality. Though ill and misunderstood even by those who were attempting to treat him, Hennell's ability to describe what he saw and felt was remarkable: "I was conscious of an intense but static agony. I was in the sea, and under an icy rock of unimagined hardness."

The schizophrenic's world is often so far removed from everyday happenings that he cannot communicate at all with those around him. *The Witnesses,* Dr. Osmond tells us in his excellent introduction, is "a door in the wall leading into other worlds." Of all the written accounts of mental illness, few can equal Hennell's effort and certainly none has played such an important role.

Dr. Osmond, an Englishman, is presently Director of the Bureau of Research in Neurology and Psychiatry at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute in Princeton. His current interests, apart from research in schizophrenia and its many ramifications, and the appropriate use of psychedelics, are mainly concerned with devising means for measuring and exploring the experiential world of human beings. He is a Fellow of the World Academy of Art and Science.

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THE HERMETIC AND ALCHEMICAL WORKS OF PARACELSUS edited by Arthur Edward Waite. Introduction by Diane di Prima. index. 2 vols. Vol. 1, 416 pp. Vol. 2, 408 pp. 6⅛" x 9¼" 66-19724. $35.00 per set MEDICINE

This is a limited edition of 1,000 sets of the principal writings of one of the fathers of Western medicine. It is a reprint of the scholarly edition issued by Waite in 1894. A contemporary poet and scholar now provides a new Introduction which for many may provide a key with which they can read these volumes.

YOU ARE ALL SANPAKU by Sakaruzawa Nyoiti-Ohsawa. English version by William Dufty. index. 175 pp. 5½" x 8¼" 65-22278. $4.95 HEALTH

Sanpaku is a Japanese term denoting a condition of physical and spiritual malaise in which the white of the eye can be seen between the pupil and the lower lid as the subject gazes directly forward. The author, a 75-year-old Japanese scientist, provides a philosophy and diet which corrects this dangerous condition and enhances one's vitality and consciousness.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR: The Healing Power of Color by Edwin S. Babbitt. Edited with an Introduction by Faber Birren. ill. xxvi + 272 pp. 6⅛" x 9¼" 66-22831. $15.00 MEDICINE

The author was a curious combination of scientist, physician, mystic and artist. He won world fame with this book (1874, 2nd ed. 1896), which was translated into many languages. Cults following his theories still exist today. Essentially, Babbitt resurrected alchemical theories of the healing properties of certain colors. Like Avicenna, he found a relationship between the color and the efficacy of a medicine. For example: "Red light, like red drugs, is the warming element of sunlight, with an especially rousing effect upon the blood."

What will be most striking about this book's present publication is that Faber Birren, the renowned industrial consultant on color, provides it in a form which retains those parts of the much longer original version which, Faber Birren believes, are still well worth study and which give us important knowledge about color.

Mr. Birren has deleted the outmoded and unacceptable chapters and preserved those which remain pertinent. "Color may not be as directly therapeutic as men once believed," says Mr. Birren, "but, as a psychic or psychological force in healing, it is certainly efficacious."

THE CULT OF DESIRE: The Erotic Sculpture of India by Kanwar Lal. ill. 104 pp. + 126 plates. 7¼" x 9½" 67-24927 $10.00 INDIA/SCULPTURE

The 126 plates provide examples of sculpture from all over India, mostly taken from sacred walls of temples and gardens. The author, a distinguished Hindu archeologist, explains in the text the "so-called erotic enigma" of the vast proliferation of erotic monuments throughout India during many centuries. He finds the explanation to be the successful Hindu reaction to the puritan reformation introduced by Buddha. Buddhism originated in India and made great inroads for centuries before it was thrown back; it is noticeable that Buddhism, today still widespread in China, Japan, Ceylon and elsewhere, is a small minority in India.

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